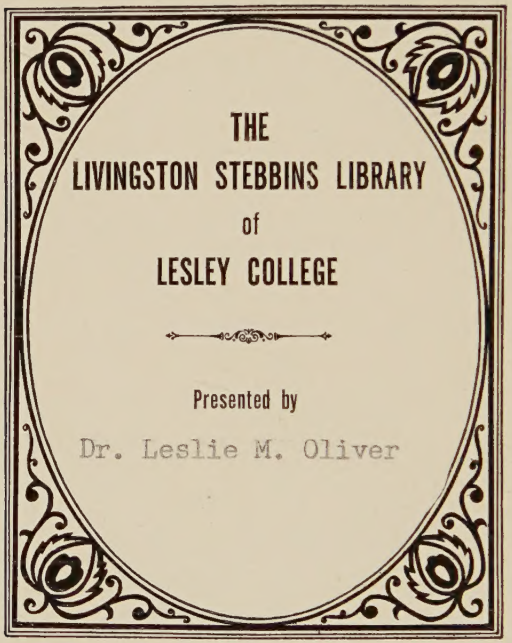
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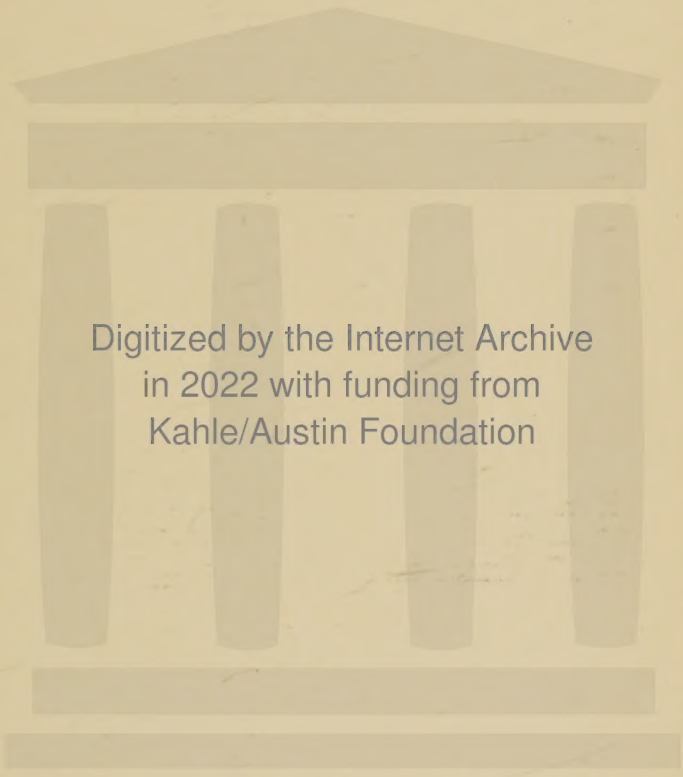
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The Pepys Ballads

VOLUME III

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The Pepys Ballads

EDITED BY

HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS

VOLUME III

1666–1688 Numbers 91–163

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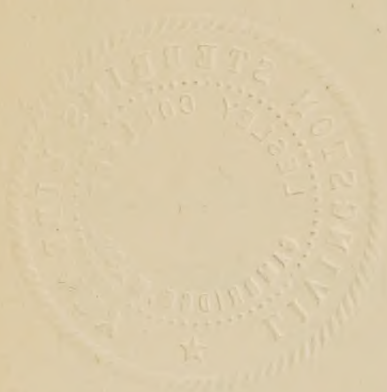

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More solid Things do not shew the Complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels.

John Selden

PREFACE

THE contents of this third volume of *The Pepys Ballads* are engagingly miscellaneous. Nearly every taste is provided for, and the "art" of ballad-writing here appears to good advantage. The first ballad, with the date of September, 1666, describes the great fire that transformed London from an Elizabethan to a modern city; the second and third, of 1675, tell of hard times and of the murder of a northern knight in London. There is a noticeable chronological gap in Pepys's collection. His first volume contains mainly ballads earlier than 1640, and a few others (like No. 99) dating about 1675 or 1680. His second volume, except for the solitary ballad on the fire of 1666 (No. 91), likewise begins about 1675; so that for the history of the entire period from 1640 to 1675 his collection really gives no light at all.[1] This wide gap indicates that Pepys's interest in ballad-collecting came rather late in life, and that his first volume of early ballads, "Begun by Mr. Selden" (as his title-page informs us), owes little to his own efforts. Once started as a collector, however, he showed a laudable zeal and persistence that made his last four volumes unique and invaluable.

As in my first two volumes, I have excluded ballads that, from whatever copy, have been included already in *The Roxburghe Ballads* and *The Bagford Ballads*. Hence certain historical events, like the Popish Plot, Monmouth's Rebellion, and the Bloody Assizes, are not adequately represented here, though ballads on them do

[1] For ballads of this period, taken from other collections, see my *Pack of Autolycus*, Harvard University Press, 1927.

appear in Pepys's own collection. But it will be a simple matter for any one who wishes to study the ballad-history of James II's reign to fill in omissions, like those mentioned, from the two works named above.

In most particulars, however, this volume gives a valuable back-stairs' view of the chief historical events from 1678 to the entry of William of Orange into London on December 18, 1688. It shows but one side of the picture, to be sure; for few ballad-writers had political opinions that were carefully thought out, and what opinions they did have could be changed as readily as a coat. And so to the beginning of December, 1688, they usually indulge in praise of the ruling monarchs, Charles II and James II. With the downfall of the latter, most ballad-writers became Williamites, and the few Jacobites who attempted to publish ballads ran up against almost insuperable difficulties. Censorship seems to have been effectual in stopping the distribution of "disloyal" ballads, of which none occur in the present volume. After December, 1688, James is usually mentioned with scorn and ridicule, William and Mary with all the praise and affection reserved for monarchs in power. Particularly noticeable are the jubilant verses (No. 154) on the birth of the Prince of Wales, since nearly every later ballad that mentions him indulges in the most shameful reflections on his birth and on the duplicity of his "false" parents.

In these seventy-three ballads may be seen the ideas that were held by common reporters about the great events of their time. The Popish, Meal-tub, and Rye House Plots are treated in some detail (Nos. 94, 102, 103, 107–109, 111, 112), and the death of Charles II is bewailed in a ditty (No. 118) that does not even refer to his successor. James II, however, receives the customary adulation in three ballads (Nos. 119–121) that de-

scribe his coronation; his first Parliament is highly praised (No. 123); and his birthday is made the occasion of an enthusiastically loyal song (No. 126). Various other important events of his reign are celebrated. But he and his Romanist adherents become laughing-stocks after December, 1688, and thenceforth all the ballads trumpet scorn of them and loyalty to "an Orange."

In the midst of exciting political events the ballads also served the functions now exercised by newspapers, and many of them are merely reportorial. Some of their news-items are of great interest; as, for example, an account of the treachery of the Spanish governor in Porto Rico towards an English ship in 1686 (No. 140), or another (No. 143) of how H. M. S. "Caesar" fought and worsted five pirates. Again, No. 149 tells of the "golden voyage" made by Sir William Phipps — once governor of Massachusetts — and of the ancient Spanish treasure-ship he raised and plundered. As news-gatherers the ballad-writers deserve special commendation. They lived in stirring times when England's political system was being remade, but perhaps they did not realize how stirring the times actually were. Like one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "old wives" during the German siege of Paris, the ballad-writers were more concerned with the high cost of living than with battles or dynasties; and hence they wrote tirades against "brokers and tally-men" (No. 106), complained of the high prices that beat down the poor (Nos. 92, 122), or lamented the general decay of trading (No. 157).

But picturesque incidents that had "news-value" they seized upon as unerringly as tabloid journalism does at the present day. Hence sensational and horrible events are featured at great length in this book. Prodigies and prodigious happenings have their place, even when they occurred (or were said to have occurred)

abroad. Thus a terrible flood in Holland in the year 1686 is described (No. 144) with a circumstantial detail that untruly suggests the observations of an eye-witness; while the sad effects of jealousy as manifested by a bloodthirsty Spanish lady on her innocent maid are retailed in No. 131. More prodigious still is the divine punishment inflicted on a north-country atheist (No. 128), who was burned into a coal by fire sent out of the earth by the avenging and outraged Deity. A child-monster born at London in 1687 (No. 150) warns readers of their sins, while the story of "The Bountiful Knight of Somersetshire" (No. 129) points a moral against cruelty to the poor. More extraordinary is the gruesome news (No. 95) about the Holborn midwife, Mrs. Atkins, whose ghost walked and revealed the murders she had before death committed on babes entrusted to her care.

Murders and executions are reported in great style. "Ruffians, and Bauds, and Whores, and Theives," asserts a broadside "Upon the Execution of the Late Viscount Stafford" (1680),[1] "In Ballad Records live new lives," while "Every Jack and every Jill, That rides in State up *Holborn* Hill" manages "by the aid of *Smithfield* Rhymes" to "defie The Malice of Mortality." There is only admiration in the song of the famous highwayman John Nevison (No. 115), — admiration felt by many people in York to-day, — but customarily murderers are condemned on moral grounds and are held up as mirrors to the ungodly. London and its vicinity contribute the major share of such subjects: among them, Sir Richard Sandford (No. 93), who was killed near the Temple and buried there; Mrs. Jane Lawson (No. 97), who in a fit of insanity jumped into a well with two of her young children; Mrs. Elizabeth Fairbank, a

[1] British Museum, C. 20. f. 5 (136).

miserly old widow living in "a cellar at Piccadilly" (No. 117), who was robbed and murdered by three notorious villains; and Henry Howard (No. 142), whose murderers, after sensational pleas for clemency had been made by sentimental London women, were at the last moment pardoned by James II. But the journalists did not confine themselves to London: certain provincial cutthroats were vicariously immortalized as well in songs about murders in Shropshire (Nos. 114, 116), Norfolk (No. 146), Warwickshire (No. 132), and Yorkshire (No. 133). In addition, there is a series of domestic tragedies (Nos. 130, 137–139, 147), most of which, it is to be presumed, arose from imagination rather than from fact. In contrast with these doleful ditties a number of the ballads are humorous or satirical (as Nos. 100, 104), and one (No. 156) indulges in praise of the Merchant-Taylors' Company.

Authors' names become increasingly rare after 1640. In the following ballads only No. 93 is signed, and even its author, W. P., is not known. But the far more important names of Thomas D'Urfey and Sir Hovenden Walker are connected with Nos. 102 and 140.

In the present volume, and in later volumes, of *The Pepys Ballads* the following abbreviated references are used:

Crawford, Lord = *Bibliotheca Lindesiana. Catalogue of . . . English Ballads of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries Printed for the Most Part in Black Letter*, privately printed, 1890.

Harvard = A collection of 225 black-letter ballads, bound in two volumes, in the Harvard College Library with the shelf-marks 25242.67 PF.

Huth-Harvard = A collection of 334 black-letter ballads, bound in two volumes, formerly in the Huth Library and now in the Harvard College Library with the shelf-marks 25242.68 PF.

Luttrell = *A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs from September 1678 to April 1714. By Narcissus Luttrell*, 6 vols., Oxford

University Press, 1857. [The Luttrell Collection of ballads and broadsides, 3 vols., is in the British Museum.]

Wit and Mirth = Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy, edited by Henry Playford and Thomas D'Urfey, 1699–1720. [Each reference gives the necessary information about the volumes and dates of this complicated work, or series of works.]

H. E. R.

Harvard University,
November 8, 1929.

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The Pepys Ballads

91

London mourning in ashes

IV, 228, black letter, five columns, one woodcut, slightly torn.

Here is a journalistic description, the production of an eye-witness of the Great Fire of the year of wonders (as Dryden called it) 1666. The fire broke out on September 2 in Pudding Lane, Fish Street,[1] near the Thames, whence, helped by a violent tempest of wind, it spread rapidly in all directions. For four days and nights the flames raged, and then they were finally extinguished, after the wind had dropped, by blowing up houses in their path with gunpowder. Both Charles II and the Duke of York, as the ballad tells, were active in directing the fight and in providing relief-measures for their homeless subjects.[2]

As the Royal Exchange burned, its statues of all the English sovereigns since the Conquest fell to the ground, and only the statue of its "stout old Founder," Sir Thomas Gresham (stanza 5), remained (see W. G. Bell, *The Great Fire of London*, 1920, pp. 64, 66).[3] Two thirds of the city was destroyed, and wild rumors as to the origin of the fire were credited. The French, the Dutch, and the papists were in turn accused (stanza 14), and accusations of the last were perpetuated in the Monument — "London's column, pointing at the skies," which, said Pope, "Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies." But the ballad-writer inclined to the belief that God destroyed the city as a warning against the sins of its inhabitants. Such was the

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[1] In the house of Thomas Farrinor (Farriner, Farynor), the king's baker, who died (says Richard Saunders, in his almanac *Apollo Anglicanus*, 1672) on December 11, 1670.

[2] *The London Gazette* devoted most of its issue of September 3–10 to a description of the fire, praising the king and the duke in the highest possible terms.

[3] Cf. *A Short and Serious Narrative of Londons Fatal Fire*, 1667, p. 7:

> "CORNHIL where with force they range,
> Until they overthrow the ROYAL-CHANGE,
> That stately Fabrick, and its STATUES rare,
> Spoil'd and consum'd reduc'd to Ashes are,
> But honouring Reverend GRESHAM'S Effigy,
> Leaves him untoucht, and gently passeth by."

opinion, too, of certain members of the government, who, after a long inquiry (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1666–1667, p. 175), declared the causes to be "the hand of God, a great wind, and a very dry season."

"London Mourning in Ashes" appears to be one of the earliest ballads Pepys himself collected. With it should be compared the description of the fire given in his diary and in that of his friend John Evelyn. A similar ballad, beginning "Mourne London mourne," is preserved in Bodleian MS. Ashmole 47, fol. 140^{v}, while in the Euing collection, No. 170 (Glasgow University), there is another called "The Londoners Lamentation," beginning "Let water flow from every eye."

For the appropriately named tune see No. 5.

London mourning in Ashes;
OR, Lamentable Narrative lively expressing the Ruine of that Royal City by fire which began in *Pudding-lane* on *September* the second, 1666. at one of the clock in the morning being *Sunday*, and continuing until *Thursday* night following, being the sixth day, with the great care the King, and the Duke of York took in their own Persons, day and night to quench it.

The Tune, *In sad and ashy weeds.*

1 OF Fire, Fire, Fire I sing,
that have more cause to cry,
In the Great Chamber of the King,
(a City mounted High;)
Old *London* that,
Hath stood in State,
above six hundred years,
In six days space,
Woe and alas!
is burn'd and drown'd in tears.

2 The second of *September* in
the middle time of night,
In *Pudding-lane* it did begin,
to burn and blaze out right;
Where all that gaz'd,
Were so amaz'd,
at such a furious flame,
They knew not how,
Or what to do
that might expel the same.

3 It swallow'd *Fishstreet hil*, & straight
it lick'd up *Lombard-street*,
Down *Canon-street* in blazing State
it flew with flaming feet;
Down to the *Thames*
Whose shrinking streams,
began to ebb away.
As thinking that,
The power of Fate
had brought the latter day.

4 *Eurus* the God of *Eastern* Gales
was *Vulcan's* Bellows now,
And did so fill the flagrant sayls,
that High-built Churches bow;
The Leads they bear,
Drop'd many a Tear,
to see their Fabricks burn;
The sins of Men,
Made Churches then,
in Dust and Ashes mourn.

The second part to the same Tune.

5 WIth hand & feet, in every street,
they pack up Goods and fly,
Pitch, Tarr, and Oyl, increase the spoyl
old *Fishstreet* 'gins to frye;

The Fire doth range,
Vp to the *Change*,
and every King commands,
But in despight,
Of all its might,
the stout old Founder stands.

6 Out of the Shops the Goods are tane
and hal'd from every shelf,
(As in a Shipwrack) every man
doth seek to save himself;
The Fire so hot,
A strength hath got,
No water can prevail;
An hundred Tun
Were it powr'd on,
would prove but like a Pail.

7 The Crackling flames do fume and roar,
as Billows do retyre,
The City, (though upon the shoar)
doth seem a sea of fire;
Where Steeple Spires,
Shew in the Fires,
like Vessels sinking down.
The open fields,
More safety yields,
and thither fly the Town.

8 Vp to the head of aged *Pauls*
the flame doth fluttering flye,
Above a hundred [1] thousand souls
upon the ground do lye;
Sick souls and lame,
All flie the flame.
women with Child we know,
Are forc'd to run,
The fire to shun,
have not a day to goe.

[1] *Text* hunred.

9 Cradles were rock'd in every field,
and Food was all their cry,
Till the Kings bowels bread did yield
and sent them a supply;
A Father He,
Of his Countrey,
Himself did sweetly shew,
Both day and night,
With all His might,
He sought to ease our woe.

10 The King Himself in Person there,
was, and the Duke of *York*,
And likewise many a Noble Peer,
assisted in the Work;
To quell the ire,
Of this Wild fire,
whose Army was so high,
And did invade,
So that it made,
ten hundred thousand fly.

11 From *Sunday* morn, till *Thursday* at night
it roar'd about the Town,
There was no way to quell its might
but to pull Houses down;
And so they did,
As they were bid
By *Charles*, His Great Command;
The Duke of *York*,
Some say did work,
with Bucket in his hand.

12 At *Temple Church* and *Holborn-bridge*,
and *Pyecorner* 'tis stench'd,
The Water did the Fire besiege,
at *Aldersgate* it quench'd;

At *Criplegate*
(Though very late)
And eke at *Coleman-street*,
At *Basing-hall*
The Fire did fall,
we all were joy'd to see't.

13 *Bishopsgate-street* to *Cornhill* end,
And *Leaden-hall's* secure,
It to the *Postern* did extend,
Fanchurch doth still endure
Clothworkers-Hall,
Did (ruin'd) fall,
yet stop'd the fires haste;
Mark-lane, *Tower-dock*,
Did stand the shock,
And all is quench'd at last.

14 Many of *French* and *Dutch* were stop'd
and also are confin'd,
'Tis said that they their Fire-balls drop'd
and this Plot was design'd,
By Them and Those
That are our Foes,
yet some think nothing so;
But that our God,
With His flaming Rod,
for Sin sends all this woe.

15 Although the Fire be fully quench'd
yet if our sins remain,
And that in them we stil are drench'd,
the Fire will rage again;
Or what is worse,
A heavier Curse,
in Famine will appear;
Where shall we tread,
When want of Bread,
and Hunger draweth near.

If this do not reform our lives,
A worse thing will succeed,
Our kindred, children, and our wives,
will dye for want of Bread;
When Famine comes,
'Tis not our Drums,
Our Ships our Horse or Foot,
That can defend,
But if we mend,
we never shall come to't.

London, Printed by *E. Crowch*, for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J Wright*.

92

The poor folks' complaint

IV, 340, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The two tunes are derived from ballads that were registered on March 1, 1675 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, Nos. 66, 1126). "Hold Buckle and Thong Together"[1] is in Pepys's collection, IV, 99, and is to be sung to the tune of *She cannot keep her [lips together], &c.*, the original of which is in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 294–299. "All Things Be Dear but Poor Men's Labour" (by L. W., that is, Lawrence White) is in the Bodleian, Wood E.25 (119). That 1675 is the date of "The Poor Folks' Complaint" is made almost certain by its reference in stanza 11 to Lawrence White's prose pamphlet, *The Charitable Farmer of Somersetshire: Or, God's Great and Wonderful Work*, which was also registered on March 1 of that year (Rollins, *op. cit.*, No. 280).[2]

"Truly the Proverb saith," remarks *Mercurius Democritus*, January 9–16, 1653, p. 321, "*The Poor man paves for all;* but I say, *The Poor man labours for all, the Poor suffers above all.*" See also the ballad of "The Poore Man Payes for All" in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 334–338. Ballad-writers never forgot that the poor were with them always, and by writing on that theme they were sure of a sympathetic response from lower-class readers. That such ballads produced no amelioration in the condition of the poor is about as certain as that editorials of the present day have no effect in reducing the high cost of living.

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[1] This title is a proverb. Cf. John Heywood's *Woorkes*, 1562, p. 73 (Spenser Society ed.), "he decaid so long, Tyll he at length came to buckle and bare thong"; *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall*, 1600, E2 (*Tudor Facsimile Texts*), "My Benefice doth bring me in no more But what will hold bare buckle & thōg together"; *The Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 129, "When a man's *held hard to it, buckle and thong*"; *A New Collection of the Choicest Songs, as they are sung at Court*, 1682, E3, "To have a Buckle fit for my Thong."

[2] White also wrote a ballad called "God's great and wonderful vvork in Somerset-shire, the charitable Farmer miraculously Rewarded" (Wood 276 B [10]), which Wood dated 1674, that is, 1674/5.

The Poor Folks Complaint:

OR, A Hint of the Hard Times [S]etting[1] forth the Miserable and distressed Condition of many Hundreds of the Poorer sort of People, who are almost ready to starve in these Hard Times, when Fireing, and all sorts of Provisions are so dear, &c.

Awake all you that hoard up Wealth in store,
And hear the piteous Clamours of the Poor:
Regard their Cryes, and yield them some Relief,
And God will be your Recompence in Chief.

To the Tune of, *Hold Buckle and Thong together:* Or, *All things be dear but poor Mens labour.*

1 YOu Rich Men that do live at ease,
and Misers that do hoard up Treasure;
Who without pitty grind and squease
poor helpless Creatures at your pleasure:
Mark well this Subject now in hand,
and then you may have cause to wonder,
When once you come to understand
the burden that the poor groans under.

2 Whilst you do surfeit with Excess,
and with great plenty are rewarded,
The Poor do languish in distress,
and still their Cryes are not regarded:
To help them you are not inclin'd,
at their Complaints you make a wonder;
But let it settle in your mind,
the burden that poor Men lies under.

3 Though you have much, you would have more
and so the Poor they are neglected:
The Lord would sure increase your store,
if that they were the more respected:

[1] The *S* is trimmed off.

But through the hardness of your hearts,
they are in want, which is no wonder:
Tis too well known throughout all parts,
the burden that the poor lyes under.

4 About your doors poor Creatures flock,
in hopes that they shall be relieved;
Where they perhaps receive a Mock,
at which their hearts are sorely grieved:
Which will in Iudgment rise at last,
when Heaven & Earth shall pass asunder;
You'l then repent of what is past;
the burden that the poor lyes under.

5 'TIs known Provisions are so dear
in every Place, I need not name 'em,
That he that hath a Wife and Charge,
works day and night for to maintain 'em,
Yet will his Labour not suffice,
his wages are so small and slender;
So that you scarcely can devise
the burden that poor men lives under.

6 When Children they do cry for Bread,
and Parents have it not to give them,
It makes their very hearts to bleed,
because they can no wayes relieve them:
To see their tender Infants lye,
just ready for to dye for Hunger,
It is enough to testifie
the burden that poor men lives under.

7 I speak of such poor honest ones
as will take pains in Town or City,
For those that live like lazy Drones,
I think that they deserve no pitty:
The Sloathful he shall come to want,
the Proverb saith, and 'tis no wonder:
But that is not what here is meant,
the burden that poor men lyes under.

8 The sad Complaints that's dayly made,
amongst poor Tradsmen in the Citty,
How they repine for want of Trade,
and suffer much, the mores the pitty.
Good Fires they for Children want,
and Food for to suffice their Hunger:
Then judge, if money is so scant,
the sorrows that poor men lyes under.

9 Likewise, poor people all about
the Country, are much discontented:
The Times are hard with them no doubt,
and yet it cannot be prevented:
Curmudgeons will not sell their Corn,
though poor Mens cryes about em thunder,
To serve themselves, they do but scorn
the burden that poor men lies under.

10 It is a thousand pities that
such things are suffered in this Nation.
That Farmers to enrich themselves
should starve the Poor in such a fashion.
If Corn were sold at easie Rate,
now there is plenty in each Chamber,
Then it would very much abate
the sorrows that the poor lyes under.

11 Then let each one that loves the Poor,
think on the charitable Farmer,
How that the Lord encreas'd his store,
for keeping of their Bowels warmer:
With plenty he rewarded was
of which he feared no mans Plunder,
Because in pitty he did ease
the burden that the poor laid under.

12 Therefore let all good Men that hear
this sad Complaint and mournful Ditty:
Still strive to serve the Lord with fear,
and to the Poor afford some pitty:

For our good God will recompence
your Charity to all Mens wonder,
If that you study to redress
the burden that the poor lyes under.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood.*

93

A sad and true relation

II, 144, black letter, four columns, one woodcut. The main title is cut off.

I cannot identify the author W. P. These initials are signed to the ballad of "The Forc'd Marriage, Or, Unfortunate Celia," in his reprint of which Ebsworth (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII, 190–191; cf. IV, 461) explains them as the initials of Dr. Walter Pope. I doubt this identification, all the more because it is not confirmed by notes on the two copies of "The Forc'd Marriage" that Anthony Wood owned (Bodleian, Wood E.25 [24] and [143]). Wood does note that "The Catholic Ballad" (Wood 416 [126]) is "said to be written by Dr. Walter Pope."

W. P. calls the murdered man "Sir Richard," and "for shame" refuses to tell the names of the murderers. The murder itself does not merit much attention: it was not exceptionally horrible or brutal, although the ballad-writer professes to think so. Bountiful information about it is available. Thus from an advertisement inserted in *The London Gazette*, September 13–16, 1675, we learn that "*Henry Symball*, and *William Jones*, on the 8. inst. *Sept.* are suspected to have committed a Murther on Sir *Richard Sandford*[1] Baronet, in *White-fryers*, *London*, and are since fled or absconded; this *Symball* is a short thick set person, brown hair, with a kind of a flat Nose, and a Cinamon colour Suit, wounded in the breast; and *Jones* a pretty tall person strong limbs, round fac'd, in a light brown Perriwig. If any person can apprehend either of them, to bring them before Mr. *John Robotham* Coroner of the City of *London*, or any of His Majesties Justices of the Peace, [he] shall have Ten pound reward." On September 12 (*Calendar of State Papers*, *Domestic*, 1675–1676, p. 292) the king "granted the goods of Mr. Sembale, who killed Sir Richard Sandford 8 September, to Mr. Randue"; on September 22 (p. 306)

[1] "Sir Richard Samford of the county of Northumberland, barronet, was buried in the round of the Temple church on the Inner Temple side near the iron gratts, the east side, September the 11th, 1675" (H. G. Woods, *Register of Burials at the Temple Church*, p. 22). Certainly he was our murdered hero, who met his death near the Temple.

a caveat was "entered at the Signet Office that no pardon pass for the murder of Sir Richard Sandford"; and on October 16 (p. 352) the Recorder of London was informed of "his Majesty's pleasure that the murderers of Sir Richard Sandford, who stand convicted before him, be, for the exemplarity of the thing and the terror of the rest of their fraternity (which, it seems, is grown very great and presumptuous) executed in Fleet Street over against Whitefriars, where they committed the murder, on two gibbets, and there hung up in chains in some fit place abroad in the highway."

The whole story is told in a pamphlet (catalogued by the British Museum merely under "S., Sir R.") called

THE Bloody Murtherers EXECUTED; OR, *News from Fleet-Street.* Being the Last Speech and Confessions Of The Two Persons Executed there On *Friday* the 22 of *October*, 1675. With an exact Account of all the Circumstances of their Murthering the Knight, Sir *R. S.* in *White-Fryers*. The Manner of their being Apprehended, and their Deportment in *Newgate*, from the time of their Condemnation, to their Execution. They were Removed to Hang in Irons, one on *Finchly-Common*, and the other on *Sanford Hills*, on Saturday the 23d. of *Octob.* 1675. With Allowance. Printed for *William Powel.* 1675.[1]

After a general moralizing paragraph the pamphlet, which has six pages of text, runs thus: —

[Page 2] The Gentleman upon whom this assassination was committed was a person of good worth, a handsome noble Estate, young in years, and likely to have proved very useful and serviceable to his Countrey and Generation, his Family being so well known that I do not think it fit to stain his name by inserting it in a pamphlet; Let it suffice to say; That as he was a Knight by Title and quality so he was of that clear courage and generosity, that he deserved a braver fate than to be thus clean destinely [!] kill'd by surprize; The occasion of which was thus.

This Knight and a friend of his being accidentally in company at a Tavern in Fleet-street, these two Persons whose lives have now paid for their insolency, intruded into their room, and one of them creates a quarrel with the Knights Friend, pretending forty shillings due to him from his Brother as won of him at play, which he very rudely demanded of this stranger, who refusing to gratifie so unreasonable a request, high and very rough words arose from the over-swelling of their mutual passions, from Words, as too often is usual in such cases, the heat of their Spirit brought them to blows, wherein yet

[1] The Guildhall Library, London, has another edition, also printed in 1675 by William Powel, called *Newes from Fleetstreet. Or, The Last Speech and Confession of the Two Persons Hanged there for Murther on Friday the 22 of October, 1675.*

little harm was done on either side; they being quickly parted in the fray by the people of the house and others that there interposed.

Hereupon these two persons now to suffer went way, but as it sadly appears, not being satisfied [page 3] resolved to way-lay them, more particularly to be revenged on this Knight, whose appearing resolutely in his friends behalf had defeated them of their expectations; and accordingly waited in the street till the others came forth, they followed them towards the back Gate of the Temple in *White-Fryars*, and then both of them with as little generosity, as piety or regard to the Laws of God or Man, fell on the Knight on a suddain sheathing both their Swords in his body, and pursuing their thrusts even after he was down: he not having opportunity by reason of the unexpected surprize so much as to draw his sword.

Leaving him dead there upon the place, the two Criminals considering what they had done, betook themselves to flight, and as is said immediately cross'd over the Water, but thinking themselves not secure about *London*, concluded to take their Iourney for refuge, yet wanting Horses and other conveniences for that purpose, and not daring to be seen abroad to provide any they were forced to make use of a friend, who 'tis probable knew nothing of the particulars of their danger to get such necessaries for them; It happened that Gentleman that very day had a Tryal to be in *Guild-Hall*, and being plaintiff came in the morning to his Attorney, desiring of him to put off the Tryal, because he had two friends in a little danger that he must that day help to get out of the Town; The honest Attorney being called upon by the [page 4] other side to proceed to Tryal, acquainted them with what his Clyent said, and the particular occasion which kept him absent, not imagining it to be any matter of secrecy. But by chance shall I say or rather providence, one that stood by and had been well acquainted with the murthered Gentleman overhearing him, inquired who his Clyent was, suspecting these two persons to be the same they afterwards proved; and it appearing so upon the examination of the Clyent, and that they were gone towards *Barnet*, pursuit was made after them, who crossed the Countrey, and Rid by-roads, but yet not so secretly but still the hue and cry had notice of their motion, till at last they lodged them in a village, where getting of a Constable and comming with store of company to apprehend them, these seemingly unconcerned Gentlemen themselves look'd out at a Window, and ask'd the people *what the matter was;* and being told it was to apprehend persons suspected for the murther of a Knight at *London* they stood upon their guard, but being apprehended, and committed, and thence by due process of Law brought to *London*, and arraigned at the *Old Bayly*, at the Sessions, the 13 of *October* 1675. where they insisted that the Fact was done *le defendendo*, and afterwards that it was onely Chance medley, or Manslaughter, being acted in heat of Blood upon a sudden fray or Rancounter; but the several circumstances before mentioned being distinct- [page 5] ly and fully proved against them, and that they made the second assault a good considerable time after the first quarrel, the Iury brought them in guilty of murther, and accordingly they received Sentence of death, as in such cases is usual, onely because it might be more a Warning, and make the greater impressions on the spirits of

the wild Hectorian Gentlemen, wherewith this age and City too much abounds; it was thought fit by authority, that they should be hanged in *Fleet-street* as near as conveniently might be to the place where they did the fact.

There were several addresses (as 'tis said) made for obtaining a pardon or reprieve for them, but the heinousness of the crime, the quality of the person kill'd, and many other circumstances prevented that indulgence.

After Sentence they behaved themselves in *Newgate* with much moderation and seeming (I hope hearty and sincere) repentance; The Ordinary and other godly Ministers often attending them with Christian admonitions and exhortations for the eternal good of their souls.

The Day of Execution for the common prisoners was on *Wednesday* the 20. of *October*, at which time five condemned last Sessions for Housebreaking Robbery and the like crimes suffered death at Tyburn; but these two persons had the date of their lives extended until Friday the 22 of this instant *October*, and then suffered in *Fleet-Street*; [page 6] where vast multitudes of people were assembled to be spectators of the dismal spectacle.

Some time before their death in prison they acknowledged great sorrow for their ill spent lives, and particularly for the crime for which they were to dye; they confest from the time of the fray at the Tavern they had a murtherous intention against the Knight, but protested they had no malice against him before.

At the place of Execution they Desired very passionately all young Gentlemen to take Warning by their unhappy end of such rash actions, and in particular reckon'd up neglect of the Sabbath and Gameing as the main Original Sins that brought them to this ruine.

Particularly Mr. *S.* was Noted to be very Penitent, often Admonishing Young Men to beware of a Debaucht and Desalute way of Living, too much addicted to by the youth of this Town; He said he was never in his Life before concerned either as Accessary or Principal in any such Fact, though he had been in many Broyls, and Quarrels, yet thanked God that he alwayys [*sic*] Escaped without Blood-shed until this unhappy business: He was very earnest in Prayer, and with Three Ministers, Mr. *F.* Mr. *P.* and Mr. — And also prayed heartily by himself.

Mr. *J.* was a Person which seemed more Cheerful and undaunted in his condition, though it is said he hath behaved himself very Christian-like since his Condemnation, until his Execution, before which he said little or nothing to the People.

And so after certain Prayers and private discourse with some friends, they were executed according to Law. Mr. *S.* first, and Mr. *J.* about half an hour after.

FINIS.[1]

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[1] *A Narrative. Of the Proceedings at the Sessions House in the Old-Baily, From Wednesday the 13 of this Instant October to Saturday the 16*, 1675, pp. 2–4, says that of all the offenses tried "there was none more remarkable, than that of the Murther of a most Worthy Knight, by two Villanous persons, the Mannor was as followeth.

Sir Richard Sandford, second baronet, of Howgill Castle, Westmorland, had married Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Bowes, of Thornton, Durham, who gave birth to his son and heir Richard, the third and last baronet (1675–1723), almost at the very hour of the murder, and who lived until about 1734 (G. E. C., *Complete Baronetage*, II [1902], 134). To her John Tonge dedicated his elaborate booklet entitled

God's/ Revenge/ Against/ Murther,/ Demonstrated in the/ Apprehension, Prosecution & Execution/ Of/ *Henry Symbal*/ And/ *William Jones*,/ For the Inhumane Murther of/ Sir Richard Sandford Baronet,/ Murthered by them the 8th of *September*. 1675./ *London*./ Printed for *William Cademan*, at the Popes-Head/ in the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*. 1680./

"To the Reader" Tonge explains that he wrote the booklet because of "some late discourses whereby the ashes of the Murdered Sir *Richard Sandford*, seemed Irreverently to be raked and drawn out of his Tomb, and therewith the Reputation of the Prosecutor trampled upon; as if he had with too much severity prosecuted the Offenders." These "discourses," of which I can find no trace, were caused only by "*Symball*'s false pretence at his Tryall, that he kill'd Sir *Richard* fairely, and at the Gibbet, that he fought him in his own defence."

Tonge also gives certain facts not brought out in my earlier quotations. Thus the quarrel is said to have originated in the George tavern, Whitefriars, when Jones demanded that Sandford's friend, Captain George Hilton, pay his brother's debt of forty-eight shillings. In the fight between Hilton and Jones that followed, Sandford was forcibly restrained by Symball from going to the aid of his friend. When the two gentlemen had left the tavern, they were followed by Jones, Symball, and two others. Sandford was surprised and mortally wounded by Symball, who also inflicted painful wounds on Hilton.

"This Knight and a Friend of his were in Company together at a Tavern in *Fleetstreet*, but they had not long been there before two persons intruded into their Company; one of which presently falls a quarrelling with the Knights Friend; upon the account of forty shillings that he pretended was owing to him by his Brother, as won of him at play; and he would have it of him, which he refused, and thereupon from words they fell to blows, but at length were parted; but not being satisfied they were resolved to waylay them; where they might have a better opportunity to accomplish their Bloody designs; and following them towards the backgate of the Temple, near *White-fryers*, both of them most barbarously fell upon the Knight, thrusting both their Swords into his Body, before he could draw his Sword, all this being proved by sufficient Evidence, the Jury brought them in both guilty of Murther."

"This was done betwixt nine and ten of the Clock in the evening. And Sir *Richard* Lived in Great Torment, untill almost ten of the Clock the next morning." Other details are that the murderers fled from London on September 10, going to Barnet and thence to Hatfield, Welling, Dunstable, Thame, and Wallingford, in which last village they were captured on September 16. They were tried at Justice Hall on October 14, convicted by the jury after only fifteen minutes' deliberation, and hanged, October 22, "upon two Gibbets in *Fleet-street*, *Symbal* at the little Gate of *White-Fryers*, and *Jones* at the great Gate, where they hung, by the Kings special Command, three hours, and were then taken down, and by the Kings Warrant, hung in Chains. *Symbal* at *Stampford-Hill* in the road near *Totnam-Highcross*. *Jones* upon *Finchly-Common*, betwixt *Highgate* and *Barnet*."

Sandford's social position, rather than any exceptional brutality in the murder, was obviously responsible for the interest created in his death.

The tune, usually called *My bleeding heart*, is named from the first line of "A Warning to All Lewd Livers. . . . To the tune of *Sir Andrew Barton*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 22–28), and is customarily used for ballads written in iambic-tetrameter quatrains instead of the ten-line stanzas of the present ballad. It is sometimes interchangeable with *In summer time*, a tune discussed in the introduction to No. 54.

Being a sad and true Relation of the Apprehension, Tryal, Confession, Condemnation, and Execution of the two barbarous and bloody Murtherers, who basely and unawares killed a worthy Knight of the North Country as he was going down to the Waterside, not giving them the least abuse, for which cruel and inhumane action they were both hanged in Fleet-Street, neer White-Fryers, 22 of Octo. 1675.

Tune is, *Bleeding Heart.* By *W. P.*

1 ALL hearts that ever yet did bleed,
For any barbarous cruel deed;
All they that ever yet did mourn,
Now into floods your sorrows turn:
No tongue such cruelty e're told,
As I to you shall here unfold;
If that my trembling Pen will write,
Or my astonish'd mind indite:
The Cry of blood will reach the skie,
And the blood-thirsty man shall dye.

2 Of all the murthers which are known,
Compar'd to this I hear of none;
Those which such bloody acts commit,
Expect that they shall gain by it;
But these the Devil did engage
To murder in a furious rage;
No profit this base act could bring,
Nor no abuse did cause this thing.
The cry of blood, &c.

3 A worthy Knight out of the North,
O pitty 'twas he e're came forth;
To *London* came to see his Friends,[1]
Not thinking he was nigh his end:
But back he never did return,
Which caus'd his own dear wife to mourn:
Sir *Richard* so they did him call,
Pray listen how he came to fall.
The cry of blood, &c.

4 He had now in his company,
One that did serve him formerly,
Who walk'd out with him up and down,
So long as he stay'd in the Town:
But as they walkt the streets one day,
They met two Persons as they say;
Of good extract, so that for shame,
I shall not dare to tell their name:
The cry of blood, &c.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

5 The man which was with th' Knight they knew,
Then to a Tavern they must go;
The Knight also to th' Tavern went,
Which made him sorely to repent:

[1] Rhyme demands *Friend.*

But e're that they did make an end,
These Hectors quarrell'd with his friend,
'Twas in *White-Fryers* they did drink,
He little of his death did think.
The cry of blood, &c.

6 Sr. *Richard* willing to appease,
And willing that their rage should cease,
The Reckoning paid as I hear say,
And with his friend did go away:
They were not gone but little space,
But the other two of little grace,
Did follow them, and at one blow,
Did run Sr. *Richards* Body through.
The cry of blood, &c.

7 He being dead they both did flye,
Thinking to shun their destiny;
But all in vain, in *Bark-shire* they
At *Wallingford* were forc'd to stay:
To *Reding* Goal they both were sent,
Such further mischief to prevent;
To *New-Gate* afterwards were brought,
To suffer for the deed they wrought.
The cry of blood, &c.

8 At the last Sessions they were try'd,
The bloody deed was not deny'd;
For which they sentenc'd were to dye,
A reward for impiety.
In *Fleet-street* near *White-Fryers* end,
Being near the place they did offend;
They hanged were, which was their due,
Least further mischief they pursue.
The cry of blood, &c.

9 This was the Murderers just fate,
They both repent when 'twas too late;
Blood cries for vengeance which will come,
And give those bloody men their doom:

For if that such as those should live,
And not for death their death receive,
Those wretches would in fury great
Kill any man they met i'th street.
The cry of blood, &c.

10 Let all men therefore have a care,
How that the Devil doth ensnare;
To act such barbarous deeds as those,
Not to the very worst of foes:
If they are wrong'd, the Law will find,
Redress according to their mind;
Which serves such actions to prevent,
Being order'd for the same intent.
The cry of blood, &c.

11 Let all that hear this be afraid,
And not by Satan be betraid;
For life is sweet, and now we see
Their fury was the death of three:
The Knight did die [1] innocence,
They justly suffer'd for offence:
God grant that their repentance might,
Give to their Souls some sweet delight.
The cry of blood, &c.

12 Consider well all wicked men,
Fear God, repent, and surely then
He'l keep you from such hanious crimes,
Which rule too much in these our times:
Abstain high drinking, do not swear,
And of bad company be ware;
Seek not in quarrels to contend,
Then blest will be your latter end.
The cry of blood, &c.

Printed for *John Hose*, over against Stapels-Inn, in *Holburn*, near *Grays-Inn-Lane*.

[1] *Read* die in.

94

A looking-glass for all true Protestants

11, 68, black letter, three columns, four woodcuts. One of the latter is a small figure of a priest with crucifix and rosary, over which is the legend,

> Here is Deceipt,/ with twiring eyes,
> Holds up a Cross,/ and seems precise;
> With Beads, and/ Crucifix also,
> Aiming too High,/ he falls full low,
> E'n to the Popes/ Matterry Toe.

Another woodcut shows a rather puritanical-looking person (who evidently, however, represents a good Anglican churchman) under the words,

> Mind not Deceipt, nor yet his Ways,
> But give unto the Lord Due Praise.

The ballad was probably written just after Parliament had convened on October 21, 1678, and reflects the excitement caused by Titus Oates's revelations about the so-called Popish Plot. The writer fully believed in that plot and in a providential guidance leading to its detection. He merely echoes popular opinion.

A Looking-glass for all true Protestants: Or, A True Declaration of these Troublesome Times.

The Papists they have acted such a Plot,
That in England *it will never be forgot;*
But God Defend our Protestant Nation still,
And bless our Gracious King, if it be thy Will:
And guide our Parliament in a right way,
That our Enemies of us do never make a pray:
And make our Kingdom, void and free from strife,
And every Man and Woman, serve God and mend their Life.

To the Tune of, *Papists aim not too High.*

1 WHat woeful times we have now in our Land,
If people do but rightly understand?
We are at a stand and know not what to do,
Tradeing is dead which fills our hearts with woe
let's not despair but call to God on high,
And repent our sins, and to him for mercy cry.

2 For 'twas his mercy for to set us free,
From the Popish Plot of bloody Tyranny:
We need not fear if God but stand our friend,
He'l bring them all unto a shameful end.
Let[1] *not despair, &c.*

3 Great danger we was in it's truly known,
To have lost our lives and all been overthrown:
Their Hellish Treason it was laid so strong,
Against Protestants, they wisht them so much wrong
Let's not despair, &c.

4 But our good God with his All-seeing Eye,
He found them out and quickly them did spye:
He dasht them all to pieces in a trice,
Let's love the truth, and all believe in Christ.
Let's not despair, &c.

[1] Read *Let's.*

5 Oh! what a broyl amongst us has been made,
These Papish Iesuits they have spoyl'd our trade:
VVhich makes the Nation for to suffer sore,
And very hard it goes amongst the Poor.
Let's not despair, &c.

6 God keep us all in Peace, and defend us still,
Sweet God of Heaven, if it be thy blessed will:
And bless us all from bloody minded men,
Let all good people say with me, *Amen.*
Let's not despair, &c.

7 Good People all consider what was done,
If they'd gone on in what they had begun:
Then Fire and Fagots must have been our share,
But our Saviour Christ of us had mighty care.
Let's not despair, &c.

8 Therefore let every Protestant praise the Lord,
And joyn together all with one accord:
His Mercy it was great unto us all,
God give us Grace upon his Name to call.
Let's not despair but call to God on high,
And repent our sins, and to him for mercy cry.

9 HE'l never leave us nor forsake us quite,
You see the mallice of the Popish spight:
Though our sins be great his mercy is much more,
God give us Grace to call on him therefore.
Let's not despair, &c.

10 These bloody plotters would have brought us down
And destroy'd our King and put him by his Crown:
But God Almighty keeps him from their hand,
His mercy is great we all may understand.
Let's not despair, &c.

11 God bless our City and set our Country free,
From all such dangers and from Treachery:
God bless all Protestants out of the Papists hands:
That we come not to be ty'd within their bands.
Let's not despair, &c.

12 If they had prevail'd we had been all undone,
VVe had been destroyed every Mothers Son:
God bless the Governours that rules the Land,
That they may rightly of it understand.
Let's not despair, &c.

13 God keep us all in Vnity and Peace,
That rumours of these times they once may cease:
That tradeing it may flourish once again,
Many honest men will rejoyce to see the same.
Let's not despair, &c.

14 God give the Gospel free passage I do pray,
Let's all be careful how we go astray:
And every one to shake off filthy sin,
And then good times be sure we shall live in.
Let's not despair, &c.

15 Then our Nation it will flourish every way,
Though the Papists thought to have made of us a prey
But they was deceived of their Romish hope,
VVe defie the Devil and their Hell-hound Pope.
Let's not despair, &c.

16 And let all true Protestants now take care,
And have a watchful eye to keep out of their snare:
VVe had a warning by this late found Plot,
And sift them thorowly let every one take their lot.
Let's not despair, &c.

17 And never trust them nor their Hellish Charms,
But keep them low and let them have no arms:
VVhat mischief had been done if they'd got power,
VVe had never lived to have seen this hour.
Let's not despair, &c.

18 So God bless our King and Parliament I pray,
To guide them in a true and Godly way:
To set forth good Laws amongst us in our Land,
That all true Protestants may for ever stand.
Let's not despair but call to God on high, &c.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright,* and *J. Clarke.*

95

The midwife's ghost

II, 145, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. There is another copy (with the title badly torn and two lines cut off) in the Douce collection, II, 267 (Bodleian).

According to this interesting ghost-story, Mrs. Atkins,[1] a midwife in Scroop Court, Rotten Row, Holborn, died about September, 1679, and a friend who rented her house found it haunted "with apparitions very strange." Neighbors whom she called upon for aid felt their hair standing on end as they, too, saw these apparitions. After various unsuccessful attempts at securing a listener, the midwife's ghost on March 16, 1680, stopped the maid-servant and demanded that she tell her mistress to investigate the tiles near the fireplace and to bury what she found there. When the tiles were removed, beneath them were discovered the bones of illegitimate children whom Mrs. Atkins had murdered for a financial consideration. The ghost never reappeared, but the bones that proved her crime were publicly exhibited at the Cheshire Cheese.[2]

A fuller account, varying in some details, is given in Nathaniel Thompson's newspaper, *The True Domestick Intelligence, Or, News both from City & Country*, No. 74, March 16–19, 1680:

> One Mr. *Lane*, a Meal-man, living in *Middle-Row* in *Holborn*, being in bed with his VVife upon *Friday* night last [March 12], about the middle of the night, was strangely affrighted with a more than ordinary Light shining in the room, with the apparition of a Humane Shape, with a white Hood, and very strange rolling eyes, drawing the Curtains; at which sight, the Man and his VVife were very much affrighted. On *Saturday* night, Mr. *Lane* got two of his Neighbours to lie with him, *viz.* Mr. *Clough* at the *Golden Last*, living at

[1] Mrs. Mary Green, a quack-doctor, in a bill of 1693 (reproduced in C. J. S. Thompson's *The Quacks of Old London*, 1928, p. 146) asserts that "Mrs. Atkins, a Midwife in Scroop's Court against St. Andrew's Church, Holbourn, was lame in all her limbs, did for Five years consult the Ablest Doctors and likewise THE WHOLE COLLEDGE OF PHYSICIANS, was perfectly cured by Mary Green."

[2] This was not the famous old tavern in Fleet Street. In *The Proceedings on the King & Queen's Commissions of the Peace . . . in the Old-Bayly*, May, 1689, I have observed that one Jane Reed, or Read, stole various articles "and pawn'd them at the Sign of the *Cheshire Cheese* in *Cow-lane*."

the next door, and a Sword cutler, who accordingly did; but that night passed without any disturbance. On *Sunday* night it appeared again, which so affrighted Mrs. *Lane*, that she desired her Husband to lie on the other side, which he accordingly did, and behold the same as before. Upon *Monday* last [March 15], Mrs. *Lane* lodged abroad, being so affrighted the night before, and then Mr. *Clough* with the other person lay at Mr. *Lanes*, in expectation of the Spirits appearing; though they heard it come *pat pat* up stairs as before, yet they saw nothing. But that night it appeared to Mr. *Cloughs* Maid named *Mary Preston*, with a great Light in the Kitchen, opening the door where the Maid lay, all the whole house being lighter than usually in the daytime, though there was neither Fire nor Candle in the house. She being affrighted, looks about her, and espies something in Humane Shape, crying, *Blessed be this time*. The said *Mary Preston* being astonished, cried out, *In the name of Jesus what would you have?* To which the Apparition replied, *Go to my kinswoman* Mary, *and to morrow at* 12 *of the clock go to Mr.* Lane's *house, go up two pair of stairs, and pluck up two tiles and a narrow board between two broad boards, and what you find there, bury it;* and so the Spirit vanished. On the next morning the Maid told her Master what had hapned to her in the night, who accordingly went to Mr. *Lane*, and acquainted him with what the Maid had said; and upon enquiry found this *Mary* to be the kinswoman of one *Mrs. Anne Atkinson*, a Midwife, who formerly lived in that very house, and upon taking up the boards, they found several small bones, like the bones of three small Children, (as some report them.) This *Mrs. Anne Atkinson* being a Midwife, used (as is reported) to entertain idle persons, who used to Lie in in [*sic*] her house, the Children being murdered (as is supposed) by their unnatural *Mothers*. Since which time, the said *Mary Preston* is faln very ill, and 'tis feared will hardly recover. If any question the truth of this Relation, they may be satisfied at the house of Mr. *Clough*, at the *Golden Last*, or of Mr. *Lane* at the next door.[1]

Banks's *Currant Intelligence*, No. 4, March 27–April 3, asserted that the truth of this story "is made too plain to be contradicted." But there were many skeptics. Thus *The Protestant (Domestick) Intelligence*, No. 75, March 23, quoted Thompson's account, with the comment that "Upon a strict enquiry we have perfectly Informed our selves, that there is nothing of Truth in the Relation, saving the Maids being sick; and we are further assured that all this fictitious discourse hath no ground, but only some raving expressions cast out by the Maid in her sickness, which were only the Effects of a disturbed fancy occasioned by her Distemper." To this comment

[1] A Britwell pamphlet on "Mrs. Adkins," which the London book-firm of Ellis kindly permitted me to see, dates the first appearance of the ghost "on Tuesday being the 16 of this Instant *March* about 9 of the Clock in the Evening," tells of finding "the Bones of two children, as it is supposed, but of one 'tis certain, the said Bones being at this time to be seen at the *Cheshire Cheese* in Middle-row," and varies in other particulars as well.

Thompson tartly replied in *The True Domestick Intelligence* (No. 76)[1] for March 23–26:

VVhereas the Author of the *Heathen Commonwealth Intelligence* informed the Publick in his last, that the Relation from the *Middle-Row* in *Holborn* concerning *Mary Preston*, was altogether fictitious, and onely caused by a phrenzical distemper in her brain; he might (if he had had the honest luck to have been abroad, and taken so much pains as was by others) have been certified of the contrary, and as likewise have considered, that the said *Mary Preston* did not fall sick till the *Thursday* after she had made the discovery, she having seen the Apparition about *Sunday* before, and was at the time of her relating it as much *compos mentis*, as the *Intelligencer* was when he threw away his Guineys; and moreover, there was present a Justice of the Peace when the relation was made by Mr. *Clough*, and Mr. *Lane* and his Wife, *&c*, which are all ready to assert the truth thereof.

Nevertheless, *The Loyal Intelligence*, No. 3, March 31, declares that "some over-curious Females," wishing to see the bones of the murdered children,

at length up the Hill they got, and beat the hoof until at last they arrived at their desired Port, when inquiring of the Master of the Show, his curtesie in gratifying their longing desires, the Debonair man, not being accustomed to deny his wife any small kindnesses, could not refuse these dainty Ladies so small a request, so up he takes them with promise to shew the Miracle inshrined in his Box, when upon opening, to their great amazement (and no less just requital of their needless Gadding) he entertains them with the sight of a very sizeable pair of Rams Horns, —

which meant, of course, that their poor husbands were cuckolds. *The Protestant (Domestick) Intelligence*, No. 78, April 2, scoffs at the story as an incredible lie, and jests at "the Chickens bones, that were lately discovered by the Devil upon *Holborn-Hill*."

Mrs. Atkins, or Atkinson, should be read of in connection with Mary Compton, the villainous midwife of Nos. 428–431. For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 370–373. On Thomas Vere, the publisher, see Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1641–1667, p. 186.

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[1] Thompson has a similar tale in his issue (No. 72) for March 9–12:

"From the *Minories* we have a dreadful relation of a Ghost that has appeared to a woman and her husband in many various shapes, sometimes it makes a dreadful noise, not onely heard by the people of the house where it haunts, but likewise by the Neighbourhood, who are much disturbed with this Nocturnal Emissary, and several affirm it has been seen some times in the shape of a VVoman all in white, at other times in the shape of a Cat, as likewise of a Dog, *&c*. its usual time of appearing is about 2 a clock in the morning. 'Tis credibly affirmed to be the spirit of a woman who lived lately in that house, who receiving ill usage from a near relation of her own, strangled her self."

A New BALLAD of The Midwives Ghost: Who appeared to several People in the House where she formerly lived in *Rotten-Row* in *Holbourn*, *London*, who were all afraid to speak unto her; but she growing very *Impetuous*, on the 16*th.* of this Instant *March*, 1680, declarred her mind to the Maid of the said House, who with an Unanimous Spirit adhered to her, and afterwards told it to her Mistris, how that if they took up two Tiles by the Fire-side, they should find the Bones of Bastard-Children that the said Midwife had 15 years ago Murthered, and that she desired that her Kinswoman *Mary* should see them decently Buried; which accordingly they did, and found it as the Maid had said. The Bones are to be seen at the *Cheshire-Cheese* in the said place at this very time, for the satisfaction of those that believes not this Relation.

To the Tune of, *When Troy Town*, &c.

1 TO speak of Murthers that have been
committed in our Sphear of late;
There's none like these I shall declare,
by monstrous hand, and cruel Fate:
Being acted by a Midwife fell,
Which in *Scroop-Court* of late did dwell.

2 Mistris *Atkins* she there was call'd,
of Reputation good alway;
Till Death did send his piercing Dart,
and told her that he could not stay:
But she must to the *Stigion* Lake,
For murthering Babes for Parents sake.

3 She seeing now her time was come,
most bitterly began to weep;
And lifting up her hands on high,
she took a short, not lasting sleep:
Six months ago, as I am told,
Before she did this same unfold.

4 Therefore not to detain you long
to this discourse, I now will press;
Which is a truth assuredly,
as many know, and you may guess:
When as 'tis plainly told herein,
Whereas their bones are to be seen.

5 The House whereas this Midwife liv'd,
hath very much disturbed been;
With Apparitions very strange,
the like whereof hath not been seen:
Sometimes resembling of her shape,
At other times Hells mouth to gape.

6 Which put the people in great fear,
that there had taken up abode,
Being loath for to disclose the same,
for fear expersions they should load
On her whom they really thought
Could never be to Lewdness brought.

7 But still they daily was opprest,
with dismal shapes, and Lightings strange
That by no means they could not rest,
being very loath from thence to range:
They told some Neighbours secretly,
Desiring them their Faith to try.

8 To speak unto this Spirit strange,
if that occasion they saw;
But they thereby was daunted quite,
and very much was kept in awe:
The hair o' their heads standing on end,
To see their late Familiar Friend.

9 She finding none that would Reply,
importunate at last did grow;
O'th[1] 16th. of this Instant *March*,
unto the Maid reveal'd her Woe:

[1] *Text* A'th.

Who then was by her Mistris sent,
To fetch Night-cloaths Incontinent.

10 *pray Virgin stay*, then quoth the [ghost,][1]
for I to you will do no harm;
And tell Mary *whom I love most,*
that I hereby, her now do charm,
Two Tiles by'th fire up to take,
A Board also, and then to make

11 *A Burial of what she finds,*
in decent and most handsome sort;
And let the World to know my Crime,
and that I am most sorry for 't:
Desiring Midwives to take heed,
How they dispose their Bastard-breed.

12 She having now reveal'd her mind,
did vanish in a Flash away,
And none doth know where she's confin'd,
until the General judgement-day:
When as she shall the answer make,
For what she then did undertake.

13 The Maid at first astonish'd was,
at this which she her self did hear;
And to her Mistris did impart,
the same that now I do declare:
Concerning of the Murthers strange,
And did not seem at all to change.

14 Which being throughly searched out,
accordingly it did appear;
The Maid she spoke of is suppos'd,
to be her kind Kinswoman neer:
That will fulfill her will, 'tis said,
She being a Religious Maid.

[1] Torn.

Most People they are apt of late,
to condemn (most) strange things as lyes,
To'th *Cheshire-Cheese* you may repair,
for this they will you satisfice:
Having the Childrens Bones to show,
In *Holbourn* if you do it know.

FINIS.

London, Printed for *T. Vere*, at the Sign of the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-Street*. 1680.

96

The English courage undaunted

II, 214, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

Tangier, the Moroccan seaport, was part of the dowry brought to Charles II in 1662 by Catherine of Braganza. In 1663 it was under the governorship of Andrew Rutherford, Earl of Teviot (stanza 10), who in a sally against the Moors was killed in the next year. Though Charles II abandoned Dunkirk on the plea of expense, he strengthened and kept up the fortress of Tangier lavishly, in spite of the grumbling of his subjects. In May, 1680, reinforcements were sent to the garrison (hence the ballad), which then successfully defended the town against Mulai Ismail;[1] but the hostile Parliament of that year (dissolved in January, 1681) steadfastly refused to grant the king money and supplies for its defense unless he would agree to the passage of the Exclusion Bill. The ballad-writer, however, knew nothing of this, or cared nothing about it: he was merely eager for vengeance on "the swarthy devils." In 1684, because of the expense, the fortress was given up, and the English commanders and regiments soon had an opportunity for active service at home. One of the former, Colonel Percy Kirke, in the Monmouth rebellion conducted himself as if he were still in Africa subduing the heathen.

On the publisher, William Miller, see Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1641–1667, p. 129; 1668–1725, pp. 206–207.

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[1] See, for example, *An Exact Journal of the Siege of Tangier: From the first sitting down of the Moors before it on March 25, 1680. To the late Truce, May 19, following. 1680.*

The ENGLISH Courage UNDAUNTED: OR, Advice to those Brave Valiant Blades now going to TANGIER, To Maintain the Old *English* Courage against the MOORS.

They that the English *Courage have,*
Let them all march Tangier *to save:*
For Courage contemneth perils, at nothing is dismay'd
But Cowardize indeed, is at any thing afraid.

To a pleasant New Tune.

1 O Stout! you Valiant *English-men*,
that are now going to *Tangier;*
Be sure with Courage bold you fight,
and make the *Moors* to stand in fear.

2 And tremble at our *English* Courage,
which never fail'd on any ground;
Nor was never known in any Battel,
that an *English* man was a Coward found.

3 Right Sons of *Mars* they ever prov'd,
against *French*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniard* too;
And many more which I could name,
all which experience has found true.

4 And do these sordid Devils think,
for to do more then *French* or *Dutch*,
But if they do, they are deceiv'd,
for I am sure the *English* Courage is such,

5 Not to be afraid of Swarthy men,
but with their Swords confound them all,
For I am sure they would not be dismay'd,
if *Pluto* were their General.

6 And we know your courage brave boys is such
that the best of men you scorn to fear,
There is nothing can dishearten you,
no not the Devils at *Tangier*.

7 Such were of Old, our *English-men*,
for Courage spoken well of all:
For many a Victory have they won,
and many a man have they made fall.

8 Maintain their Courage still, brave Boys,
down with this black insulting Foe,
And make him bow and bend to all,
that ever shall to *Tangier* go.

9 Let not their fierce and ugly looks,
deterr you from being *English-men*,
But with Courage bold lift up your Sword,
and fight as long as e're you can.

10 And when ever you fall on them, brave Boys,
do not forget Lord *Rutterford*,
That Valiant man who fought with them,
as long as he could hold his Sword.

11 Revenge his Cause, brave Valiant Lads,
do not forget those *English-men*,
That suffer'd with him in that Treachery,
when they'd caught 'em all in the midst of them.

12 Bang them about for't briskly, Lads,
and make the swarthy Devils run,
Then will they stoop and yeild to all,
that ever shall to *Tangier* come.

13 Pursue them close from place to place,
and never let them be at rest,
Whilst you make them come and creep to you,
and for ever of them have got the best.

14 Bring thousands of them to the ground
and let them there a sprawling lye,
No pitty on them ever take,
but a pox upon 'um, let them dye.

15 Fill up the Fields with them, brave boys,
disable them for rising more,
Then quietness you shall enjoy,
when they lye sleeping in their gore.

16 It will be a terror to them that lives,
and make them ever stand in fear,
Of *English-men*, that shall be sent,
ever hereafter to *Tangier*.

Printed for *W. Miller*, in *Vine-street*, near *Hatton-Garden*.

97

The unnatural mother

II, 191, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. One of the latter depicts the beggar woman, with twins, who was insulted by a Dutch countess, and whose curses resulted in the countess's giving birth to 365 children — as is told in "The Lamenting Lady," a ballad reprinted in my *Pepysian Garland*, pp. 121–131, and discussed by me in *Notes and Queries*, 12th series, XI (1922), 351–353.

Mrs. Jane Lawson, murderess of herself and two of her children, is more or less immortalized in this good-night, which observes the best traditions of the Elizabethan and Jacobean last farewell. Only too few ballads of this type appear in Pepys's last four volumes! Neighbors play a large part in the story — and thus another ballad-tradition is carried on.

The ballad was probably summarized (with an abrupt change of person in stanza 6) from a pamphlet called

A True and Sad Relation Of Two Wicked and Bloody Murthers, The one done by the Earl of *Pembrook*. . . . The other was done by one Jane Lawson, the Wife of *James Lawson*, living at *East-Barnet*, upon her self, and Two small Children, the one a Boy between Two and Three Years old, the other a Girl about one Year and a half old; on *Wednesday* the first of this Instant *September*, 1680. full of horror and amazement. . . . Printed for *J. Clarke*, in West-smithfield, 1680. With Allowance.

Mrs. Lawson's crime is thus told (pages 2–5):

James Lawson, a person of an indifferent estate, and a good Neighbour, (or at leastwise so reputed) being an Inhabitant and Parishioner of the Parish of *East-Barnet*, in the County of *Middlesex*, within a small Mile of *Whetstone;* happened to come home on *Wednesday* the first of *September*, at Night very late, being much in drink, a thing he was very seldom addicted to by the observations of the Neighbourhood, who are ready to attest they have seldom or never seen him disguised: As soon as he came in, he immediatelv calls for his wife, who with a small Child in her arms came to meet him lovingly, but upon discovery of his error, began to School him at an extraordinary rate, insomuch that the Neighbours came in to pacifie her, imagining the words she gave him would not be put up without blows from her Husband, which was a thing to which he was never enclined: having used several Arguments to reconcile them (or at least wise the woman) for her Husband neither gave her ill language, or once offered to oppose her unreasonable womanish Fury (which is conceived incensed her the more.) The Neighborhood departed all,

except two intimate acquaintance, who knew the womans temper as well or better then her Husband, and likewise their condition in the world, which was not so high but that she would ruine him if she continued this course: At which she began to rage extreamly, and abuse them in an extraordinary manner: insomuch that seeing there was no good to be done with her, they took their leaves and were ready to depart, when just in the interim comes the own Mother of this woman, who began to be no less angry with her then the rest, telling her she had long time been a woful Spectator of her unworthy actions to her Husband, and that she found the cause lay not so much in him as in her self, and withal told her, if she used this Trade for so small an occasion, he was a mad Man or worse if he did not leave her, although she was her own Daughter, and then, quoth she, what will you do? Mother, quoth she, I will do well enuff without him or you either, no question of it: the old woman being somewhat angry to hear such an undutiful expression from her own daughter, began to reply as followeth: Daughter, quoth she, to my knowledge *James* is no common drunkard, and if a wife be the first that should divulge her Husbands infirmity, especially when it is so seldom, certainly you are to blame more then he, I would willingly reconcile this Difference if I can, you see you want for nothing neither at home nor abroad, neither for your Belly nor Apparel, according to his ability, therefore such a small fault ought rather to be winckt at, then prosecuted in this violent manner by a Wife to a Husband: besides, what would you say if this uproar of yours should take away your husbands livelihood amongst his Neighbors, for you must consider it is them he lives by, Truly, I tell you you act very imprudently, if he looses his imploy you may e'n go a begging: pray Daughter, said the old woman, take not my Counsel unkindly, I hope I advise you for your good, and you will find the comfort your own, if you accept it, but otherwise I know not how you and Three small Children will be maintained without his labour: Mother, replies the unnatural Daughter, you may preach at home as long as you will, but in my House you shall not, and with that thrust both her and her Neighbours out together: the old woman onely replying, I pray God you do not repent you had taken my counsel: they were no sooner thus thrust out, but the Woman reviles her Hnsband [*sic*] with the names of Drunkard, Hell-Hound, Jackanapes, and idle Rascal, which so much incensed the Man, that he told his Wife if she held not her Tongue the sooner, he would make her: but she still replying, he gave her two or three good cuffs on the Ear, whereupon she takes up Two of her Children, and told him that neither she or them would trouble him longer, and thereupon goes out of the Door: The Man minds her not, supposing she had been gone to her Mothers, as she commonly used to do in these Freagues: Whereupon after about an hours time, he follows her, but not hearing of her at her Mothers, he returns home, where he found his Dog violently Barking at the Well, and so looking into the same, found the Bucket was let down, (a thing unusual) which he drew up, and in the same both his Children dead; whereupon he immediately goes out and tells the Neighbors of the accident, who upon search likewise found his Wife: Whereupon the Man run quite Distracted, and it is thought will continue so to his Dying day.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 381–382.

The Unnatural Mother:

Being a true Relation of one *Jane Lawson*, once living at *East-Barnet*, in *Middlesex*; who Quarreling with her Husband, urged him to strike her, and thereupon the same night, being the first of *Sept.* 1680. Drowned her self and two poor Babes in a Well.

The Tune is, *There was a Rich Merchant Man.*

1 ATtend good People all,
unto my Story strange,
To hear the like you never shall,
if you the World do range:
East-Barnet was the place,
where long time I did dwell,
And might have liv'd in happy case,
had I considered well.
Then English *Women all,*
take pattern now by me,
[*I*][1] *did into temptation fall,*
thus lost the lives of three.

2 *Jane Lawson* was my Name,
James Lawsons Cruel Wife,
By him I had three Children small,
and liv'd a happy Life;
Till on a certain day,
my Husband forth did go,
At night return'd out of the way,
not using to do so.
Then English *Women all,*
take pattern now by me,
I did into temptation fall,
thus lost the lives of three.

[1] Cut off.

3 MY Neighbours well did know
it was no common use,
O then why should I use him so?
or offer him abuse:
But when I did perceive
that he was much in D[rink,] [1]
With angry words I did him grieve
till he was like to sink.
Then English *Women all,*
take pattern now by me,
I did into temptation fall,
thus lost the lives of three.

4 My Neighbours then came in,
hearing this Quarrel great,
Not used betwixt me and him,
especially so late;
They gave me good advice,
and wisht me to be still,
But their kind love I did despise,
which prov'd my fatal ill.
Then English *women, &c.*

5 At last my Mother came,
who liv'd not far from us,
And told me 'twas a perfect shame,
that we should Quarrel thus:
You know your Husband is
an honest man, quoth she,
And therefore you do much amiss,
thus angry for to be:
Then English *Women, &c.*

6 I that full well should take
what from my Mother come,
Bid her no Sermon for to make,
but go and Preach at home:

[1] Torn.

Her Mother hearing this,
was troubled very sore,
At last she shut her Mother with
her Neighbours out of door.
Then, &c.

7 No other Language then,
her Mother did reply,
But time will come full surely, when
you'l grieve you did not try
My Counsel, which is good,
for I would Reconcile,
And fain have things well understood
to end this foolish Broile.
Then, &c.

8 But she did little mind
the words her Mother said,
But did abuse her Husband kind,
and him she angry made:
Then did he tell her plain,
if she'd not quiet be,
He'd make her quiet, and refrain
this strange Simplicity.
Then, &c.

9 And then he did her give
a Box upon the ear,
Long after that she did not live,
nor her poor Children dear:
Two of them then she caught,
as several neighbours tell;
These Babes destruction then she wrought
with her own, in a Well.
Then, &c.

10 Oh let us all desire,
God would us patience give;
To banish Wrath and sinful Ire,
and peaceably to live:

Let not the devil frame,
nor put into your Breast;
That which at last will end in shame
and lose Eternal rest.
Then English *Women all,*
take pattern now by me:
I did into temptation fall,
thus lost the lives of three.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, I. Clarke, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger.*

98

The Englishman's advice

II, 14, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. One of the latter represents the Great Fire of 1666; another the plague with "Londons Charitie" and "the Countries Crueltie" to the dying.

Instead of a year of wonders, here we have an age of wonders, all of which are said to have been sent to warn England against sin, especially the sin of popery. Among these wonders were a portentous comet of 1665, the plague, the fire, and the Dutch war of 1665–1666, and the Popish Plot. The ballad was probably written in October or November, 1680, when it appeared that the Exclusion Bill, barring James, Duke of York, from the royal succession, would be passed. How little real understanding the balladist had of Charles II's purposes is seen in his statement that the king "agrees" with the Parliament. But perhaps Charles surprized even himself by the firmness with which he disposed of the Exclusion Bill.

For the tune, usually called *Young Phaon*, see the words (which first appeared in Charles Davenant's *Circe*, 1677, IV. i, and which are reprinted in *The Art of Courtship*, 1686, A8, and in *The Aviary*, *ca.* 1750, p. 652) and the music (by John Banister) in *Wit and Mirth*, 1700, p. 249 (1707, 1712, II, 249; 1719, IV, 287), and in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1679, II, 10. For another ballad about Phaon and Phillis, to the tune of *Young Phaon* (probably identical with that already mentioned), see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 556–560; VI, 100.

The English-mans Advice,

That all may leave to live in Sin,
and truly Worship God,
Least he in Anger do begin,
to scourge them with his Rod.

To the Tune of, *Young Phœn.*

1 MOurn *England*, mourn, like one forlorn,
thy Sins for Vengeance cry,
And have approached to the Ears
of him who lives on High:
Who hath forwarn'd thee many times,
by Messengers most strange,
But thou wert of a stubborn heart,
and would not from Sin change.

2 Remember[1] how in *Sixty-five*,
a Comet did appear,
To many Thousands then alive,
that Buried were that Year:
And when the hand of God was stay'd,
the Pestilence quite gone,
The thing that made them sore afraid,
was little thought upon.

3 Oh wicked stubborn-hearted Souls,
that do from mercy flye,
You'l cause your selves for to condole,
by your Iniquity:
And then the Lord above was mov'd,
by these your stubborn tricks,
So he in anger you reprov'd,
by Fire in *Sixty-six*.

4 Which in a moment did destroy
the Glory of the Nation,
Your City, pride, and greatest joy,
was turn'd to Desolation:

[1] *Text* Rememember.

Besides the Sword upon you came,
and strangers did invade you,
For all the Plague and fiery flame,
none could from sin perswade you.

5 And when the Lord above did see
nothing could you reclaim,
A bloody plot *Rome* did decree,
to *Papists* lasting shame:
The Fiends of Hell did then assist,
this plot for to contrive,
They thought for to do what they list,
not one to leave alive

6 That would not to their Idols bow,
nor worship what they pleas'd,
Through mercy we escap'd them, though
the Land is still Diseas'd
And pestered with a *Romish* Crew,
whose actions are unjust,
With them we know not what to do,
for them we dare not trust.

7 But hope that now our Parliament,
will strive to ease our pain,
And banish all our Discontent,
wherein we do remain:
Oh let the Heavens protect and keep,
his Majesty from harm,
Who now is with his Parliament,
the *Papist* to alarum.

8 And since with them he doth agree,
as we desire he may,
Then happy times we sure shall see,
for which we long did pray:

Let every Loyal Subject then,
to Heaven send his petition,
That God would bless poor *English-men*,
and pitty their Condition.

FINIS.

Printed for *M. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, & *T. Passenger*.

99

Old Christmas returned

I, 474–475, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts. This is one of the few ballads in Pepys's first volume later in date than 1640. It was reprinted in Thomas Evans's *Old Ballads*, I (1810), 146–150, and in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 498–500. The date may be assumed to be about 1680, as the printer Brooksby (according to Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725) published from 1672 to 1696.

The decay of hospitality furnished ballad-writers with a stock theme for complaints, as is pointed out in my introduction to No. 17. Compare also this lament in John Taylor the Water Poet's rare pamphlet, *The Complaint of Christmas*, 1631, C–C^{v}:

Oh *Christmas*, old reuerend *Christmas!* . . . Why art thou making such haste now? Now it is decayed, ruined, sunke. This house that from the Conquest hath beene famous for Hospitality, is now buried in her owne ruins. Looke round about thee, where are now those high woods that did shelter this house from the winds violence? Now they are low enough, the woodmans axe hath humbled their proud heads. Looke into the Parks: Deere may be deare now, for there are very few there: My young Master not long since closed them in a Paste Pale, in a Tauerne, where they were hunted by a company of fawning, flattering hounds. Looke into the Meddowes, dost thou see an Oxe there? No, no; they are all driuen to the Citie. Is there a Calfe or Sheepe in the Pastures? no, they are all knockt on the head, and haue their throats cut, hauing Parchment made of their skinnes to make him bonds after hee had sold their flesh. Looke into the Garden, is there a Bee-hiue there? no, all the honey-birds are fled, and the Waxe spent in sealing Bonds for Commodities. Looke about the Yard, there is not a Ducke, Chicken, Hen or Capon to be seene? not a Goose to be had? they are all pluckt, and haue pens made of their quils to set his hand to his vndoing. Looke into the Barne, there is not so many Eares to be found there as there are on a common Bailies head; or so much Corne in the Garners as will breakfast a Chicken. O *Christmas*, *Christmas*, my old eyes are almost bloodshot with weeping at the follies of my yong Master, who instead of making his Chymneyes smoake in the Country, makes his nose smoake in a Tobacco-shop in the Citie. His Predecessours was wont to inuite his Tenants to dinner, but now he hath more neede to be inuited himselfe; which his Quondam Tenants are not able to doe, for their new Landlord hath vsed them like Traytors, and set them on the Racke.

Such is only a small part of the complaint "an old poore halfestaru'd Seruingman" makes to Father Christmas. But in No. 99 the theme is reversed, and there is an account — which may, however, be somewhat satirical — of the revival of hospitality at the festival of Christmas. Old Christmas had fled, as a result of legislation, during the Commonwealth period. His return after the Restoration undoubtedly made England merrier and caused the Puritans to seem sourer by contrast.

The words and the music of "The Delights of the Bottle" will be found in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, IV, 42–47. The music itself (on which see also Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, p. 183) was written by Matthew Locke, the original ballad (of two stanzas) by Thomas Shadwell for his opera *Psyche* (1675). A manuscript version of the first two stanzas is printed in Arthur Clifford's *Tixall Poetry* (1813), pp. 133–134. Words and music are both given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 500–501.

Old Christmass Returnd,
Or, Hospitality *REVIVED.*

Being a Looking-glass for rich Misers, wherein they may see (if they be not blind) how much they are too blame for their penurious house-keeping, and likewise an incouragement to those noble-minded Gentry, who lay out a great part of their Estates in Hospitality, relieving such persons as have need thereof.

Who feasts the Poor a true reward shall find
Or helps the old, the Feeble, lame and blind.

Tune of *The Delights of the Bottle*, **with Allowance**, *R. L'estrange.*

1 ALL you that to Feasting and mirth are inclin'd,
Come here is good news for to pleasure your mind,
Old Christmass is come for to keep open house
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse,
Then come boyes and welcome, for dyet the chief
Plumb pudding, Goose, Capon, minc't pies & Roast beef.

2 A long time together he hath been forgot
They scarce could afford for to hang on the pot,
Such miserly sneaking in *England* hath been
As by our forefathers ner'e us'd to be seen
But now he's returned, you shall have in brief
Plumb pudding, Goose, Capon, minc't pies & Roast beef.

3 The times were ner'e good, since Old Christmass was fled,
And all hospitality hath been so dead,
No mirth at our festivals late did appear
They scarcely would part with a cup of *March* beer,
But now you shall have for to ease you of grief
Plumb pudding, &c.

4 The Butler and Baker they now may be glad
The times they are mended though they have been bad,
The Brewer he likewise may be of good cheer
He shall have good trading for Ale and strong beer.
All trades shall be jolly, and have for relief,
Plumb pudding, Goose Capon, Minc't pies & Roast beef.

5 The holly and ivy, about the walls wind,
And shows that we ought to our neighbours be kind,
Inviting each other for pastime and sport
And where we best fare, there we most do resort.
We fail not of victuals, and that of the chief
Plumb pudding, &c.

6 The Cooks shall be busied by day and by night
In Roasting and Boyling, for tast and delight,
Their senses in liquor that's nappy they'l steep
Though they be afforded to have little sleep.
They still are imployd for to dress us in brief
Plumb pudding, Goose Capon minc'd pies and roast beef.

7 ALthough the cold weather doth hunger provoke
'Tis a comfort to see how the Chimneys do smoke,
Provision is making for Beer, Ale and wine,
For all that are willing, or ready to dine,
Then hast to the Kitchen for dyet the chief
Plumb pudding, Goose, Capon, minc't pies & Roast beef

8 All travellers as they do pass on the way
At Gentlemens halls are invited to stay,
Themselves to refresh and their horses to rest
Since that he must be old Christmass his guest
Nay the poor shall not want but shall have for relief
Plumb pudding &c.

9 Now Mock-begger-hall, it no more shall stand empty
But all shall be furnisht with freedome and plenty
The hoarding old misers, who us'd to preserve
The Gold in their Coffers, and see the poor starve,
Must now spread their tables and give them in brief
Plumb pudding &c.

10 The Court and the City and Countrey are glad
Old Christmass is come for to cheer up the sad
Broad pieces and Guinnyes about now shall fly
And hundreds be losers by cogging a Dye,
Whilst others are feasting with dyet the chief
Plumb pudding &c.

11 Those that have no coyn at the cards for to play
May sit by the fire, and pass time away
And drink off their moisture contented and free
My honest good fellow come here is to thee,
And when they are a hungry fall to their relief
Plumb pudding, &c.

12 Young Gallants and Ladyes, shall foot it along
Each room in the house to the Musick shall throng
Whilst jolly Carouses about they shall pass
And each countrey swain trip about with his Lass,
Mean time goes the Caterer to fetch in the chief
Plumb pudding, Goose, Capon, Minc't pies & Roast beef.

13 The Cooks and the Scullion who toyl in their frocks
Their hopes do depend upon their Christmass box,
There is very few that do live on the earth
But enjoy at this time either profit or mirth,
Yea those that are charged to find all relief
Plumb pudding &c.

14 Then well may we welcome old Christmass to town
Who brings us good cheer, and good liquor so brown,
To pass the cold winter away with delight
We feast it all day, and we frolick at night,
Both hunger and cold we keep out with relief
Plumb pudding &c.

15 Then let all Curmudgeons who dote on their wealth
And value their treasure much more then their health
Go hang themselves up, if they will be so kind,
Old Christmas with them but small welcome shall find
They will not afford to themselves, without grief
Plumb pudding, Goose, Capon, Minc't pies & Roast beef.

Printed for P. Brooksby

100

The lamentation of a bad market

II, 146, black letter, four columns, five woodcuts. Other copies: British Museum, C.22. f.6 (135); Lord Crawford, No. 1079; Huth-Harvard, I, 142; Harvard, I, 101.

There are reprints of No. 100 in *The Loves of Hero and Leander, a Mock Poem, with . . . other Choice Pieces of Drollery*, 1653, pp. 44–48 (printed also in *Ovid de Arte Amandi . . . Englished . . . together with Choice Poems, and Rare Pieces of Drollery*, 1662, 1672, 1682, pp. 142–145); *Merry Drollery*, I (1661), 81–84 (J. W. Ebsworth's *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1875, pp. 87–90); *Wit and Mirth*, 1700, pp. 6–8 (1707, 1712, II, 6–8; 1719, IV, 1–4 [to the tune of *Chevy Chase*, which is printed]); E. F. Rimbault's *A Little Book of Songs and Ballads*, 1851, pp. 187–192 (from an old manuscript). All but the Pepys version change stanzas 13 and 14 to read (I quote from Ebsworth's *Merry Drollery*):

> A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
> And with the King great wager makes:
> But when he saw he could not win,
> He sigh't, and would have drawn stakes.
>
> He said it would bear a man for to slide,
> And laid a hundred pound;
> The King said it would break, and so it did,
> For three children there were drown'd.

They also substitute for stanzas 21–23 the following quatrain:

> God bless our Noble Parliament,
> And rid them from all fears,
> God bless *all* th' *Commons* of this Land,
> And God bless *some* o' th' *Peers*.

Three stanzas (variants of stanzas 12, 18, 19) were included in *Philomel* (published by M. Cooper, 1744, pp. 209–210) as a kind of nursery rhyme.

The occasion of the ballad was the fire which in February, 1633, destroyed much of London Bridge (see Thomas Birch, *The Court and*

Times of Charles I, II, 167; Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1514; *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1631–1633, p. 550, 1633–1634, p. 251).

The ballad itself, which in the present copy dates from about 1680,[1] is exceptionally witty. It was written to satirize the godly ditties and pious warnings that made up the stock-in-trade of the ballad-stalls, and its wavering rhymes and outrageous puns furnish the chief part of its fun. Some of the rhymes suggest, and are worthy of, *Hudibras*. In stanza 22 reference is made to the famous ballad of "The Babes in the Wood," which was written at least as early as 1595 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1962), and which was a favorite of so great a modern poet as Wordsworth.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 196–198.

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[1] "The lamentation of a bad Market" is referred to (as a ballad) in *Mercurius Melancholicus*, April 24–May 1, 1648, p. 209. Cf. S. S. (Samuel Smithson?), *The Man in the Moone*, 165–, A4: "then may ye come home by weeping crosse, and sing the *Lamentation of a bad Market*." A Latin version of three stanzas is in Walter Hamilton's *Parodies*, VI (1889), 124–125. It begins,

"Labentes super glaciem,
In medio aestatis,
Tres pueri sunt mersi, et
Succubuêre fatis."

The lamentation of a bad Market, OR, The Drowning of three Children on the *Thames*

With this fantastick Tragy Comedy,
Tis like that one or other pleas'd will be;
Because the Method carries Mirth therein,
Or else the Subject were not worth a pin:
Howe're you'l say it is no laughing matter,
To see poor Children Drowned in the Water.

Tune of, *The Ladies Fall.* With Allowance.

1 SOme Christian people *all* give ear,
unto the grief of us,
Caus'd by the death of three children dear,
the which it happned thus.

2 And eke there befell an accident,
by fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to *saw* chips, his sharp Axe lent,
woe worth the time may *Lon*.

3 May *London* say woe worth the Carpenter
and all such *Block-head* fools,
Would he were hang'd like Serpent here,
for jesting with edg'd Tools.

4 For into the chips there fell a Spark,
which *put out* in such flames,
That it was known into *Southwark*,
which lies beyond the *Thames*.

5 For *loe* the Bridge was wondrous *high*,
with water underneath:
O're which as many *Fishes* flye,
as *Birds* therein do breath.

6 And yet the fire consum'd the bridge,
not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big.
it *fell down* not with *standing*.

7 And eke into the water fell,
so many Pewter Dishes,
That a man might take up very well,
both *boil'd* and *roasted* Fishes.

8 And thus the Bridge of *London* Town,
for building that was sumptuous,
Was *all* by fire *half* burnt down,
for being too contumptious.

9 Thus you have *all*, but *half* my Song,
pray list to what comes after,
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *fire*,
i'le *warm* you with the *water*.

10 Ile tell you what the Rivers name is,
where these children did slide-a:
It was fair *Londons* silver *Thames*,
that keeps both time and *Tide-a*.

11 All on the tenth of *January*,
to the wonder of much people,
Twas frozen o're, that *well* 'twould bear,
almost a Country Steeple.

12 Three children sliding thereabouts,[1]
upon a place *too thin*,
That so at last it did fall *out*,
that they did all fall *in*.

13 A gallant that was standing near,
a willing wager makes,
But when he saw it would not bear,
he would have drawn his stakes.

14 He said 'twould bear a man to slide,
and laid a hundred pound:
The other said 'twould break, so it did,
for three children there were drown'd.

[1] *Read* thereabout. (See *The Portledge Papers*, 1928, p. 192, for a notice of ten children who in 1695 were drowned in the icy Thames.)

15 Of which ones head was from his *Should* - - -
ers stricken, whose name was *John*,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon, O Lon, a London.[1]

16 *Oh, Tut, Tut, Turn* from thy sinful race,
thus did his speech decay,
I wonder that in such a case,
he had no more to say.

17 And thus being drown'd, *alack, alack*,
the water run down their throats,
And stopt their breaths *3* hours by the clock,
before they could get any Boats.

18 Ye Parents all that *children* have,
and ye that have none yet,
Preserve your children from the grave,
and teach them at home to sit.

19 For had these at a Sermon been,
or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would have never been seen,
if that they had been *drown'd.*

20 Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,
for fear they should go fro him,
So tye your children with strict clogs,
unty um and you'l *undo um.*

21 Let Maids and Nurses lye in wait,
and watch them to a tittle,
Because your grief will be full *great*,
to have them dye so *little.*

22 A Story you have heard is call'd,
The Children in the Wood.
Although the Subjects both are *bad*,
yet this may be as *good.*

[1] Read *O Lon.*

And now for to conclude at last,
I wish all others may,
Be careful of their children dear,
for fear they go astray.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

101

Good subjects' delight

II, 213, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

A very pretty lyric of praise and loyalty written in honor of Caesar (that is, Charles II) probably about 1680. According to the title, it was sung, of course in abbreviated form, on the London stage to a tune named from its first line. The words and music of the alternative tune, *Ah Chloris awake*, are given in *Wit and Mirth*, 1707, 1712, III, 61–64; 1719, IV, 313–316.

Good Subjects Delight:

Or, True Love in its proper Colours; A most pleasant and delectable new Play-Song, greatly in request, both in Court and City:

Good Subjects are the Jewels of the Crown,
Procure their Soveraigns Glory and Renown,
But bad are those who seek to pull him down;
Vnion an Ornament that Kingdom Graces,
Who seeks Devision, all that's good defaces,
And for his pains may he ware Hempen Tresses.

To a pleasant New Play-Tune, of, *At last let the Murmurs*, &c. Or, *Ah Cloris awake!*

Entred according to Order.

1 AT last let the Murmurs
and Tumults all cease,
And let us lye down,
in the Shades of sweet peace,

Let Envy, strife, Hurry,
and all that attend 'um,[1]
Be banished to those
that amongst us did send 'um.[1]

2 Let our cares and our fears,
and all jealousie perish,
Let no idle fancies
and false rumours Cherish:
For in vain they disturb us,
in vain to torment us,
And banish those joys
that were us'd to frequent us.

3 Let State Polititians
aspire to renown,
By contriving the welfare,
and peace of the Crown:
Let *Cæsar* be happy,
let him long live and Reign,
To him let our Loyalty,
ever remain.

4 Let him live, let him live,
in all pleasure and peace,
Let his Laurels still flourish,
and his Triumphs ne'r cease;
Whilst a health it goes round,
and may none be blest;
That thoughts of disloyalty,
shrowds in his Breast.

5 Let *England* rejoyce,
let the Nations be glad,
Let Divisions all vanish,
that makes us so sad?
Whilst a Health it goes round
and we love one another,
All heats and all passions
From henceforth lets smother.

[1] *Text* u'm.

6 Lets rejoyce and be glad,
let *England* now flourish
And those that divide us wou'd
let them all perish:
In peace and in unity
blessings await us,
And those that love others
conclude that they hate us.

7 And let them be branded,
as the Nations chief foes,
Whilst each good Subject,
his loyalty shows:
This [1] King and his Country,
he ever is true,
Who thoughts of disloyalty,
never yet knew.

8 Here's a Health to all such then
come lets see't go round,
Whilst the drum it beats dub a dub
and Trumpets sound:
Whilst our joys and our wishes,
like our Glasses are full,
And hang up all those,
that morrosly are dull.

9 'Tis mine boy, 'tis thine boy.
come about let it go,
A Health to true loyalists
where e're they grow:
A fig for all others,
they are not for us boys.
Let, let them be banish'd
in that there is no loss Boys.

10 But the Nation will quiet be,
better without um,
Then heres a good Health boy,
to those that do rout um:

[1] *Read* To's.

And to all good Subjects
that pray for their King,
For from him boys, from him
our welfare doth spring.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Wright*, *I. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*.

102

The loyal Protestant

II, 215, black letter, three columns, four woodcuts.

Two stanzas and the chorus were written by Thomas D'Urfey to be sung in his comedy of *The Virtuous Wife; or, Good Luck at last*, 1680, act I (pp. 8–9), and the music was composed by Thomas Farmer. D'Urfey's words are reprinted in Henry Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, 1682, 1684, pp. 106–107, and with music in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1681, III, 7. One stanza appears also in D'Urfey's *A New Collection of Songs*, 1683, p. 51, 1687, p. 48; and a three-line parody, —

> Let the Roundheads Plot on,
> Till at last they'r undone
> By hurting their Brains to Decoy us, —

is sung by Sir Barnaby Whigg in D'Urfey's play (1681) of that name (IV. i).

Stanza 4 mentions a poor maid who was brought to destruction because she accepted bribes from the pope "to fire our houses." She was Margaret Clark, servant to Mr. Delanoy, a dyer in Pepper Alley, Montague Court, near Southwark Cathedral (see p. 250, below). *The True Domestick Intelligence*, No. 61, Tuesday, February 3, 1680, says that she "did upon *Sunday* last set her Masters house on fire in three places, which being timely discovered was prevented from making its designed progress, she having upon her examination confessed, that *Southwark* was to be fired that night in several places. . . . 'tis generally believed to be a contrivance of the Papists, they being indefatigable promoters of Devastations and Depopulations, both by Firing and Massacres." On February 2 Margaret swore that she had been offered £2000 for her assistance in firing Delanoy's house, and named as an accomplice John Satterwith, or Satterwait, of the Duke of York's guard. Both were sent to the Marshalsea; but, when tried on March 12, the guardsman was acquitted, while Margaret was condemned to death. She was executed on March 22. The newspapers were full of this affair (see, for instance, *The Protestant (Domestick) Intelligence* for February 3, March 19, and March 26). Perhaps their excitement was only natural, for severe fires in May,

1676 (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1678, p. 88; cf. also p. 432), and in July, 1679 (*Domestick Intelligence*, No. 6, July 24), had put the nerves of Southwark people on edge. Later still, on June 9, 1681, Luttrell (I, 94) reports a Southwark fire which was "thought to have begun by design."

Stanza 5 refers to the Meal-tub Plot of Thomas Dangerfield and Mrs. Elizabeth Cellier, the Roman Catholic midwife, that was detected late in 1679, as well as to the White-horse Club,[1] named from the tavern where the conspirators were said to meet.

Charles II was popular with the people in general and with the ballad-writers in particular. The latter never failed to praise his goodness and mercy, and as "great Caesar" he was referred to so

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[1] A White Horse tavern is mentioned in A. R.'s pamphlet, *True and Wonderfull* (1614), on the Sussex dragon. *A Relation of a Strange Apparition*, 1641, A2, speaks of "the White Horse over against Sommerset House." It was a recognized meeting-place for Jesuits, and there the Popish Plot was supposed to have been made. Philopatris (Charles Blount) in *The Plot in a Dream*, 1681, p. 119, refers to "the *White Horse* in *le Strand*, a Tavern there so called, which was the usual place of their Meetings.

> —— *The treacherous* Trojan Horse *of old*
> *Did not more* Mischiefs *in his Bow'ls enfold,*
> *Than did this place.*"

Richard Ames, *The Search after Claret*, 1691, pp. 17–18, writes:

> "At the *White-Horse*, so fam'd for the Consults and Plots,
> By Jesuits held, as was sworn by *T. Otes*,
> We call'd."

In *The Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury*, I (1890), 138, 140, "the Consult at the White Horse Tavern in the Strand . . . on April 24th, 1678," and "the Consult at the White Horse Tavern in April 1678" are mentioned. Cf. also Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 120 Loyal Songs*, 1684, p. 150, and *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, p. 44:

> "At the *White-horse* in *April* was their main *Consult*,
> Where a writing these Plotters wickedly frame;
> The death of our *Sovereign* was the result,
> To which at least *Forty* all signed their name;
> They would not do that,
> In the place where they sat,
> Trusty *Oates* must convey't from this man to that;
> To make sure work, by *Poyson* the *Deed* must be done,
> And by a long *Dagger*, and shot from a *Gun*."

See further pp. 28, 25, respectively, of these last two books, and "A True Narrative of the Sentence of Titus Oats for Perjury" (1685).

often in ballads that the phrase really became stereotyped (cf. p. 210, below).

Joshua Conyers, or Coniers, is said by Plomer (*Dictionary of Printers*, 1641–1667, p. 51) to have engaged in the book-selling trade from 1662 to 1688. Nevertheless, as No. 290 proves, he was in business till at least June, 1690.

The Loyal PROTESTANT

Or, A defiance to Traytors, being a most pleasant and delightful new Play Song.

Romes *fury now by Heaven is quite suppresst,*
And yet the Scarlet Beast can take no rest,
We live secure beneath the Monarchs wings,
Who justly may be stil'd the best of Kings.

Tune of, *Let Traytors plot on.*

1 LEt Traytors Plot on till at last they'r undone,
By hurting their braines to destroy us;
We whose hearts are at rest in our Loyalty blest,
What Demon or Power can annoy us?
Ambition, like Wine, does the senses confound,
And Treason's a damnable thing,
Then let him that thinks well see his Brimmer go round
And pray for the safety and life of the King.
Let Cæsar *live long*, *let* Cæsar *live long*,
For ever be happy, *and ever be young*,
And he that dares hope to change King for a Pope
Let him dye, *let him die*, *whilest* Cæsar *lives long.*

2 How happy are we when our thoughts are all free,
And blest in our foresaid obedience?
Whilest the pollitick fool that's ambitious to rule
Still bawks at the Oath of Allegiance.
He trembles and flies from his numerous foes,
Like a Deer that the Hunters surround,[1]
While we that hate all that would Monarchs depose
Make the joys of our hearts like the glasses abound.
Let Cæsar *live &c.*

3 Those Traytors that toile to betray their own soil,
Who the murther of Princes are plotting,
Let ruine and fate continually wait,
And *Rome* ne'r in *England* get footing.

[1] *Text* Hunteas so round.

Whilst our nobler soules are dranched in full bouls,
And Loyalty in our breasts flourish,
Declaring the fame of our Monarchs great name,
Till all the bold Traytors shall perish.
Let Cæsar *&c.*

4 *Romes* counsells we'l banish, no *French*, nor *Spanish*
Shall gain their vile ends to deceive us,
Nor in Iesuites Caps for *London* lay Traps,
With flames of our wealth to bereave us:
That old triple head that made Monarch [1] once dread
On whom the great Harlot came rideing,
Has now got the Trade to destroy a poor maid
To fire our houses by bribeing.
Yet let Cesar *live long, let* Cesar *live long,*
For ever be happy for ever be young,
And he that dares hope to change King for a Pope
Let him die, let him die, whilest Cesar *lives long.*

5 Nay, still let 'um fret, and be caught in the Net,
That they had close laid for our slaughter,
Whilst in vain they conspire to set *Albion* on fire,
And *Protestant*-blood spill like water.
Yet in spight o'th Meal-tub, or the white-horse club
Old *England* aboundeth in pleasure,
'Tis Heavens chief end her Prince to defend,
And store us with plenty and treasure.
Then let Cesar *live long, let* Cesar *live long,*
For ever be happy and ever be young,
And he &c.

6 The beasts in the Tower are spoyl'd of their power
And now they may roar but in vain,
The Eagle prevailes, and their plotting now fails,
Whilst that they stand snarling for shame,

[1] *Read* Monarchs.

For so basely being bull'd and by their Priest gull'd
In hopes of Ambitious renown,
And left in the lurch by their false Mother Church
Whilst they greedily catcht at a Crown.
Let Cesar *live &c.*

7 Whilst Loyalty Reigns in true English Veins,
And Protestant glory abounds,
Till *Babylon's* whore shall tempt us no more
Till the beast has received his wounds,
For this let us pray and continually say,
All glory and honour be given
To him that can quell the fierce potents of Hell
Till the locust be back again driven.
Let Cesar &c.

8 For *Charles's* long reign let each subject now dain
To express a good wish in a Brimmer;
Then trowle his health round while our joys do abound
Whilst the Stars in the Firmament glimmer
Let honour and fame still crown his great name
And prosperous dayes may still grace him,
While its Heavens design for to make him divine
Amongst Angels for ever to place him.
Let Cæsar *live long, let* Cæsar *live long,*
For ever be happy, and ever be young,
And he that does hope to change King for a Pope,
Let him die, let him die, whilst Cæsar *lives long.*

LONDON Printed for *J. Conyers* at the *Black Raven* in *Duck Lane.*

103

Here is encouragement to loyalty

II, 216, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

This ballad, suggested by the Meal-tub Plot and its subsequent false 'revelations' about a popish conspiracy, voices the general feeling of most ardent Protestants in 1680. Titus Oates's perjury and the various Exclusion Bills had stirred men's minds to such a pitch that they could believe anything. And the ballad-writer no doubt thought himself and his verses a model of tolerance. God protected us against the Spanish papists in 1588, he says (stanza 7), and God will protect us now. The comment in stanza 6 that "Life's but a Bubble" sounds like a quotation from Bacon's well-known poem, "The world's a bubble, and the life of man Less than a span." Perhaps it is proverbial, for the phrase "life is a bubble" occurs in William Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, I, 2, while Nathaniel Ward (†1652) somewhere has an epigram beginning, "The world is full of care, and much like unto a bubble."

For the tune, which is equivalent to *Let traitors plot on*, see No. 102.

HERE IS Incouragement to Loyalty.

And gives Advice to those that loyal are,
That they for Countrys good should nothing spare;
Nothing can be too much for you to do,
To serve your King, preserve your Countrey too.

To the Tune of, *Let Cæsar Live long.*

1 YOu Traytors be gone, for the Plot you thought on,
apparently now is Detected;
You'd gone a great way, and some People do say,
you were by the Devil Directed:
For Men and their Wives, should have lost all their Lives,
with their Babes and Relations also;
You by Heaven were stopt, and the Blossoms were Crop'd,
before that the Flower could blow:
Give Princes their due, give Princes their due,
All you that are Protestants loyal and true;
He's deceiv'd of his Hope, who expected a Pope,
Let him flye, let him flye, his Confederates too.

2 What the Devil contrives, long seldom survives,
and our God who for ever is blest,
To make it appear, he loves the King dear,
would not have his Subjects opprest:
If in his Dominion, we'd but one Opinion,
Oh happy for *England* 'twould be:
But so much Division, doth cause a Derision,
and the Papists Rejoyce for to see.
Give Princes their due, &c.

3 But that which is worst, here is Traytors accurst,
who'd their Prince and their Country betray;
And for their Reward, they should have a strong Cord,
from Mass it would keep them away:
That our Monarch he might, in his Subjects Delight,
not fearing their Assassination:
But when 'twill be so, I do not well know,
such Plotters there are in this Nation:

Give Princes their due, give Princes their due,
All you that are Protestants loyal and true;
He's deceiv'd of his Hope, &c.

4 IF any do come, to Betray us from *Rome*,
and doth bring by his Holiness order,
A *Bull* to Dispence, with each Traytors Offence,
Squire *Ketch*[1] he shall be their Rewarder:
Though they Fire us by stealth, and do covet our Wealth,
to inrich the old Whore of *Babel;*
With Vnanimous minds, we'l oppose their Designs,
and send them short home if we're able.
Give Princes their due, &c.

5 In the Snare they have lay'd, let themselves be Betray'd,
since Slaughter for us they intended;
If us they had ta'ne, we had surely been Slain,
and why should they then be befriended:
But Protestants they, shew more in a Day,
of Pitty and Christian Compassion,
Then they in a Year, it doth plainly appear,
it is not his Holiness's Fashion.
Give Princes their due, &c.

6 Those that are confin'd, were strangely unkind,
that Popery sought here to bring;
If the Government turn, some surely will Burn,
then pray for the Life of the King:
For Life's but a Bubble, and meeteth with Trouble,
and chiefly when Power's Subverted;
Yea Fire doth affright, Professors to Flight,
and Religion is meerly deserted.
Give Princes their due, &c.

7 But if our *English-men*, were as Loyal as when
the *Spaniards* Design'd an Invasion;
We need not to fear, they would ever come here,
though the Pope us'd the Art of Perswasion:

[1] The hangman, on whom see the notes to No. 217.

For Providence then, so disperst them agen,
and the Pray'rs of the Queen did prevail:
They straight were Confounded, and some of them Drowned,
yea, we Routed them every Sail:
Give Princes their due, &c.

8 The same God have we, and if he doth see,
uprightly before him we live;
He will keep us from Harm, by his Powerful Arm,
to our Foes he no power will give:
In him let us trust, and be loyal and just,
and Defend our King with our Blood:
And think nothing too dear, that we enjoy here,
to Ingage for our Countreys good:
Give Princes their due, give Princes their due,
All you that are Protestants loyal and true;
He's deceiv'd of his Hope, who expected a Pope,
Let him flye, let him flye, his Confederates too.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* & *T. Passinger.*

104

A description of Bartholomew Fair

IV, 341, black letter, three columns, one woodcut.

Captain Francis Digby, for whom the tune is named, a son of the Earl of Bristol, commanded the warship *Henry*, and was killed in a battle with the Dutch in Southwold Bay, May 28, 1672 (cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 39). The tune, by Robert Smith, is given in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1676, I, 10, and is discussed by Ebsworth in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, IV, 392–393.

The ballad was printed about 1680. The manners and customs it describes are of considerable interest, and certain passages remind one of Jonson's comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*. It should be compared with an earlier Pepys ballad (No. 8) on the same subject, and with "An Ancient Song of Bartholomew-Fair," printed with music in *Wit and Mirth*, 1700, p. 171 (1707, 1712, II, 171–172; 1719, IV, 169–170).

Countless references (cf. stanza 6) are made to roasted pigs at Bartholomew Fair and the longing pregnant women had for them. The register of burials at Allhallows, Honey Lane, London (ed. W. B. Bannerman, I [1914], 265, Harleian Society), has a curious entry bearing on this matter:

> 1600 Aug. 26 Nicholas Ems wth his wife being lately come out of the Lowe Countrie being in Bartholo fayer she longed for y^{e} gullit of a pigg & had it not was delivered of a mayde child being stilborne 26 of August & was buryed imediatly in the church yeard she was delyuered in chepesid at M^{r} Aldermans dore.

Years later *Poor Robin, 1684. An Almanack* ("August") predicted "by the Stars a great number of roasted Piggs at *Bartholomew-Fair* . . . and therefore,

> *If woman now with child that's big,*
> *Hath got a mind to eat roast pig;*
> *Let her to* Smith-field *now repair,*
> *When as it is* Bartholomew *Fair.*"

A Description of *Bartholomew*-Fair.

Whether this be wit or nonsence, who need care,
'Tis like the subject, which is Bartholomew-*Fair;*
A mess of all-together, well enough,
To get good Money, which will make us huff,
And swagger bravely, drink a Glass, or so,
With some kind she-acquaintance, which you know,
Are pretty tempting things, so much for that,
I now must come to tell you plain and flat,
That in this Song the whole Fair you may view,
You may believe me when I tell you true.

To the Tune of, *Digby's Farewel.*

1 YOu *Bartholomew* Tapsters I first do advise,
To take my good Counsel if that you be wise,
Your hearts now are merry, but your heads full of care,
How to get store of Money this *Bartholomew*-Fair:
Vse a Conscience in measure, and give all men their due,
And when that 'tis late thrust away the rude Crew:
Be merry and wise, and give each man content,
And then of your actions you'l never repent.

2 You must entertain both the good and the bad,
Sometimes the bold Hector that rides on the Pad,
Iilts, Biters, Prigs, Lifters, to him do resort,
All which well observ'd will afford you good sport;
The Foylers, Kidnappers, and Bulkers also,
For to lay their design to your Houses will go,
Your eyes must be quick both behind and before,
Look well to their tricks or they'l pinch you full sore.

3 The Country Cully comes up to the Town,
With good store of money, to stair up and down,
He admires Iack-Pudding, who studies to please him,
Whilst a Pick-pocket whore of his money doth ease him:
He nothing mistrusts, but laughs out aloud,
Still praising the Fool with the rest of the crowd;
A Copper-lac'd Petticoat, and Face full of Paint,
Makes the young Country fool think the devil a Saint.

4 If his Pocket miss picking whilst he's in the Fair,
It is sure to be done when more private they are;
For he picks up a Girl with her fine curled locks,
Who for Two and Six-pence will sell him the Pox.
And whilst he's admiring her languishing Eyes,
Overcome with delight, then she doth him surprize,
She tickles his Coyn, whilst she plays with his hair,
Then away marches *Betty* again to the Fair.

5 But when she is gone he begins to bethink,
What should be the reason his money won't chinck,
He feels in his Pocket and finds all is gone,
Which makes him lament his sad fortune alone:
He curses his fate, and begins for to swear,
How damnable dear he has paid for his Ware;
Yet dares not discover his folly, least he
A mock to his friends and his Neighbours should be.

6 The finikin Shop-keeper once in the Year,
To eat a Pigs-head takes his Wife to the Fair;
There is no denyal, he with her must go,
And takes in his Pocket an Angel or two;

Then merry they make while the Musique doth play,
But if I been't mistaken full dear they must pay;
A Crown for the head of a Pig three Weeks old,
All this must be had or my Mistris will scold.

The second part, to the same Tune.

7 THeir Children must with them, if that they have any,
'Tis forty to one but they have a great many:
The climate is fruitful, the soyl fat and good,
All things to be had for to nourish the blood:
There's no fear of encrease, which if they can go,
They must to the Fair for to see a fine Show:
Being drest very fine, like young Lords and Ladies,
The Boys must have bows, & the girls must have babies.

8 The spritely young Prentice must not be forgot,
One day in the Fortnight must fall to his lot,
The Servant-Maid with him so trim he doth take,
And briskly doth treat her with a Pot and a Cake;
If his Purse it be strong, he will venture to see
The Monkies to dance, and the Goose with legs three;
All this having seen, he home doth repair,
Being enough for to talk of until the next Fair.

9 All those that have Money and want any Ware,
Let them walk to *Smithfield* this *Bartholomew*-Fair:
All sorts of moveables there may be had,
You must venture your lot 'mongst the good and the bad;
Gloves, Ribbonds, Knives, Scizzars, with *Jack* in a box,
Fine Ladies with patches, and powder'd with pox:
With a Cock and a Gelding, with Whistle and Rattle,
All which serve to please the young Kids that can pratle.

10 With drums & with trumpets you'l hear a great noise,
And arch Merry *Andrew* will rend out his voice:
Though his looks are but simple, & his actions the same,
Yet he knows well enough how to play a safe Game:

By playing the fool he does get store of Coyn,
Which buys him good cheer, good beer, and good wine:
And when the night comes, he puts off his disguise,
All day he's a fool, but at night he is wise.

11 All you that are single and free from all strife,
Yet seem to have courage to match with a Wife;
You here may be fitted of every degree,
With all sorts and sizes you coupled may be;
If in the long run you do fear she'l prove sowre,
You here may make choice of a Wife for an hour;
Search all the World over, no place can compare,
For such sorts of pleasure, with *Bartholomew-Fair.*

12 Then away bonny Lads, and fine Lasses make haste,
And some of those *Bartholomew* rich rarities taste;
No question but all of you will have content,
And that of your money you will not repent:
Make use of your time, whilst time you have here,
Who knows who shall be at the Fair the next Year?
Merry *Andrew* doth call you, the musick invites,
To partake of their pleasure, and taste their delights.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passinger.*

105

Unfeigned friendship

IV, 348, black letter, three columns, six woodcuts. Other copies: Lord Crawford, No. 528; British Museum, C.22.f.6. (221); Huth-Harvard, II, 279; Harvard, II, 187.

A pretty song, part of which was, according to the title, sung in the theater, and all of which breathes loyalty to Charles II and hostility towards his opponents. The date is probably about 1680, as the conventicle acts and the Exclusion Bill appear to have been in the author's mind. On the "Whiggs" of stanza 9 see the notes to No. 255.

The first tune takes its name from the first line of the ballad, the second tune from the first line of "Loves Power and Greatness" (Pepys, III, 133; Lord Crawford, No. 201). Each is described as a "new playhouse tune."

Unfeigned Friendship,

OR, The Loyalists Cordial Advice. A pleasant New Playhouse Song, now greatly in Request.

Concord is that by which the world does move
Nor is the Worlds Creator ought but love:
In those Mens happiness do chiefly rest,
And none without them ever yet was blest.

To a new Playhouse Tune, called, *How happy's the State*, or, *Can Life be a Blessing*, &c.

1 HOw happy's the State where no discords are breeding
No strife, nor debate, no cares too exceeding?
Oh! there 'tis they'r blessed, of all things possessed,
Oh! there they have happiness heap'd up in store;
There's treasure, and pleasure, & joy beyond measure,
So happy are they that need not no more.

2 VVhy then shou'd fond mortals seek their own annoy,
And open the Portals, themselves to destroy,
To plague one another, and hate each his Brother,
To banish the Father and ruine the Son,
VVhen treasure & pleasure wou'd flow beyond measure
If concord it triumphed and discord was gone?

3 If each in his station wou'd keep his right sphere,
Then all our vexations wou'd soon disappear:
Oh! then all confusion and all strong delusion
On th' wings of disorder with darkness wou'd dwell:
Then pleasure, and treasure, and joys beyond measure
VVou'd sorrows, and cares, and harsh discord expell.

4 Then *England* be wise, and let Vnity flourish,
Let none be precise, their fond fancies to cherish;
Thereby in their passion to trouble the Nation:
For if with discretion each mortal wou'd move,
Then treasure and pleasure wou'd flow beyond measure,
Then all wou'd be peace, [oh t]hen[1] all wou'd be love.

[1] Torn.

5 If none wou'd stickle at the *Oath* of *Allegiance*,
No, nor *Conventicle* to baulk their obedience,
Nor at Ceremonies where decency shown is
Cavell and Carp, and yet give us no reason:
Then pleasure and treasure wou'd flow beyond measure,
And happy, thrice happy wou'd be the bless'd season.

6 Then the *Pope* might despair and the *Jesuites* repine,
For they nothing could share if we once did but joyn;
If discord was vanish'd, and envy quite banish'd,
Then happy, thrice happy a Nation were we,
Then treasure and pleasure wou'd flow without measure,
And all we cou'd wish we should instantly be.

7 Then those golden days which the Poets once feigned,
Might to our high praise once again be regained;
For were we united our cares vvou'd be slighted,
Then happy, hovv happy should vve live at ease!
Then treasure and pleasure vvou'd flovv beyond measure,
And vve shou'd lye dovvn in the vailes of svveet peace.

8 VVith roses o'respread, and with lillies surrounded,
Where with troubles our head shou'd ne'r be confounded,
But still sweet repose with soft slumber shou'd close,
Our eyes and our cares,[1] and all that disturb us:
Then[2] treasure and pleasure wou'd flovv beyond measure,
When nothing, when nothing remain'd as could curb us.

9 Then at last be you Wise you *Whiggs*, and come over,
There's nought you devise more content can discover;
Be no more discontented, least 'tis repented
When it is too late, and the time it is past;
When as treasure & pleasure won't flow beyond measure,
For then all your hopes vvill be at the last cast.

10 Then be not perverse, but let Vnity flourish,
Idle Dreams ne'r rehearse, nor vvilfulness cherish,
But be loyal, be loyal, and you'l defie all
That envy and malice does plot for your harm;
Then treasure and pleasure will flow beyond measure:
Obedience and Vnity is the best charm.

[1] *Read* ears. [2] *Text* The.

To secure us from strife, and all idle debate;
VVhich, alas! are too rife amongst many of late:
Then at last be you vvise, and come take my advice,
And make your selves happy vvhilest time does remain,
That treasure and pleasure may flow without measure,
That Concord and Vnity ever may Raign.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passinger.

106

The poor people's complaint of brokers

IV, 353, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

Joshua Conyers (cf. No. 102) printed from 1662 to about 1690, so that it seems a safe guess to date this ballad *circa* 1680. It is a conventionally bitter attack on brokers and tally-men (that is, middlemen and those selling goods on the instalment-plan) who are becoming rich by extortion, and who are mercilessly grinding the noses of the poor. It might be compared with the ballad of a tally-woman (1684) that enlivens my *Pack of Autolycus* (1927), pp. 215–218. Laments over the decay of trading are only too common. See, for example, Nos. 157, 410–415.

The second tune, *Sawney will ne'er be my love again*, is named from the refrain of D'Urfey's song (beginning, "Sawney was tall and of noble race") in his play, *The Virtuous Wife; or, Good Luck at last*, 1680, act III (pp. 30–31). Words and music appear also in D'Urfey's *A New Collection of Songs and Poems*, 1683, pp. 39–40, 1687, pp. 35–36; in *Wit and Mirth*, 1699, pp. 133–134 (1707, 1714, I, 133–134; 1719, I, 316–317). For the music see also John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1681, III, 9, Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, p. 195, and the discussion in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 618–620. The first tune is identical with it, taking its name from the refrain of "The Poet's Dream. . . . To the tune of *Sawny*, &c." (British Museum, 82. l. 8 [41]).

The poor Peoples Complaint of the Unconscionable Brokers and Talley-Men.

Extortioning Brokers gripe the poor,
Whilst sadly they complain,
But if the Rich would kinder be,
'Twould ease them of their pain.

Tune of, *This is the*[1] *cause that the Land complains*, or, *Sawny will never be my love again.*

1 WIll you hear how the rich do oppress the poor
Come listen a while unto this Song,
And plainly to you now I will declare
How the poor are the people that suffer wrong:
The weakest to the wall do alwaies go,
That this is the truth you very well know;
And the more is the pitty it should be so,
For this is the cause that the Poor complain.

2 First, Trading is bad we do too well find.
and many have little or nothing to do;
[Not][2] one in a thousand to the poor will be kind,
[And][2] a great many people have found this true.
But the rich shall find themselves great store,
Who daily increase and grow more and more,
But they never trouble their heads with the poor,
And this is the cause that the poor complains.

3 If a Weaver to Market with work he doth go,
He often is forc'd for to sell without gain,
And prizes of late they are brought down so low
That he who works hard little hath for his pain.
And sometimes he no work can sell,
But this will not please his poor wife well;
Then strait he doth hast where the Brokers dwel
And this is the cause that the poor complains.

[1] Text *tho.* [2] Indecipherable.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

4 There he must surely extortion give,
Or else there's no dealing with Brokers at all;
They may cry, without profit they cannot live,
But woe to the man that in their hands fall:
20 shillings-worth of work he must leave for ten
And extortion must pay e're he hath it agen:
Oh! are not these a sort of unconscionable men?
Yea, this is the cause that the poor complains.

5 Poor Taylors and others their cruelty know,
And all sorts of Tradesmen that with them deal
But this is the way for to keep them low,
That this is the right I do[1] reason appeal:
Methinks the rich should kind be to those
To whom they daily appear as Foes,
And make them to pay still thorow the nose:
Oh! this is the cause that the poor complains.

6 Do but mind how the Brokers estates do increase
While the poor that deal with them daily decline,
They keep noble houses and live at their ease,
No Tradesmen in *London* do go more fine:
But out of the poor their estates they do grind,
As many by wofull experience find,
But they will be just when the Devil is blind,
And this is the cause that the poor complains.

7 Poor people had need of these men to beware,
& I wish that they could but some other way find
Before they have brought themselves into a snare
Let them strive what they can to themselvs to be kind
If their goods do lie there a year & a day
The Brokers will certainly make them away,
Or else to the worth the right owners must pay,
And this is the cause that the poor complains.

8 Some people do talk of a Lumbar-house,
That now is intended erected to be,
Then a Broker will shite full as small as a mouse
If we do but live such a thing for to see:

[1] *Read* to.

It will certainly be a great help for the poor,
And pittiless Brokers shall flourish no more,
Who so many Families have eat out of door,
And this is the cause that the poor complains.

9 Extortion you know is a crime full great,
Which these greedy Misers do daily use,
And all honest people do certainly hate,
Whilst like wicked wretches their souls they abuse.
But 'tis to be fear'd when they come for to die,
& the messenger of death doth begin to draw nigh
Their Consciences then in their faces do fly,
Since they'r the cause that the poor complains.

10 But since it is so that the poor they will wrong,
Let them know they must answer for it one day,
For vengeance alone unto God doth belong,
And he without doubt will in Iustice pay.
Then Misers, & Vsurers repent of your crime,
And in griping the poor do not spend your time,
Vse Honesty & Conscience while you are in your prime
And then will poor people &c.

11 The Tally-men such strange Conscience use,
And take double price for what they sell;
The best of their Customers they'l abuse;
I fear that this is the road to Hell:
For if you go there a garment to buy,
Their price it is great, but the reason why
Is because the poor Customer dare not deny:
And this is the cause that the poor complains.

12 The poor man too often too late doth repent,
For if of his payments he doth but fail,
Then strait unto him a Bayliff is sent,
And oft takes a poor man unto Goale.
The Bayliff in a hole doth lurk,
While the dog looks out to find him work:
But the best of them all is as cruel as a shurk,
And this is the cause that the poor complains.

Printed for J. Conyers at the black Raven in Duck-lane.

107

The murder of the Earl of Essex

II, 172, roman and italic type, three columns, one woodcut, slightly torn.

Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, the Whig leader, was accused of complicity in the Rye House Plot (1683), the object of which was to capture Charles II and James, Duke of York, at Rye House, Hertfordshire, in April on their return from Newmarket. The plot was engineered by Robert Ferguson, an old friend of Shaftesbury's, with the aid of Colonel John Rumsey, Thomas Walcot, Richard Rumbold, and others; but no hint of it had been given to Essex or any of his Whig associates. It was disclosed by an oilman named Josiah Keeling,[1] whereupon various conspirators hurried to reveal all the details in order to secure personal immunity. Several of those implicated were arrested on June 23; on June 26 Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell were sent to the Tower; on June 28 a proclamation was issued offering a reward of £500 each for the arrest of the Duke of Monmouth, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Robert Ferguson, and Forde Grey, Earl of Tankerville; but all four managed to escape. John Hampden and Lord William Howard of Escrick were imprisoned on July 8, and on the tenth Essex was sent to the Tower.

Various plotters and suspected plotters were promptly brought to trial. Against Essex, Sidney, and Russell there was no real evidence; but Lord Howard, to secure his own pardon, basely turned traitor and provided facts that were interpreted as proving their guilt. The trial of Lord Russell was proceeding when news was brought that Essex had been found dead in the Tower with his throat cut from ear to ear with a razor. The ballad merely reports the common impression of the people that the earl had been murdered through the agency of his French valet, Paul Bomeny, although that impression quickly changed to a certainty of suicide.[2] By his suicide Essex

[1] In *The Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury*, I (1890), 74, Keeling is called "a fanatic dyer." A dyer named Lee *was* concerned in the discovery.

[2] After the revolution the murder-theory was revived. Anthony Wood owned a book of seventy-five pages, now in the Bodleian (Wood 428 A [26]), called *An Enquiry Into, And, Detection Of The Barbarous Murther Of The*

ruined Russell and Sidney, both of whom were, after conviction for treason, executed — the first on July 21, the latter on December 7.

Of these men Russell was by far the most loved and admired. Though a later Parliament of William III reversed his attainder, removing all stigma from his name, he was perhaps best remembered by the common people for the tunes of *Russell's farewell* to which so many ballads were sung; and the spot where he was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields is still visited by crowds of people, many of whom scarcely know his name. Sidney used to be familiar to novel-readers through Edna Lyall's *In the Golden Days* (1885).

With this ballad should be compared No. 108; verses "Upon the Execrable Murther of the Right Honourable Arthur Earl of Essex" reprinted in William Turner's *A Compleat History of the Most Remarkable Providences*, 169-, part I, chapter 143, p. 102; and "An Elegy on the Earl of Essex, who cut his own Throat in the Tower, July 13, 1683," reprinted from the Luttrell collection in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, V, 318. Other copies of the "Elegy" are in the Bodleian (Wood 428 A [2]) and the Huntington Library (Bridgewater folios 2, G 7 [23]).

The tune of *My life and my death [lies both in your power]* comes from the first line of "Love and Constancy United" (Pepys, III, 204). Both the words and the tune (by William Turner) of "Love and Constancy United" are given in Henry Playford's *The Theater of Music*, I (1685), 32, and in D'Urfey's *A Third Collection of New Songs*, 1685, pp. 12–13. For varying words (with an additional stanza), and for the music, see also *Wit and Mirth*, 1699, p. 210 (1707, 1714, I, 209–210; 1719, II, 56–57, III, 197–198). See also *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 47–48, and No. 281.

Late Earl of Essex, 1689, in which he noted that "Some copies are dated 1684. Commonly sold in Oxon, in the latter end of Dec. 1688." Other notes inform us, "This book being commonly sold in London in Dec. 1688, was called in about X^t^mas Eve. This came to nothing for the countess of Essex his widdow confessed before certaine nobility & y^e^ B. of Sarum Dr. Burnet, y^t^ her husband had murderd himself, in y^e^ beginning of May 1689." Nevertheless, *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697 (I, 187–189), contains a poem "Upon the Execrable Murther of the Right Honourable Arthur Earl of Essex."

On the Barbarous, Execrable, and Bloody Murder of the Earl of Essex.

To the Tune of, *My Life and my Death.*

1 ATtend and give Ear, good *Christians* to me,
Whilst I do relate *Rome*'s black Cruelty;
Of a *horrid great murder* (which now is *review'd*)
On the brave *Earl of Essex*, whom *Papists* pursu'd:
But God will not suffer this *Murder* to die,
His *Blood* still for *Vengance* from *Heaven* doth cry.

2 The *Chief Actor* in it is brought to the *Light*,
Who, by *Money*, was tempted to act this great *Spight;*
His Conscience, and *Actions* now fly in his *Face*,
And says, *He deserves to die with Disgrace:*
His Soul he did venture for luker of *Gains;*
In *Showres* of *Gold* he was paid for his *Pains*.

3 But the great Villain *Bomene*, he is not yet found,
Who provided the *Razor* that gave the great *Wound;*
His *Lord* and his *Master*, this *Judas betray'd*,
And to see his *Blood spilt* was no ways *afraid:*
But this *Valet de Chambre* I hope to see *hang'd*,
And *Popery* banish'd quite out of the *Land*.

4 *True Justice*, I doubt not, will now act its *Part*,
And pay off each *Ruffian* to his *Just Desert;*
Tho' the *Devil* a while, may seem their *good Friend*,
He'll bring 'em to *Shame* and *Disgrace* in the *End.*
For there's a *just God*, that will judge *Equity*,
And sees all their *Actions* wherever they fly.

5 [Now when these great][1] *Villains* had his *Life* took away,
Himself he did *Murder*, they with Impudence say;
But all that assisted his *Life* to deprive,
Must never expect in this *World* to thrive:
The *Powers* above will bring all things about,
Tho' ever so *secret*, at length 'twill come out.

6 My *Heart* it grieves sore, who ne're did him see,
That such a brave *Peer* should so *murder'd* be;
'Twill ne'r be forgot, with *great* nor with *small*,
That *He* by the *Hands* of the *Papists* did fall:
Tho' some, who are *absent*, the *Murder* did *please*,
And *Jesuits* thought *themselves* then at full *Ease.*

7 He ne'r wanted *Courage*, nor of *Death* was afraid,
By greatest of *Dangers* could not be dismay'd:[2]
Then why should we think him so poor a *Slave*,
As to *murder* himself for fear of the *Grave:*
But impudent *Villains*, charge him with th' *Guilt*,
Of shedding that *Blood* which by *Papists* was spilt.

8 They by *Stealth* did him kill with a secret *Stroke*,
And silenc'd that *Voice* which charm'd when it spoke,
The *Blood* from his *Throat* did o'erflow the *Ground*,
And like to a *River* did run from his *Wound:*
Thus the Pious *Essex*, a *Victim* do's fall,
But his *Soul*, near the *Altar*, for *Vengeance* doth call.

9 For no question in *Heaven* 'tis mounted most high,
Out of the *Danger* of *Rome*'s Treachery;
Attended by *Angels* and *Spiritual Charms*,
In *Glory* and *Splendor*, free from all *Harms:*
'Tis far better *Joys* than this *sinful Globe* brings,
To sing *Hallelujahs* to th' greatest of *Kings.*

[1] Torn.

[2] *Text* dismy'd.

But whilst we are *mortal*, the stoutest of *Heart*,
Tho' loth, must submit to *Death's* cruel *Dart;*
Whose *Cup* is so bitter we'd willingly pass by,
Yet when it doth come, who can it deny?
Then let us be *Watchful*, and always prepare,
Lest *Death* unawares, catch us in a *Snare.*

Printed and Sold by *J. Wallis* in *White-Friars.*

108

Rome's cruelty

II, 177, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

Philip Brooksby's ballad deals with the same subject as that immediately preceding (No. 107). It was evidently written just after July 14, when the inquest had not satisfied all people of the manner of Essex's death.[1] That Essex was murdered the balladist believes certain, and he scoffs at the coroner's verdict of suicide. He insists that Paul Bomeny, the French valet, planned and carried out the murder, throwing the bloody razor out of a window, where many persons saw it; that the coroner's jury was not permitted to see the corpse or the room until Bomeny and his accomplices had removed all traces of their wicked deed; and that their purpose (stanza 4) was undoubtedly not only to kill Essex but also to bring sweet Lord Russell to his death.

As a matter of fact, the testimony of the valet, the warden Thomas Russell, and the physicians Robert Sherwood and Robert Andrews, clearly pointed to suicide. Hence the jury on July 14 found that Essex, "not having God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the Instigation of the Devil, of his Malice forethought at the *Tower* of *London* . . . then and there being alone in a Closet, with one Rasour of the value of one shilling, Voluntarily and Feloniously Cut his Throat, and did thereby give himself one Mortal Wound, it being cut from the one Jugular to the other, and through the Windpipe and Gullet unto the *Vertebres* of the Neck, both Jugular Veins being also quite Divided; of which said Mortal Wound the said *Arthur* Earl of *Essex* instantly died."

For the tune, by Samuel Akeroyde, see Henry Playford's *The Theater of Music*, 1686, III, 6; *Wit and Mirth*, 1700, p. 300 (1707, 1712, II, 300; 1719, IV, 255–256). The two stanzas of the song from which it is derived are in D'Urfey's *The Banditti*, 1686, I. i (p. 9). See further the discussion in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, IV, 414–415.

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[1] In his diary (July 13) John Evelyn wrote: "It was wondered by some how it was possible he should do it in the manner he was found, for the wound was so deep and wide, that being cut through the gullet, windpipe, and both the jugulars, it reached to the very vertebrae of the neck, so that the head held to it by a very little skin as it were."

ROMES Cruelty:
OR, The Earl of ESSEX Barbarously Murthered in the Tower.

To the Tune of, *There is one Black and Sullen Hour.*

1 THe Earl of *Essex* in the *Tower*,
he did not cut his own dear Throat,
But Ruffians did him over-power,
as by the Sequel you may note:
Behold the bloody Razor, which they threw
Out of the Window, then in view
out of the Window, then in view
Of many more than one or two:
of many more than one or two.

2 There was a *French man* near the Room,
his Servant, whom the world may blame,
Because no living Soul could come,
but he must see and hear the same;
As being next his Person night and day,
He, *Judas*-like, was drawn away,
he, Judas-*like*, &c.
His Lord and Master to Betray:
his Lord and Master to Betray.

3 They thought it never might be known,
but let such bloody Ruffians know,
The Lord from his most Righteous Throne,
sees all the Actions here below:
And though committed by the greatest care,
In dark and silent Corners, where
No living Mortal doth repair;
Yet Gods all-seeing Eye is there,
yet Gods all-seeing Eye is there.

4 This black and bloody dismal Day,
sweet *Russel* was to Tryal brought,
That all the World might think and say,
Dispair had *Essex* ruine wrought

Rather then bring his Crimes to open view:
A sweet contrivance of the Crew;
a sweet, &c.
All this and more, black *Rome* can do:
all this and more, &c.

5 His Throat was cut from Ear to Ear,
the Iug'lar Veins and Gullet too,
The which this worthy Noble Peer,
could not have life nor strength to do;
All kind of motions straightways would consume
But ah! most fatal was his Doom;
but ah! &c.
He fell a Sacrifice to *Rome:*
he fell a Sacrifice to Rome.

6 When he was found upon the Floor,
by those whom we may well suspect,
Bathed in reeking purple Gore,
let us observe the first neglect:
By Cor'ners Inquest, Iury-men I mean,
He was not suffered to be seen,
he was not suffered, &c.
Till they had stript and wash'd him clean:
till they had stript and wash'd him clean.

7 The Room and Closet where he lay,
most carefully was cleansed too,
Nay, and his Cloaths convey'd away,
and ne'r was brought to open view:
From whence a grand suspition straight arose,
Besides, a Young Man would depose,
besides a young man, &c.
He see [1] vpon his Masters Hose,
a bloody Foot stept on his Hose.

8 From these, and many signs beside,
it seems a Murder plain and clear,
That by some hired Ruffians dy'd,
this Noble thrice Renowned Peer;

[1] One would expect *saw*.

Whose Blood doth to this day for vengeance cry
And sure they do deserve to dye,
and sure they do deserve to dye,
Who acted such like Villany,
who acted such like Villany.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. B.*

109

England's miseries crowned with mercy

II, 225, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

A paean of rejoicing on the detection of the Rye House Plot (cf. No. 107) and on the execution of four conspirators implicated, or accused of being implicated, in it. The ballad was written shortly after the execution of Thomas Walcot, John Rouse, and William Hone on July 20 and of Lord Russell on July 21, 1683. The quarters of the first three were buried, but Walcot's head was placed on Aldgate, Rouse's on the Guildhall, and Hone's on Aldersgate. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, took his "last adieu" (stanza 13) in Amsterdam on January 21, 1683. The ballad-writer hopes that "four Rebels more" (including Algernon Sidney and Sir Thomas Armstrong), whose trials haven't yet been held, may come to similar ends, and for the most part his hopes were fulfilled.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 162–164, 167.

ENGLANDS Miseries Crown'd with Mercy.

Shewing the tender mercy and goodness of Almighty God in preserving his most Gracious Majesty, and his Royal Brother, from the cruel and bloody hands of their Enemies in the Late horrid Plot.

To the Tune of *Aim not too High.*

1 OLd *England* now rise up with one accord,
And render forth thy praises to the Lord,
For it is he that did securely keep,
Thee from thy enemies whilst thou didst sleep.

2 But if thou fear the Lord and serve him true,
Thou needest not to fear what strength can doe:
For why the Lord by his almighty power,
Can cast down thousands of them in an hour.

3 It's he can cast them down or raise them up,
It's in his power to make them tast his Cup:
But those that serve him and on him depend,
He surely doth preserve till life doth end.

4 Within the later heavy plots of strife,
Was laid which threatned death unto each life:
Our Gracious Soveraign, and his brother kind,
Those traytors would have killd with bloody mind.

5 But Lord preserve them both and keep them still
According to thy wonted blessed will,
Lord grant them happiness with peace and joy,
And that they may all hellish plots destroy.

6 And now good people I to you will tell,
This horrid plot was surely hatcht in Hell:
And Satan to these men had given power,
But God almighty soon did them devour.

7 First at *New-Market* they a fire contrive,
Thinking to leave no Christians there alive:
But blest be God the fire was sooner blown,
Than they expected, so the Plot was known.

8 And hereupon the King and his Nobles fled
From thence to *Cambridg* being fill'd with dread
As well they might, for why those villains had,
A worser plot in ambush for them laid.

9 Some of these Traytors had confest and said,
Within the way a Cart they had convey'd:
And overthrew it cross where they should go,
Thereby to work poor *Englands* overthrow.

10 They *Pistols Guns* and *Blunderbusses* had,
Great store to make the stoutest heart seem sad;
On either side the way they placed were,
For to destroy the flowers of *England* dear.

11 But God who for his Servants doth provide,
Preserv'd sweet *Englands* flowers and them did guide,
And so I pray to God to keep them still,
That bloody Traytors may not have their will.

12 Down on your knees you Rebels great and small
And pray to God he may forgive you all:
For if on earth he don't your Sins forgive,
Be sure your Souls shall ne'r in heaven live.

13 Your greatest Gods are gone who gave you light
Lord *Russel* he hath took his last good-night,
Shaftsbury, *Hone*, vile *Rouse*, and *Walcot* too,
Hath of fair *England* took their last adieu.

14 Four Rebbels more lies ready to be try'd,
I wish they may have all the Fish they Fry'd,
And taste the Liquor which for us they brew'd,
God Save the King, and so I do conclude.

Printed for J. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger

110

A health to the royal family

II, 217, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Prince George of Denmark, the brother of King Christian V, reached London on July 19, 1683, and married Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne on July 28. The marriage was not altogether popular with the kingdom because of Denmark's well-known bias towards France; and it was displeasing to the Duke of York himself because the prince was a Protestant.[1] Nevertheless, the balladist sings his hymn of loyalty and rejoicing in praise of Anne and George, William and Mary of Orange, Charles II and Duke James, with a gusto that is understandable, since to him loyalty is primarily a matter of quaffing brimmers of wine. In such circumstances it is hard to see why any one should have been disloyal. He evidently ignored the possibility of the birth of a son to James, and with confidence expected ultimately to see Mary or Anne on the throne.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 425–429. It is printed on the ballad of "The Whig's Exaltation," 1682 (British Museum, C. 38. i. 25 [5]), where it is called "Old Tune of 41."

[1] Thus it was reserved for William III to give his royal assent in 1689 to acts naturalizing Prince George and establishing his precedence, with the title of Duke of Cumberland, as the first nobleman of England.

A health to the Royal Family Or, the TORIES Delight.

A new Play house song, Tune, *Hey boys up go we.*

1 COme give's a brimmer fill it up
tis to Great *Charles* our King,
And merrily let it go round
whilst we rejoyce and sing;
Let Rebels plot tis all in vain
they plot themselves but woe
Come Loyal Lads unto the Queen
and [1] briskly let it go.

2 He's no Tory baulks his wine
let sneaking Whigs make faces
Who'd pull the King & Bishops down
that they might have their places
Heres to the Duke & Dutches healths
wishing them long to live,
And to all those that wish their fall
their dues may Tyburn give.

3 To Noble *George* the Danish Prince
and to his Royal Bride,
Come set it round without delay
by whom it is deny'd
Loves not the King nor Duke tis plain
then let him noted be,
As one that no wel-wisher is
to th' Royal Progenie.

4 Come merrily set round the glass
come fill it brisk away
To me to thee, to thee to me
let us have no delay;
Here goes this Bumper [2] tis but small
for such a Loyal Health
And he that baulks it let him have
henceforth no wine nor wealth.

[1] *Text* aund.

[2] *Text* Bummer.

5 We Pope & Presbiter defie
who'd lead us by the noses
Till they find time fit to destroy
such as their will opposes;
With *Baccus* still we traffick will
for briskest juice oth Vine
And drink about like Loyal boyes
until our faces shine.

6 Why should we care, we have enough
and never can be poor
Since such Nector we have got
we care for nothing more;
Then lets be merry jovial Lads
and turn about the glasses
To all true Loyallists lets drink
forgetting foolls and asses.

7 Let drowsiness be banisht hence
this is a time to barr it,
See here the Bottles all are out
fill 'um once more with Clarret,
Be sure to bring us of the best
that is in the three Nations
Look sharp be quick and do not stay
least that you try our patience.

8 Toth Prince of *Orange* let it go
heres to his Princess tother,
May he a happy Father be
and she a happy mother,
Let none forget them though the Seas
divide them from our sight
But let us wish them health & wealth
peace, plenty and delight.

9 Come fill another Bumper up
blind Fortune wont forsake us
He that made two, made surely three
come hangt twill never break us,

For State affairs let them alone
to those that are to wield um:
Come come we'l drink the other gl[ass] [1]
because we meet but seldome.

Come turn it off then & weel home
to shew we can give over
And Loyalty without excess
can modestly discover.
Each one his Bottle has to pay
tis done we'l now be packing
To morrow we will meet again
where no good wine is lacking.

Printed, for J. Wright, J Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passe[nge]r [1].

[1] Blurred.

111

Mirth and gladness

II, 220, black letter, four columns, seven woodcuts.

If this ballad (like No. 112) should have come to the notice of the Duchess of Monmouth, it would have seemed to her a rather grim joke. About her husband she no doubt felt some solicitude, but she certainly did not love him, or respect him, or miss him during his travels. The ballad was written about December 1, 1683; that is, after the duke had made his peace with Charles II (on November 24) and had told what little he knew of the Rye House conspirators. Although the duchess declares that "my Jemmy never more shall leave me," the ballad was hardly printed before Jemmy fled to Holland to avoid being a witness against John Hampden. And though Jemmy's father is here praised as a model of kindness and mercy, he never forgave Monmouth, probably never saw him again (in spite of the rumored visit of November, 1684), and died without even asking for him. The Duke of York's "favor" was shown in 1685 after the rebellion.

Similar to No. 111 is a ballad in the Bodleian (Wood 660. c.7) called "The Duke of Monmouths Triumph over all his Misfortunes. Who is now Pardoned and Entertained at Court, by the Intercession of His Royal Highness the Duke of *YORK*," beginning "Come Brethren of Faction, Rebellion Distraction," and printed for J. Dean, 1683.

Mirth and Gladness, after sorrow and sadness.
BEING[1] THE Dutchess of Monmouths Address of Thanks to His Majesty, and the Duke of *York*, for receiving into Favour his *Grace*[2] *James* Duke of *Monmouth*.

Tune of, *the charms of Love.*

1 WElcome Iemmy to my arms again,
Farewel now all cause of mourning;
Iemmy now does recompence the pain
That I had till his returning.
But my Jemmy never more shall leave me,
Nothing shall remove my Jemmy from my sight,
Nor of his sweet imbraces ever more deprive me;
Monmouth *is my comfort and my hearts delight.*

2 Farewel then to all my doubts and fears,
Which I have had for my poor *Jemmy;*
And to all my heavy sighs and tears,
When my *Jemmy* durst not see me.
But my &c.

3 Farewel to those horrid wracking frights,
When my Duke durst not come near me,
With which I spent the long and tedious night,[3]
When poor *Monmouth* did not hear me.
But my &c.

4 All those joys of which true Lovers talk,
Are so short of my possessing,
When with *Iemmy* in the Court I walk,
Methinks my pleasure's past expressing.
But my Jemmy never more shall leave me,
Nothing shall remove my Jemmy[4] *from my sight*
Nor of his sweet imbraces ever more deprive me
Monmouth *is my comfort and my hearts delight.*

[1] *Text* Beng. [2] Text *Grac.* [3] *Read* nights. [4] Text *emmy.*

5 Every pleasure that the Courts afford,
Monmouth now does freely share it,
To such favour he's again restor'd,
As many envy that do hear it.
But my Iemmy never more shall leave me;
Nothing shall remove my Iemmy from my sight.
Nor of his sweet imbraces ever more deprive me,
Monmouth *is my comfort and my hearts delight.*

6 You that ever lov'd my *Monmouth*'s name,
Help me now to sing his story;
Monmouth never was in greater fame,
Nor at Court in higher glory.
But my &c.

7 In my Arms my *Iemmy* still shall rest,
Closely I will watch my treasure,
With his lovely face upon my breast,
All our daies we'l spend in pleasure.
But my &c.

8 Welcome *Iemmy* once more to thy Love,
All my joys are now compleated,
Those that hop'd my pleasure to remove,
All their thoughts are now defeated.
But my &c.

9 Come it is for them that chink it, since
Iemmy has so good a Father,
Sure a Merciful and Gracious Prince
To receive him into favour.
But my &c.

10 All the praises that to Kings belong,
Should be gave to him most duely;
He that will forgive the greatest wrong,
Does deserve our Prayers truly.
But my &c.

11 *Iemmy* and my self will ever pray
For his Health and Preservation;
That in our daies we never may
Want his Presence in the Nation
But my &c.

12 To conclude,[1] all those are of my mind
That love *Iemmy* or his Father:
Those that think his Father is too kind,[2]
Much (I fear) i[3] ne'r love neither.
But my Jemmy *never more shall leave me*
Nothing shall remove my Jemmy [4]*from my sight,*
Nor of his sweet imbraces ever more deceive me;
Monmouth *is my comfort and my hearts delight.*

LONDON, Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the golden Ball in *West-Smithfield*, And at his Shop at the Harp and Ball near the *Bear Tavern* in *Pye-Corner.*

[1] *Text* conclue. [2] *Text* kin. [3] *Read* will. [4] *Text* Jammy.

112

Mournful Moggy

v, 278, roman and italic type, two columns.

The Duke of Monmouth, Charles II's bastard son by Lucy Walters, was accused of complicity in the Rye House Plot, and a proclamation offering £500 for his capture was issued on June 28, 1683. He managed to evade arrest, but on November 24 (after Lord Russell had been beheaded and Essex had killed himself) Monmouth surrendered upon the promise of pardon from the king. The Duke of York caused a notice of his confession to be published in *The London Gazette* for November 22–26, which stated that he had "shewed himself very sensible of his Crime in the late Conspiracy, making a full Declaration of it," thus implying that he had agreed to betray his associates. The notice created a genuine sensation; and, to prove its implications false, Monmouth refused to obey a summons as witness against John Hampden but, instead, fled to Holland.

Such is the situation that gave rise to the present ballad. Similar productions, evidently, were "The Dutches of Monmouth's lamitation for the absence of the Duke," [1] "The Duke of Mounmouth's kind answer to to [*sic*] his dutchesse complaint in his absence," and "The Duke of Munmuth's constancie to his loving dutches," ballads which Jonah Deacon registered for publication on September 27 and December 1 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, Nos. 646, 648, 649). In "Mournful Moggy," although the characters are somewhat cloudily disguised, the speaker (as in No. 111) is the duchess; but the sentiments could not have been hers.

In 1663 Monmouth had married Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch, the wealthiest heiress in Scotland. He was fifteen, she was twelve. He cared nothing at all for her, and his actions prevented her from having any respect for him; but the ballad-writers, who were exceptionally fond of young Jemmy, always present the two as a model pair of lovers. Here Mournful Moggy speaks in what was evidently thought to be Scottish dialect, and her final words embody a conceit worthy of Richard Crashaw.

[1] With this title compare "The Dutchess of Monmouths Lamentation for the Loss of Her Duke" (beginning, "Ah! Princely *Jemmy*, thou art too Unkind"), of which a copy, printed by J. Millet, 1683, is preserved in the Huntington Library (Bridgewater folios 3, G 12[31]).

Mournful MOGGY:
OR, THE Loyal Lover's Weeping Lamentation FOR HER Beloved Jemmy's Absence.

To an Excellent new Tune.

Licens'd according to Order.

1 CRuel Fate that mortal Foe,
That drove dear *Jemmy* from my sight,
Till each morrow, brings new sorrow,
My joyful days are turn'd to night;
In most dismal darkish morning,
Jemmy still torments my mind;
In this sad state, cause's cruel Fate,
No Joys on Earth can *Jemmy* find.

2 When first dear *Jemmy* Ise beheld,
I with strange raptures then was fill'd,
Till lamentation and vexation
My kind loving Spirits kill'd:
Shall I never more behold him
On this pleasant rural Plain?
If it be so, mine eyes shall flow
With tears like melting showers of rain.

3 I poor *Moggy* mourn for him,
And cannot reconciled be,
Fortune's cruel, to my Jewel,
O! where is my Felicity?
To some lonesome Land or Desart
Jemmy he is wander'd sure,
While I lament, with discontent;
His absence how shall I endure?

4 They were most ungrateful Loons,
Which treated him with muckle scorn;
Then heavy hearted he departed,
Leaving poor *Moggy* here forlorn;

In fair *Edenborough* City,
The which no comfort does allow,
For why my grief, is past relief,
Dear *Jemmy*, *Jemmy*, where art thou?

5 When I lie me down to rest,
No sooner do I close mine eyes,
But my trouble, waxes double,
For to poor *Moggy*'s sad surprize,
Jemmy he appears in mourning,
For his most unhappy Fate;
Then with a start, and bleeding heart,
My heavy sorrows I relate.

6 First the loss which I sustain,
And next the grief he undergoes,
Does torment me, discontent me,
That there is none but Heaven knows
The sad grief which I lie under,
For the long absence of my Dear;
This very day, I needs must say,
The cruel Fates are most severe.

7 *Jemmy* was the comliest Swain,
That once did live upon the Plain;
He was the Pride of Great and Small,
And was beloved by them all;
He was my Jewel and Delight,
But cruel Fortune, out of spight,
Did make him leave his native Shore,
And I shall never see him more.

8 *Edenborough* Town farewel,
Likewise my Friends and Parents dear;
I am going, while my flowing
Eyes, with soft pearly christial clear,
Shall replenish the wide Ocean,
For to convey me o're the Main;
So Friends adieu, while I to you
In safety shall return again.

Printed for *C. Bates*, at the Sun and Bible, in *Pye-corner*.

113

Europe's pride

II, 224, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

Probably written early in January, 1684, after the Duke of Monmouth (stanza 10) had fled to Holland (cf. Nos. 111, 112). Charles II is praised more highly than he deserves; but the balladist, of course, had no way of knowing how shameful were his intrigues with Louis XIV.

On the ambassador from "the king of Bantam in the East Indies"[1] see Luttrell, I, 158, 182, 185, 191, 204–205. He reached London on May 9 and left about July 13, 1682. The Moroccan ambassador (*ibid.*, pp. 154 ff., 190, 206–209) arrived at London in January, 1682, and started for home July 23. Both visitors furnished London with considerable amusement.[2] The Moroccan ambassador, for example, when received by Charles II in January presented him with two lions and thirty ostriches, "which his Majesty laughed at, saying he knew nothing fitter to return for them than a flock of geese" (*The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, ed. J. J. Cartwright, p. 232).

The tune comes from the first line of "Love's Conquest" (Pepys, III, 105), and is interchangeable (see No. 374) with *Let Caesar live long*. The music is included also in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1681, III, 41 (with the words), and in Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, p. 62.

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[1] A pamphlet in the British Museum (816. m. 23[38]) gives his name as Ben Hader and that of his renegade English servant as Jonas Rowland, describing graphically how the latter was (supposedly) tortured to death in 1682.

[2] See Evelyn's comments on them in his diary (ed. Bray, 1906, II, 387–390, 395–396). Evelyn calls the Moroccan ambassador Hamet.

AEuropes Pride; OR, ENGLANDs Glory.

Behold the pattern of Delight,
whose Subjects vow to be;
Obedient to his just Demands,
and live in Loyalty.

To the Tune of, *Now now the Fight's done.*

1 REjoyce *English* Gallants since fortune doth smile,
You are blest with a Monarch in this little Isle;
All people admire at his vertues so rare,
That with him no Prince yet could ever compare:
Then let English *Subjects most chearfully sing,*
They have a merciful God and a gracious King.

2 Do but mind how his pitty he freely bestows
On Wicked Offenders, and such Men as those;
Whom the Laws have condemn'd for to dye for their Crimes,
As we have too many such Souls in our times:
Then let English *Subjects most chearfully sing,*
They have, &c.

3 And Heaven has blest him in all his designs,
Has blasted the *Pope* and his great Vndermines;
Has discover'd such Plots as were ne'r known before,
And such as I hope we shall never see more:
Then let English *Subjects most chearfully sing,*
They have, &c.

4 Through *Æurope* and *Asia*, and *Africa* too,
They count to pay Homage to *Charles* is their due;
But see how Embassadors beyond the Line,
Come hither a Peace with our King to combine:
Then let English Subjects most chearfully sing,
They have, &c.

The second part, to the same Tune

5 The Heathen *Morocco* did visit this Nation,
And here he was filled with strange admiration;
He once thought our King an indifferent Prince,
But reason at last did his folly Convince:
Then let English Subjects most chearfully sing,
They have, &c.

6 The *Bantum* Embassador here stood amaz'd,
And at our Kings Majesty strangely he gaz'd;
He thought without doubt he some rare man must be,
Such a Monarch before his eye never did see:
Then let English Subjects most cheerfully sing,
They have, &c.

7 From *France* and from *Spain*, and from *Italy* too,
They come to Old *England* its Prince for to wooe;
And tye him to Friendship, and he Princely Man,
Is free to assist and to help all he can:
Then let English Subjects most chearfully sing,
They have, &c.

8 Then brave English Boys, let no Prejudice spring,
Or lodge in your breast 'gainst your Soveraign King;
The pattern of pitty, and Subjects Delight,
Who nothing will do but what just is and right:
Then let English Subjects most chearfully sing,
They have, &c.

9 Be Loyal and true, that the world all may see,
Then English there's none more obedient can be:
Oh who could deny such a Prince for to serve,
Since no Tongue can relate what his love doth deserve:
Then let English Subjects most chearfully sing,
They have, &c.

Then God bless the Branches that spring from his Loyns,
And let them be prosperous in their designs,
The brave Duke of *Monmouth* where ever he goes,
God bless and preserve him from all cruel Foes:
Then let English Subjects most cheerfully sing,
They have a merciful God and a gracious King.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Wright*, *I. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger.*

114

The bloody miller

II, 156, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Francis Cooper, servant of a miller of Hocstow (presumably a village in the ancient Hockstow Forest) near Shrewsbury, seduced Anne Nicols. Her father tried to persuade him to marry the girl, but Cooper refused. Some time later he sent for Anne, took her into a secret place, and there barbarously murdered her. The ballad (which resembles No. 458) is the good-night he is supposed to have written shortly before he was legally hanged. The murder occurred on February 10, 1684, as is proved by this jotting in Philip Henry's *Diaries and Letters* (ed. M. H. Lee, 1882, p. 323, February 20, 1684): "I heard of a murther near Salop on Sabb. day ỹ 10. instant, a woman fathering a conception on a Milner was Kild by him in a feild, her Body lay there many dayes by reason of ỹ Coroner's absence."

The tune — usually called *Alack! for my love I shall die* — is derived from the refrain of "An Excellent Ballad, intituled: The Unfortunate Love of a Lancashire Gentleman. . . . The Tune is *Come follow, my love*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, IX, lxxxiii–lxxxv).

The bloody Miller

Being a true and just Account of one *Francis Cooper* of *Hocstow* near *Shrewsbury*, who was a Millers Servant, and kept company with one *Anne Nicols* for the space of two years, who then proved to be with Child by him, and being urged by her Father to marry her he most wickedly and barbarously murdered her, as you shall hear by the sequel.

Tune, *Alack for my Love I dye.*

1 LEt all pretending Lovers
take warning now by me,
Lest they (as I) procure their woe,
and work their misery:
For I my self have overthrown,
as you shall plainly see,
I for my transgression must dye.

2 I was a likely Country Youth,
and might have lived well,
But yet in sin and wickedness
most Young-men did excell;
But mind what for my cruel deeds
to me at last befell:
I for my &c.

3 I was a Miller by my Trade,
it plainly doth appear,
Pretending love unto a Maid,
whose Father lived near,
But she for my acquaintance,
poor soule, did pay full dear:
I for my &c.

4 She was a fair and comely maid,
thought modest, grave, and wise,
And 'twas suppos'd all wickedness
did utterly despise
But my dissembling flattering tongue
did her poor Heart surprize:
I for my &c.

5 Tho' I was young and likely too,
I wanton was and wild,
And by my amorous carriage she
most strangely was beguil'd,
She did beleive my flattering tongue
till I got her with Child:
I for my &c.

6 At last she to her Father told
that she had done amiss,
Who seemed much astonished,
and wondred much at this;
But I false wretch, and *Judas* like,
betray'd her with a kiss:
I for my &c.

7 Her Father sent her to the Mill
to ask him[1] her to marry,
Which he[1] then seemed to refuse,
and told her she must tarry
but by my strange & treacherous tricks
I strangely did miscarry:
I for my &c.

8 There was another Maid beside
whom I kept company,
Which made me far more impudent
in my immodesty;
But my first Love I did forsake
and utterly deny:
I for my &c.

9 She told me I must marry her,
or for the Child provide;
Five pound I offer'd, which by her
was utterly deny'd;
She in the full conclusion
by me was mortified:
I for my &c.

10 One *Sunday* on an Evening tide
to her poor soule I sent
Who came to me immediately,
not dreaming what I meant,
And so into a secret place
we sinful sinners went:
I for my &c.

11 There kissing and imbracing her,
my treachery appear'd,
I like a cruel bloody wretch,
whom she so little fear'd,
Did murther her in such a sort,
the like was never heard:
I for my &c.

[1] One would expect *me* and *I*.

12 From Ear to Ear I slit her mouth,
and stab'd her in the Head,
Till she poor soule did breathless lie
before her Butcher bled,
For which most cruel horrid fact
I now am punished:
And for my &c.

13 My bloody fact I still denied,
disown'd it till the last,
But when I saw for this my fact
just judgment on me past,
The blood in Court ran from my nose
yea; ran exceeding fast;
And for my &c.

14 So like a wretch my daies I end,
upon the Gallow-Tree,
And I do hope my punishment
will such a warning be,
That none may ever after this
commit such villany;
And for my transgression I die.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* in Pye-Corner.

115

The highwayman's advice

II, 157, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

A very disappointing ballad about John (or, as he is often miscalled, William) Nevison, or Nevinson — "Swift Nick," as he was named by Charles II — one of the most picturesque and daring highwaymen of the seventeenth century and the Claude Duval of the North. In *A General History of the Lives and Adventures of the Most Famous Highwaymen*, etc., 1734, pp. 103–105, Captain Charles Johnson says that Nevison was born at Pomfret (Pontefract), Yorkshire, in 1639, and gives various anecdotes of his life. Still others are told in "Bold Nevison, the Highwayman," a ballad included in C. J. D. Ingledew's *Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire*, 1860, pp. 125–128. The most famous exploit attributed to him[1] — though Dick Turpin now usually gets the credit for it — was his remarkable one-day's ride from London to York, as a result of which, when tried for a robbery committed in London that morning, he established an alibi and escaped conviction. In 1676 he was arrested and condemned to death at the York sessions, but was reprieved in the hope that he would turn king's evidence. Time passed; and, as he steadfastly refused to betray his associates, he was drafted into a regiment bound for Tangier, from which, however, he promptly deserted to resume his rôle of knight of the pad (see James Raine, *Depositions from the Castle of York . . . in the Seventeenth Century*, pp. 219–221, 259–262, Surtees Society, 1861).

On October 23, 1681, Sir John Reresby (*Memoirs*, ed. J. J. Cartwright, p. 222) "met the King going to council, and desired him that a notorious robber, one Nevison, having broken the gaol at York and escaped, he would be pleased to grant a reward of 20 *l.* to those that would apprehend him, and to make it known by issuing out a proclamation to that purpose. The truth was, he had committed several notorious robberies, and it was with great endeavours and trouble that I had got him apprehended at the first; and since his

[1] At least by popular tradition. But in *The London Gazette* as early as November 15–18, 1669, "Swift Nix alias Clerk" is named as a dangerous highwayman and a reward of £20 is set upon his head.

escape, he had threatened the death of several justices of the peace, wherever he met them (though I never heard that I was of the number). The king's answer (my Lord Halifax being present) was this, that a proclamation would cost him 100 *l.*, but he would order 20 *l.* to be paid by the sheriff of that county to him that took him, wherever it was; and that it should be published by the *Gazette*, which was the same thing." Accordingly, the following notice appeared in the issue for October 27–31:

> Whereas *John Nevison*, convicted at *York* Assizes in the year *1676* for Robbery and Horse stealing, was afterwards repreived, upon promise to discover his Accomplices, and continuing in Goale for some years after, without making any such Discovery, he was at length ordered to be transported, and being taken out of Goale, and listed in Captain *Grahams* Company designed for *Tangier*, He immediately ran away, and hath ever since absconded himself, and subsisted by Stealing and Robbing upon the High Ways, especially in the Countys of *York*, *Derby*, and *Nottingham*, and hath lately Murdered one *Fletcher*, who had a Warrant from a Justice of Peace to apprehend him. This is to give notice That his Majesty hath been pleased to Order the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to cause the sum of Twenty pounds, to be paid to such Person or Persons as shall apprehend and secure the said *Nevison*, so as to bring him to Justice.

On January 31, 1683, the king issued a proclamation offering rewards for the capture of Nevison and other highwaymen. Just about a year later, in March, 1684, Nevison was arrested at a public-house near Sandal for a trifling robbery. Johnson says that "he was taken by Capt. *Hardcastle*, and sent to *York* Goal, where in a Week's Time he was tried, condemned, and executed, aged Forty-Five." Raine gives the date of his execution as May, 1684; the *Dictionary of National Biography* asserts that the year was 1685, but for the day wavers between March 15 and May 4. Charles G. Harper, in *Half-Hours with the Highwaymen*, II (1908), 1–25, discusses Nevison at some length, dating his execution May 4, 1685, as does Ingledew (*op. cit.*, p. 126). Thomas Gent (*The Antient and Modern History of York*, 1730, p. 227) says May 4, 1684; a modern broadside called "Life, Trial, & Execution of William Nevison, the Highwayman, at York Gaol" (made up of a prose account and Ingledew's ballad, and reprinted in *Curiosities of Street Literature*, 1871, p. 169) vouches for March 15, 1685. But the correct date is given by Oliver Heywood, non-conformist divine of Yorkshire, as March 15, 1684.[1] Heywood's

[1] In the Term Catalogue for Easter, 1684 (ed. Edward Arber, II, 71), a pamphlet published by Richard Baldwin puts the execution on this same date.

account (J. H. Turner, *The Rev. Oliver Heywood, B.A., 1630–1702; His Autobiography*, etc., IV [1885], 57–58) runs thus:

Upon thursday March 6 168¾ one Mr J Hardcastle of Penthorp near Wakefield understanding that John Nevison, the highway-man was drinking at an Alehouse near Sandalcastle, took some with him, and so apprehended Nevison, brought him to Wakefield, Mr White made him a mittimus, sent him to York, in midst of the Assize, the judg proceeded on his former conviction, condemnation some yeares agoe, he had his pardon, but it was conditional, if he would leaue the kingdom, but he had stayd so forfeited his life, the judg told him he must dye, for he was a terrour to the country, pronounced the sentence, which was executed on March 15 (my baptism-day) 168¾ — he was something stupid, yet at the gallows confessed that he killed Fletcher (the Constable near Hooly) in his own defence, but did not betray his companions, there was none but he executed at this Assizes, thus at last he is found out, and taken to his mischief, his time was come, tho he had a long reign, he was born at Wortley, betwixt Peniston and Rotheram, Mtris Cotton lived in the neighbourhood, knew his parents and him when young, they were brought up prophanely he marryed a wife at an alehouse therabouts, hath been a notorious wretch many ways, hath committed many robberys, had the country in such awe that the carriers paid him rent, duety, to let them alone others let him money, that he might let them passe quietly, I haue seen him passe ordinarily in the road, he led his horse lately down the street at Wakefield, was generally known, yet none were so hardy as to lay hands on him, tho there was 20^{li} by proclamation to him that should take him, but he is at last gone, and hath left much debt at severall ale-houses in the country where he haunted.

Sir Charles Firth, who wrote the sketch in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, has kindly permitted me to see his extremely rare copy of the undated (late and unreliable) chap-book with the following title-page:

The/ History/ Of The/ Life and Death Of That/ Noted Highwayman,/ Wm. Nevison:/ containing/ His Birth, Parentage and Education: the Occasion why/ he left England; what tricks he played in Holland; his/ valour in Flanders while a Soldier; the Robberies he/ committed after his return to Britain; how he shot Mr./ Fletcher, who attempted to take him Prisoner, and lastly/ his Imprisonment, trial, and penitential speech, at Ty-/burn near York, March 13th, 1684./

Oh Fletcher! on me lies the fatal Guilt,/
Altho' my Safety made thy Blood be spilt./

London; Printed for the Booksellers./

This "history" informs us that "the remarkable Mr. Nevison . . . was a person of quick understanding, tall in stature, every way proportionable, exceeding valiant, having also the air and carriage of a

gentleman" (p. 23). When "he was led to Tyburn near York . . . he mounted the ladder, and had the instrument of death fix'd close round his neck, in this miserable condition, which drew tears from the eyes of some tender hearted spectators, he appeared with a serene countenance, and uttered" a penitential and edifying speech (p. 20). "After his body had hung the time appointed, it was cut down, put into a coffin, and decently interred in a church yard belonging to the city" (p. 23), where the grave can be seen to the present day.

Follow, bonny lad is the "pleasant new tune" of the ballad itself, but, true to the character of Nevison himself, both it and *The Highwayman's delight* have eluded me.

THE High-way Mans Advice To his Brethren.

Or, Nevison's **Last Legacy to the Knights of the** High-Padd; **By way of Caution, to deter them from following their Unlawful Enterprizes.** *Being a most Pleasant New Song, greatly in Request both in City and Country.*

Beware all you that set Unlawful Game,
Least in the end your selves you sadly shame;
Hemp is a fatal Weed, and spoils the growth
Of many a rash and unadvised Youth:
Then timely warning take ere 'tis too late,
And by that warning shun untimely Fate.

To the pleasant New Tune of, *Follow bonny Lad:* Or, *The High-way Man's Delight.*

1 FOllow bonny Lad,
By the High-way side,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me as I love thee,
then let us gang both together.

2 And if we meet a Man,
We'l cause him to stand,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we'l make him stand both together.

3 Be it better, be't worse,
We will take his Purse,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we will take it both together.

4 And than by and by,
Follows the Hue and Cry,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we'l both be taken together.

5 And then in a Cart,
We'l be carry'd to *York*,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we'l both be carry'd together.

6 Then over *Mount-Hill*,
And by the Mill,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
one pint we will drink together.

7 And then we must lye
Vntil the next Assize,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
there we will lye together.

8 And the next Assize,
We must be Trappiz'd,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we both will Swing together.

9 With the Mattock and Spade,
Our Graves shall be made,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we'l lye in a Grave together.

10 But let us not be
Fearful whilst free,
my own dear loving Brother;
For if thou love me, as I love thee,
we will fight and dye together.

11 For a Knight of the Padd,
Should never be sad,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou lov'st me, as I love thee,
we will be merry together.

12 Let what will come,
We know our Doom,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we will cast away fear together.

13 Our Booty we'l share,
And take no further care,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we will spend it both together.

14 Our Lasses and our Wine,
Our Wits shall refine,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we will share them both together.

15 At nothing we'l grieve,
So Silver we have,
my own dear loving Brother;
For if thou lov'st me, as I love thee,
what we do we'l do together.

16 Men of our Profession,
Move by Discretion,
my own dear loving Brother;
And if thou love me, as I love thee,
we'l jovially move together.

17 Goals we will Contemn,
Till we fall into them,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou love me, as I love thee,
we'l wear the stone doublet together.

18 But as we now are,
Let us have a care,
my own dear loving Brother;
And if thou love me, as I love thee,
let us have a care together.[1]

[1] *Text* toghther.

19 O let us still beware,
Of the wretched [2] Snare,
my own dear loving Brother;
And if thou lov'st me, as I love thee,
O let us have a care together.

20 O to dye in a Rope,
Will destroy all our hope,
my own dear loving Brother;
But if thou lov'st me, as I love thee,
if we dye we'l dye both together.

Printed for I Wright, I. Clark, VV. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.

[2] *Text* wretced.

116

The unfaithful servant

II, 151, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

Judith Brown, a servant-girl of Shropshire, assisted her master, John Cupper, in poisoning his wife, who lay in childbed. For that crime she was burned alive near Shrewsbury on August 21, 1684, and the ballad purports to be her good-night. It has nothing to say of Cupper's fate, and I have found no further account of the murder.[1]

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 381–382.

[1] Philip Henry (*Diaries and Letters*, ed. M. H. Lee, 1882, p. 304), under the date of July 12, 1681, refers to a crime that, except for the year, closely agrees with Judith Brown's and Cupper's: "A mayd living incontinently with her M^r & they agreeing to poyson y^e M^rs she was condemn'd [at the Salop assizes] to bee burn'd & hee to hang in chaines." Perhaps 1684 in the ballad-title is a misprint for 1681.

THE Unfaithful Servant;

AND The Cruel Husband, Being a perfect and true account of one *Judith Brown*, who together with her Master *Iohn Cupper*, conspired the Death of her Mistris, his Wife, which accordingly they did accomplish in the time of Child-bed, when she lay in with two Children, by mixing of her Drink with cruel Poyson; for which Fact she received due Sentence of Death at the late Assizes in the County of *Salop*, to be *Burned;* which was accordingly Executed upon the Old Heath near *Shrewsbury*, on *Thursday* the Twenty-first day of *August*, 1684.

To the Tune of, *The Rich Merchant-man:* Or, *George Barnwel.*

1 YOung Maidens all beware,
that sees my Dismal state,
Endeavour now to shun the Snare,
before it is too late.

2 I was a Servant Maid,
and liv'd most happily,
Vntil at last I was betray'd,
to this Debauchery.

3 Too late I do lament,
my very heart doth bleed,
That ever I did give consent,
to that most wicked deed.

4 My yielding to his ways,
his wicked base desire,
Yea, by that means I end my days;
in cruel flames of Fire.

5 Our Sins was at their grow,[1]
that none but them we blame,
To be indeed the cause we both
did end our days in shame.

[1] *Read* growth.

6 We could not be content,
with what we first had done,
But afterwards we did invent,
in worse extreams to run.

7 Then with my Master I,
did take the cause in hand,
Resolv'd my Mistris she should dye
by our most cruel hand.

8 Her Life we did betray,
to satisfie our will,
When she alas! in Child-bed lay,
poor Soul she thought no ill.

9 Strong poyson we contriv'd
this was our hanious Sin,
That she of Life might be depriv'd,
poor [1] Soul when she lay in.

10 My conscience strove with me,
but I a wicked elf,
Desired that my Master he,
should give it her himself.

11 But we did disagree,
as you may understand,
For Conscience would not suffer me
to put it in her hand.

12 Though neither he nor I,
had power to do this deed,
Yet all this would not satisfie,
but still we did proceed.

13 In what she was to drink
we mixt the poyson strong,
That she might [2] take it & not think,
the least of any wrong.

[1] *Text* pool.

[2] *Text* migh.

14 By which at length she dyed,
and I was left behind,
To dye a cruel death beside,
the horror of my mind.

15 Alas! you may behold,
my sad and dismal doom,
Both hands & heart, and e'ry part,
in flames you'l see consume.

16 The Sorrow of my heart,
in this extremity,
Although it is my due desert,
I do for mercy cry.

17 Farewel my worldly [1] Friends,
and my offences foul,
Good Lord forgive me all my sins,
have mercy on my Soul.

18 In this devouring flame,
my life must now expire,
Alas my sins I needs must blame
I end my days in fire.

19 To you that come to see,
a woful sinners fall,
O let those cruel flames now be,
a warning to you all.

20 By me a warning take,
and do not run astray,
And God will never you forsake,
if you his Laws obey.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[1] *Text* wordly.

117

Criminals' cruelty

II, 153, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

A true bill printed in J. C. Jeaffreson's *Middlesex County Records*, IV, 234, recites that at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on April 20, 1684, "John Wise, Richard Jones, Charles Tooley and Mortaugh Downy, all four late of the said parish laborers, assaulted Elizabeth Fairebancke, And that the said John Wise slew and murdered the said Elizabeth Fairebancke by seizing her with both his hands by her neck, and breaking and crushing her neck with his hands, so that she then and there instantly died: And that the said Richard Jones, Charles Tooley and Mortaugh Downy were present at the said murder, and aided and encouraged John Wise to perpetrate it." Jeaffreson notes that Wise was found guilty, according to a gaol-delivery register dated October 8, and was sentenced to be hanged; that Downy was found not guilty; that no note is made opposite Tooley's name, while of Jones the only entry is, "he puts himself on a jury," that is, pleads not guilty. From the ballad itself we learn that Wise was hanged on October 17, almost exactly seven months after the murder — an unusually long time for Stuart justice to wait. As stanza 12 tells, Tooley [1] died before the trial of Wise (though in the title he and Jones are said to be "yet untaken"), a fact that explains the absence of any official record after his name.

The following account of the murder and of Wise's trial is given in *The Proceedings on the King's Commissions of the Peace, And Oyer and Terminer, and Goal-delivery of Newgate . . . at Justice-Hall, in the Old-Bayly. The 8th. and 9th. Days of October, 1684:*

John Wise and *Mortack Downey*, Indicted, for that they, together with *Rich. Jones* and *Charles Tooley*, not yet taken, on the 20*th.* of *April* last, between Nine and Ten at Night, did Kill and murder *Elizabeth Fairbank*, Widdow, who lived in a Cellar at *Pickadilly:* likewise they were a second time

[1] "*Charles Tooley*, Indicted for stealing a piece of Dowlas from off a Horse standing in St. *Albans-street*, of the Goods of Mr. *Stringer* of *Westminster*, was found Guilty," and was burned in the hand (*An Account of the Proceedings in the King's Commissions of the Peace . . . in the Old-Bayly. The 9th 10th and 11th Days of April*, 1684).

Indicted for stealing the Money, Plate, Rings, and other Goods, of the said *Eliz. Fairhank* [*sic*], and a Suit of Cloaths from *John Vaughan*, which he had left in the Custody of the said *Fairbank*. The Matter upon the Tryal appeared thus: *Elizabeth Fairbank* being a Woman known to be well to pass, selling Ale, Brandy, and other things, as a Chandler, (tho in a Cellar) was about Ten a-clock on *Sunday* the 20*th*. of *April*, at night, by a Lodger who lay in the House over-head found dead, with her Legs tyed; hanging down on the side of the Bed, the other part of her Body on the Bed; her Neck was broke; and she was bruised in several Places a bloody Handkerchief found near her supposed to have been thrust into her Mouth, and so forcibly that two of her Teeth were struck in with it, which is thought might occasion the Blood: also her Chest, open all her Money, Plate, and other things beforementioned taken away, *&c.* It was further proved, that the said *John Wise*, *Charles Tooley*, and *Richard Jones*, the same Night after the Murder committed, coming to an Alehouse kept by the Mother of *Tooley*'s Wife at *Westminster*, about 10 of the Clock, and knocking at the Door *Tooley*'s Wife [1] let them in, they ordered her to go up-stairs; but she hearkning at the Stair-head heard them telling Money, and returned into the Room to them, where she see them share to each other about 10 *l.* as she supposed, and to throw Dice for a Parcel of Plate; that *Wise* had then a Suit of Cloaths with gold Buttons over his own, being the same Suit taken out of the Cellar; that the next day *Tooley* gave to his said Wife 40*s.* to buy new Cloaths; and she being indebted 1*s.* to a Neighbour, sent for her to a Tavern to pay her, and that she might receive Beveridge of her Cloaths; the Neighbour brought another with her, who coming to the Tavern found *Wise* there, and observed him to have on a Hair-Ring, which was produced in Court, and sworn to have belonged to the Widdow *Fairbank;* that afterwards *Tooley*, fearing to be discover'd, had taken new Lodgings whither he intended that Night; but meeting with *Mortack Downey*, they whispered, and being in some greater Fear, with his Wife took a Coach and went for *Billingsgate*, lay at the Tidehouse till the Boat went to *Gravesend*, from whence they went to *Ostend;* that three Weeks after they returned for *London*, took Lodgings in *Southwark;* but being still disquieted within themselves, they went for *France*, and to *Paris*, where the said *Charles Tooley* dying, upon his Death-bed, in the hearing of his Wife, confess'd to his Priest, that he, together with *Jones* and *Wise*, did commit the Murder and Robbery aforesaid; the Wife of *Tooley* swearing the same in Court, and also that she heard *Wise* say, that he went to light the Candle whilst the others were in the Cellar. Upon this full Evidence *John Wise* was able to make no Defence; and having been burnt in the Hand, he was found Guilty of the Murder and Robbery; but no Proof being positive against *Downey*, he was acquitted.

[1] Or rather Tooley's mistress. Wise called her "one who went for the Wife of *Charles Tooley*," and referred to the latter as "her said supposed Husband" (*The Behaviour of the Condemned Criminals in Newgate. . . . As Also the Dying Speeches of John Wise*, etc., 1684). Jones, in a confession to be cited later, describes her as Tooley's "friend *Mary VVharton*."

While in prison Wise told the ordinary "that he was born and bred about *Westminster*, and bound Apprentice to a *Silk Stocking-Maker*, but did not serve out the time he was bound for, that he went afterwards out to Sea, and after that he spent some time in *Virginia*, from whence he came into *England*, two years since." He

was ordered to be Executed on a *Gibbet*, set up on purpose in *Pickadilly*, against the place where he committed the *Murder* and Robbery aforesaid: Where he was carried from *Newgate* between Nine and Ten of the Clock in a Cart by himself. As he went through St. *Giles*'s, he called for half a pint of *Canary*, and Drank the same off.[1] When he came to the *Gibbet*, notwithstanding his resolute denial of the Fact all along during his Imprisonment, and at his Trial, the sight of that Fate which so nearly attended him, struck Terror into his Heart, and made him Confess

to complicity in the murder and to other crimes. But he still insisted that his share in the former was inadvertent; that he had watched the door to keep out intruders, and was horrified when Jones and Tooley told him they had killed Mrs. Fairbank; and that his share from the robbery amounted to less than ten pounds, consisting only of the suit and the hair-ring. "He Died very Resolutely, and was little Lamented, being a Notorious Criminal," concludes *The Behaviour of the Condemned Criminals in Newgate . . . As Also the Dying Speeches of John Wise . . . and James Shaw, who was Executed. At Tyburn. On Friday the 17th of October, 1684.*

Within a short time Jones, too, was apprehended and brought to trial, as is told in the *Proceedings* for December 10–13, 1684:

Richard Jones, Indicted for Murthering and Robbing *Elizabeth Fairbank*, of the Parish of St. *Martins* in the Fields, on the 20th of *April* last, it was proved against him, that the said *Fairbank* being found Murthered in her Celler, in a Barbarous manner, *viz.* her Neck broke, and she in divers parts greatly bruised, he was that Night in the Company of *John Wise*, convicted of the said Murther last Sessions, as also of *Charles Tooly* sometime since deceased,[2] that he upon the discovery of the Murther, fled beyond the Seas, saying, if he was taken, he should surely dye for it, it was further proved, that he had disposed of a Hair Ring, that was left with the Party Murthered in pledge for Money, and taken from her, at the time she was Murthered, her Trunks and Boxes being then broken up and rifled, which Ring being pro-

[1] This bravado reminds one of Swift's verses of 1727 (*Works*, ed. Scott, XIV [1814], 201–202) on "Clever Tom Clinch, going to be Hanged."

[2] In other passages (in the *Proceedings* of December 10–13, as well as of October 8–9) Tooley is said to have died in France.

duced in Court, and sworn to, as also that several other things described to be *Fairbanks*, were seen in his Custody, which he since had made away, himself being formerly Burnt in the hand, for stealing Perriwigs, and making a slender defence, not being capable of producing any Testimony, where he was at the time of the Murther Committed, the Jury found him Guilty of the Murther and Fellony, as laid in the Indictment,

and he was sentenced to death.

In Newgate Jones admitted that after the murder he, Tooley, and Mary Wharton (who posed as Tooley's wife) fled to Holland, where "they continued some time and committed several Robberies, and having gotten a stock of forty or fifty Pounds: To prevent their being apprehended there, they all three came back for *England*," whence they shortly went to France. After Tooley's death there, Jones "came back, and following his former course of Life committed a Robbery at *Stepney*, and was taken upon suspicion, and for want of sufficient Evidence discharg'd." Thereupon Mary Wharton caused his arrest for the Fairbank murder. This information is given in *The Behaviour of the five Prisoners in Newgate . . . Together vvith their Last Dying Words at Tyburn* (December 19, 1684), a pamphlet printed by E. Mallet. From the same source we learn that on December 19 Jones and Jenny Voss, a notorious thief, were carried to Tyburn in one cart, "vvith each of them their Mourning Coffins, *Jenny Voss*'s being cover'd vvith black Cloath; they both appear'd very sorrovvful, crying and sometimes ringing their hands as they went along." In front of them an unfortunate criminal was being dragged to the gallows on a sledge; in the cart behind them were two condemned men accompanied by Samuel Smith, ordinary of Newgate, and Gilbert Burnet, later Bishop of Salisbury.

Smith writes (*The Behaviour of the Condemned Criminals in Newgate Who were Executed on Friday the 19th of this Instant December*, 1684) that Jones

did not express any great signs of Penitence but seemed rather in a dull and hardned Temper of Heart in which he continued to his Death. . . . He spake but little at the place of Execution, more then confessing himself guilty of what he came to suffer for, begging of all Persons to take warning by him of those Courses that lead unto the Fatal End he was now brought unto: Alledging that he was by Temptation of ill Company, and particularly by the breach of the Sabbath, and a covetous desire to satisfy the Craveing Necessities of his Lusts, induced into the Horrid Crime of Murther, which tho he ever abhorred, yet could he not then refrain the same: Exhorting all persons not to give way to the beginnings of Sin, which by degrees, like the Serpent in the Fable haveing once entred it's head, conveyes it's whole body

into the place. with [1] many the like Admonitions to refrain from all Sin in general, which will first or last bring ruine to those that follow the same.

R. Turner likewise published a pamphlet called *True Account of the Behaviour, Confessions, and Last Dying Words, of . . . Richard Jones*, etc.; but it adds nothing of any interest to the quotations already given.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 162–164, 167.

[1] *Printed* wtih.

CRIMINALS CRUELTY.

Giving a Just and true Account of one *Iohn Wise*, who together with *Richard Iones*, and *Charles Tooley* yet untaken, did one Sunday night being the twentieth of *April*, commit that Barbarous and Unnatural Murther on *Elizabeth Fairbank*, Widdow, who lived in a Seller, at *Picadilly*, that Robbed and Rifled her, being of Money and Plate, and Rings, for which fact *Iohn Wise* at present was found guilty, and accordingly received the due Sentance of Death, the which was Executed on *Friday*, the 17tnth, of this instant *October*, 1684. at PICKADILLY.

Tune is *Aim not too high.*

1 OH! this would make a stony heart Lament,
That men should be so vild and insolent:
They will proceed in their unlawful trade,
Though many still are sad examples made.

2 They'l Rob, and will defraud men of their due
Not fearing any thing that will ensue:
And in A Vitious course of Life run on,
Contrary to the Law of God and man.

3 Thus do they work their wits both night and day,
Still to contrive how they may work their prey:
Their wills are working to a base intent,
But yet at last too late they may repent.

4 When people by their care doth something save,
They'l Rob them of their lives for what they have:
This is the highest act of Villany,
Their guiltless blood it will for Vengeance cry.

5 Alas, that any Murther should lye hid,
From true Discovery, the Lord forbid:
Though they commit it ne'r so secretly,
They cannot hide from Gods all-seeing-eye.

6 Last *April* the twentieth day at night,
Those Villains did commit a sad Exploit:
Three Criminals together they agreed,
And did commit a Murther there indeed.

7 The Widdow *Fairbank* as it's known full well,
She in a Cellar all alone did dwell:
To whom those Villains went without delay,
And of her life and goods they made their pray.

8 They with a Hankerchief did stop her breath,
They also broke her neck, thus wrought her death;
They robbed her, and then away they fled,
And leaving of her murthered on the Bed.

9 At length it seems one coming down that night,
Where they beheld this sad and dismal sight,
Vndoubtedly it did them much surprize,
To see this sudden change before their eyes.

10 Those Criminals made their escape away,
That night to *Westminster* without delay:
Then *Richard Jones*, *Charls Tooley*, and *John Wise*,
Among them they did share that fatal prize.

11 Next day they were in a most wooful case,
Their very Conscience flying in their face,
When *Jones* and *Tooley* thought of what they'd done
They were possest with fear, and forc'd to run.

12 But *Wise* was taken, and in Prison cast,
And *Tooleys* wife returned again at last:
Then all their Villany was open laid,
By what her Husband on his Death-bed said.

13 Thus may we see, how Murthers are found out
By what strange means it may be brought about:
For God who is the Righteous Iudge of all,
Such Criminals he will to Iustice call.

14 *Wise* was Arraigned, in process of time,
And was found Guilty of this cruel Crime:
He then received Sentence for to dye,
The Iust reward of this his Cruelty.

15 How may this grieve some hundreds for to see,
That he deserv'd to dye so shamefully:
O that his death may now a warning be,
To every one of high or low degree.

16 All you that sees or hears my fatal end,
Observe my words, to you a dying friend:
In evil Courses never take delight,
It is the ready Rode to ruine quite.

17 I do Repent that e're I run astray,
I might have lived many a happy day:
My Wicked life has hastned death more soon,
And now my Morning Sun goes down at Noon.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the Angel in Guiltspur-street, without *Newgate*.

118

Sorrowful subject

II, 227, black letter, four columns, five woodcuts, slightly torn. The top margin is closely trimmed, and probably a *The* or an *A* has been cut from the main title.

Charles II was born on May 29, 1630, and died on February 6, 1685. Thus he was about fifty-five years of age, only some three years older than the Duke of York, his successor; so that there was reason for the ballad-writer — who fails to mention James II — to complain against "Death with his all-killing Dart." Macaulay (*History of England*, London, I [1863], 434) has a vivid account of the king's last illness, which began on February 2. "On the morning of Thursday the fifth of February," he says, "the London Gazette[1] announced that His Majesty was going on well, and was thought by the physicians to be out of danger. The bells of all the churches rang merrily; and preparations for bonfires were made in the streets. But in the evening it was known that a relapse had taken place, and that the medical attendants had given up all hope." He died at noon of the following day, and rumors that he had been poisoned at once sprang up. For a modern study of Charles's death see Charles MacLaurin's *Mere Mortals* (1925).

In the Stationers' Register (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, Nos. 673, 674) two poetical broadsides on Charles's death were entered, one on February 9, the other — "An eligie on the death of King Charles the Second, of blessed memory" — peculiarly enough on January 15.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 370–373.

[1] The issue for February 2–5 contains a statement from the Privy Council that "they conceive His Majesty to be in a condition of Safety, and that He will in a few days be freed from His Distemper."

Sorrowful SUBJECT,

Or, *Great-Brittains* Calamity. *Shewing*, The great Grief, Care, and Sorrow, that possessed the Loyal Subjects of *England*, for the loss of the most Illustrious PRINCE CHARLES the Second: Who departed this Life on *Feb.* the 6*th.* 1684. to the great Astonishment and Lamentation of the whole Nation.

To the Tune of, *Troy Town.*

1 HOw *England* is opprest with grief,
no tongue is able to express,
Yet knows not how to find relief,
such is her dreadful heaviness:
For cruel Death with his cold Dart,
Hath pierc'd Great Charles *his tender heart.*

2 Great *England*'s Monarch, art thou dead!
that fill'd the world with such Renown?
Thy Princely Soul to Heaven is fled,
to wear an Everlasting Crown:
Great pitty 'tis that Death's cold Dart,
Should prick our Soveraign to the heart.

3 Whole showers of tears for thee were spent
and Men distracted seem'd to be,
But 'twas too late for to lament,
such was thy cruel Destiny:
That Death with his all-killing Dart,
Did prick and pierce, &c.

4 To lose thy Royal Father dear,
to *England* was a Iudgement sore,
And griev'd his Subjects many a Year,
whose hapless fate they did deplore:
But now grim Death with his cold Dart,
Hath prick'd and pierc'd, &c.

5 Yet when the rumour once was spread,
which brought the tydings of thy death,
Thy Subjects were astonished,
and could not speak for want of breath:
But mourn'd that Death's all-killing Dart
Should prick and pierce, &c.

6 No Prince more dearly was belov'd,
then *Charles* the Great, for many a year,
No Prince more suddenly remov'd,
from those who lov'd their King so dear:
For now grim Death with his cold Dart,
Hath prick'd and pierc'd, &c.

7 Vallys of Sighs are spent in vain,
yet do thy Subjects goodness show,
Tho' Rich and Poor, and all complain,
'tis to no purpose well they know:
Since cruel Death with his cold Dart,
Hath prick'd, &c.

8 How did we wish for to enjoy
our Soveraign Prince for many a year
But Fortune did our hopes destroy,
by snatching him we lov'd so dear:
And cruel Death with his cold Dart;
Hath pierc'd Great Charles *his Princely heart.*

9 Yet this to us some comfort brings,
and helps us in our sad distress;
Thou now art with the King of Kings,
and blest with lasting Happiness:
Tho' cruel Death with his cold Dart,
Did pierce, &c.

Let Rich and Poor, where-e're they be,
prepared be to meet with Death;
For he will come assuredly,
to stop each sinful mortals breath:
'Twas he with his none-sparing Dart,
Did pierce Great Charles *his Princely hea*[*rt.*] [1]

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passing[er.] [1]

[1] Blurred.

119

England's joys increased

II, 229, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

James II and Mary of Modena were crowned on April 23, 1685, by Archbishop Sancroft according to the rites of the Church of England. In deference to the king's conscientious scruples, however, the sacrament was omitted — an ominous omission, many spectators thought. Before the coronation James had publicly attended mass at St. James's Palace, and he celebrated Easter according to Roman Catholic customs in great state. But the ballad-writer either knew nothing of the king's inclination towards popery, or else under the influence of his loyalty he forgot what he knew. He wrote from pure enthusiasm — probably, as stanza 5 indicates, a day or two before the coronation — and praised James II in language that to-day sounds curious. He also hoped that the king might have a son to succeed him, unaware that such a contingency would, as later it did, help shake the father from his throne.

Narcissus Luttrell (I, 339) notes that the "dinner and show" preceding the coronation were "very splendid and noble." Sir John Reresby (*Memoirs*, ed. Cartwright, p. 323) remarks that "the King was crowned, with the Queen, in the Abbey of Westminster, with all the pomp and splendour imaginable; only there was no cavalcade through the city as heretofore. The King and Queen went privately to the Palace in Westminster, where they, the nobility, and all the officers of the Crown, put on their robes, and so went through the Palace Yard — railed in and prepared on purpose — in procession to the Abbey, where, the ceremony being ended, they all returned to Westminster Hall to a most sumptuous dinner."

Nevertheless, the common people managed to see something. The author of "Englands Royal Renown, in the Coronation of Our Gracious Soveraign King James the 2d. and His Royal Consort Queen Mary" (Bodleian, Wood 417 [143]) can hardly have drawn on his imagination when he wrote that

> From the Pallace all along,
> Guinneys Subjects gave ding dong,
> That they might the Windows throng,
> up to the highest Story:

E'ry place which they did build,
With Beholders then they fill'd,
Many hundreds there beheld
the *KING* in all his Glory.

Nathaniel Thompson [1] printed and published (in *A Collection of 86 Loyal Poems*, 1685, pp. 369–377) a poem called *The Description of the Coronation*, which declares that

Such num'rous Crouds both far and near were seen,
That streets seem'd Pav'd, & houses Tyl'd with Men.

The ultimate authority, however, is Francis Sandford, whose *History of the Coronation of . . . James II . . . and . . . Queen Mary* (1687) consists of 135 pages of text and almost as many unnumbered pages, "illustrated with sculptures," that give complete and beautiful pictures of the entire ceremony.[2] Sandford's book was advertised in the newspapers of 1689 as being the model on which the coronation-proceedings of William and Mary were to be based.

The tune comes from "A New Game at Cards . . . To a pleasant new tune, or *What you please*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 615–617).

[1] Thompson bulks large in ballad-history and deserves careful study. For his "Lying Intelligences, Appeals, abusive Songs, false Advertisements, Popish Ballads, Treasonable Pamphlets, Jesuitical Catachisms, and such like" (to quote *Trincalo Sainted*, 1682), he was sentenced, on July 3, 1682, to stand an hour in the pillory and was fined £100.

[2] In the Guildhall and Bodleian libraries there is a pamphlet by John Ogilby called *The Kings* [*i. e.*, Charles II's] *Coronation. . . . Also the Narrative of his Majesties* [*i. e.*, James II's] *Coronation, with his magnificent proceeding, and Feast in Westminster-Hall, April the 23th* (1685).

Englands joys increased,
By the Happy coronation of *James* the Second, *Englands* most Soveraign Monarch.

Now Loyal Hearts rejoice and sing,
Great JAMES is Crown'd your soveraign King
GOD prosper him in all his ways,
And send him long and happy days.

Tune of, *A New Game at Cards.*

1 YOu Loyal-hearted *English-men*
Chear up your spirits once agen,
From heaven, blessings do poure down
That do great *James* with Honour Crown
As if he were on purpose sent
To fill the *English* Nation with content.

2 See how the Drums and Trumpets go
In Rank, and order in their row,
To grace this great and glorious sight
Which may to us bring such delight,
That with one voice we all may sing
God bless, & ever prosper *Englands* King.

3 Mind how the hearts of people are
Filled with comforts e'ry where
While e'ry tongue doth plain express
The Nations joyes and happiness;
Great *James* the second may thy Name
Fly e'ry where on lofty wings of fame.

4 Now Subjects all where ere you be
Sound forth [1] your love and Loyalty,
And let all other Nations know
None to their King more duty owe;
The world shall never me convince
True subjects ever had a braver Prince.

5 Great Dukes and Lords will present be
To grace this great solemnity;
With Lords and Barons of the Land
As plainly I do understand,
Now far and near they flock amaine
To see great *James*, and his most Noble train.

6 Long live great *James* thy Subjects joy
That nothing may thy bliss annoy
And let thy Subjects under thee
Be crowned with prosperity;
That none in all thy happy Reign
May have a reason to complain.

7 That from thy Royal Loyns there may
Such branches spring that alwaies may
Be blossoms of the *Stewarts* name
Whose Ancestors long liv'd in fame;
And dying left such names behind
As you in ancient Records scarce can find.

8 Then God preserve our Soveraign King,
That he to us may comfort bring,
Preserve and keep him from his foes
And all that would our Prince oppose;
That he may flourish still in peace
And e'ry minute may his friends increase.

[1] *Text* orth.

9 So may our Nation happy be
And flourish in prosperity
A gracious King and Subjects true
Their joies and comforts may renew;
And blossome like the spreading tree
That ne'r with cold or frost may blasted be.

10 Now to conclude brave English boys
See the compleating of your joyes,
Show your Allegiance to your King
And that will our contentment bring;
He that his Prince doth disobey,
His joys will wither quickly and decay.

Printed for J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passinger.

120

Britain's triumph

II, 230, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

A much better ballad than the foregoing (No. 119), written by a poet who had apparently seen the short procession from the Old Palace Yard to the Abbey, and noted the rejoicings of the crowd. Furthermore, he pays some attention to Mary of Modena, who is rarely referred to as "our gracious Queen." Queen Mary was not popular, and she seldom appears in balladry except when after 1688 she is mentioned with scorn. For this unpopularity perhaps her religion was chiefly to blame. Thus William Pratt, yeoman of Westminster, must have spoken for others than himself when on July 15 he uttered "these false, seditious and scandalous words": "The Queene is the Pope's bastard. It is no treason to speake against the Queene, because she never was crowned with the Crowne of England; and I will be the death of them, that was the death of the Duke of Monmouth, if I'm to be pared to death with a razor." On his trial in August, however (Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, IV, 292), Pratt was fined three shillings fourpence, and was ordered to be whipped from Temple Bar to Charing Cross.[1] Mary was queenly enough in looks. Thus *An Historical Poem upon . . . King James II*, 1701, p. 2, calls her "a fair Deluder," "A fawning Wife, but yet a stately Dame."

It ought to be pointed out that in 1685 dozens of poems were written in praise of Queen Mary. Thus W. P., in *Tears Wip'd off*, called her "The *best* of *Queens* that ever Grac'd a Throne." "A Young Gentleman" who wrote a poem *On the Coronation of the Most August Monarch K. James II. and Queen Mary* (1685) called James "great as *Jove*," Mary "as *Europa* fair." Mrs. Aphra Behn's "A

[1] "The Prisoner could produce no Witnesses to speak in his behalf, neither in Confutation of the Crimes laid to his Charge, nor of his Reputation; all that he said was, he was no ways guilty, but had always bore very loyal thoughts of the King, Queen, and Government; but produced no Evidence, and so he was brought in Guilty" (*The Proceedings on the King's Commissions of the Peace . . . in the Old-Bayly, the 26th and 27th Days of August, 1685*).

Pindarick Poem" on the coronation is an extravagant eulogy of the queen, —

> all Heav'n opens in her Angel Face;

while in "An Heroick Poem," also dealing with the coronation, Elkanah Settle calls her

> The Sovereign Goddess so divinely Fair,
> That even adoring Angels worship there.

As late as 1689 John Gadbury, the astrologer, in his *Ephemeris* ("September") described Queen Mary as "a Blessing, and a true Nursing Mother to these Nations of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*." The month of September, he declares,

> were dull; but that we see
> This matchless *Princess* in it *born* to be,
> Bright *MODENA!* who hath *enrich'd* our *Land*,
> May thy great *Name* in this *Moneth* ever stand!

Queen Mary was born on September 26 (old style), October 5 (new style), 1658.

For the tune of *Young Phaon* see No. 98. For [*When*] *busy fame* see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 536–537.

Brittains TRIUMPH

In the Coronation of their most Sacred Majesties, who were Crowned with great Splendor in Westminster-Abbey, on the 23d of April, 1685. And in the First Year of His Majesties Happy Reign, &c.

Great Isle forbear to mourn for Him thats gone
To Sacred Mansions, since so bright a Sun
Arises in our happy Horizon;
To Cheer the smiling Nation with his Rays,
And in His Reign afford us happy Days.

To the Tune of, *Young Phaon;* Or, *Busie Fame.*

1 LEt *Brittain* now with joy abound,
each Loyal heart be glad,
Since *James* our Gracious King is Crown'd,
no cause there's to be sad:
The Triumph of the Glorious day,
who can but think upon,
That did such Royalty Display,
the like was never known.

2 When all the Nobles of the Land,
of either Sex were met,
With one consent with heart and hand,
the Diadems to set
Vpon the Head of our good King,
and eke our Gracious Queen,
Whom Guardian Angels 'neath their wing,
protect from Rebbels Spleen.

3 From the Old Pallace through the street,
then pass'd the Royal Train,
Where Cloath was spread beneath their feet,
dy'd in the Richest Grain:
Whilst the glad Crowds on each side seen,
with joyful voices cry,
God Bless our gracious King and Queen,
and let all Traytors dye.

4 Then to the Abbey did they pass,
in orderly Array,
Through Multitudes, who from each place
do bless the happy day:
Wherein a King so good, so great,
does wear *Great-Brittains* Crown
Whose matchless virtue did so late
increase his high Renown.

5 Which wicked Men thought for to soile,
or to eclipse it quite,
But still their Mallice prov'd a foil,
to make it shine more bright:
The Sacred Ceremony done,
to all good mens content:
The Trumpets did proclaim it soon,
and shouts to Heaven were sent.

6 Their loud applause made all to ring,
with joyful Acclamation,
And thanks to Heaven that with a King,
so just had blest the Nation:
And now to grace the happy day,
the Nobles nothing spare,
And in degree as well as they,
the Commons likewise share.

7 Healths to our gracious King and Queen,
do in all parts abound,
To th' Royal Family is seen,
the like for to go round:
The Loyalists in e'ry street,
congratulate and sing,
Happy are we that live to see't,
a Second *James* our King.

8 The Night seem'd day with Blazing Fire,
the Bells sweet Musick make,
VVhilst Fire-works to the Clouds aspire,
and loud mouth'd Cannons speak:

The Nations sence of happiness,
in this so joyful day,
A happiness for to express,
words scarce can find a way.

9 Long may our Glorious Monarch reign,
long live our King and Queen,
And let all those have shame and pain,
that will not say *Amen:*
May Heaven likewise forever bless,
the Royal Family,
And for all those that wish them less,
let those like Traytors dye.

FINIS.

Printed for John Clarke, William Thackeray, Thomas Passinger.

121

London's loyalty

II, 231, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. Part of the colophon is trimmed off.

In this clever ballad the author says that James the Great (whom he describes in stanza 6 as a first-rate warship, the *Sovereign Blood*)[1] should be loyally accepted as king because "he's a fool who meddles with Church or State" and because no one can foresee the morrow. Evidently he did not approve of James's bent towards popery, but at the same time he saw no reason why religious prejudice should countenance disloyalty, as was the case with the Exclusion Bill. Let's accept the king, he says in effect, and trust that everything will come out all right, — a sensible attitude. Stanza 5 has an interesting reference to James's courage and ability as shown in his defeat of "Hogan Mogan,"[2] or the Dutch fleet, in 1665.

For the tune, sometimes called *The Cannons' roar* or *Hark* (occasionally *Hark how*) *the thund'ring cannons roar*, see *Wit and Mirth*, 1699, p. 44 (1707, 1714, I, 44; 1719, I, 300), and Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, pp. 69, 71. The ballad from which it is derived was originally composed by D'Urfey, and is reprinted in his *Several New Songs*, 1684, pp. 11–12, in his *A New Collection of Songs*, 1687, p. 136, and in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, V, 366–368. The music is also printed on a Bodleian ballad, Ashmole G. 16 (135[v]).

The publisher C. Dennisson, with a date of "*c.* 1690," is barely mentioned in Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725, p. 325.

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[1] Cf. *To the King: A Congratulatory Poem*, printed for R. Bentley, 1685 (Huntington Library): "Great King, the Greatest *Britain* ever knew, Since *Cæsar* not to conquer came, but view."

[2] Hogan Mogan, or Hogen Mogen, is a corruption of *Hoogmogendheiden*, "High Mightinesses," the States-General of the United Provinces of the Netherlands.

LONDONS LOYALTY:
OR, A New SONG on the Royal Coronation.

To the Tune of, *Hark the Thundering Cannons roar.*

1 SOund a Trumpet, beat a Drum,
Since the happy Day is come,
That rejoyceth *Christendom*,
and *James* is now Anointed:
Though the Plotters all did dive,[1]
And Sedition did contrive,
He their Malice doth survive,
and Reigns, as God appointed.

2 Let his Subjects shout and sing,
All in gladness for their King,
And rejoyce now with the Spring,
because the shaddow's flying;
Now let Valour have the place,
Loyalty hath gain'd the Race,
And on Treason turn'd the Chase,
and now Rebellion's dying.

3 Now the Tempest is o're-past,
And the Heav'n that was o're-cast,
Turn'd both clear and bright at last,
and *Phœbus* he is shining;
Let us play the Fool no more,
Nor longer run on Treasons score,
As some of us have done before,
since *James* in peace is Reigning.

4 Rouse Great Monarch then, whom Fate
Hath Sirnominated Great,
To Guard and Rule both Church and State,
and trace brave *Alexander;*
Now the Turk dare not presume,
To think to Conquer *Christendom*,
Or Tyrannize for time to come,
to be the Worlds Commander.

[1] *Perhaps read* strive.

5 When *Hogan-mogan* did disdain
To take on *Brittains* Yoak again,
He led the Fleet unto the Main,
and bravely did behave him:
When Brains and Bullets flew about,
He prov'd himself both wise and stout,
And cry'd, *Let's have the other bout*,
we will both Fight and slave them.

6 He's the First-Rate Soveraign Blood,
Laden with the Kingdoms Good,
Toss'd betwixt the Wind and Flood,
whom Providence ensureth;
Though the true Religions vail,
Were made Treasons highest sail,
The hope of Hypocrites would fail,
for Truth alone endureth.

7 Heap me a rousing Glass with Wine,
Let no Man at this Health repine,
To *Iames the Great* I'll drink off mine,
he knows both Sword and Scepter:
When madness did make *Brittain* Dance,
The Tragedy of base Mischance,
His Practise did his parts Enhance,
and was Compleat still after.

8 Honest Fellow, live Content,
Kindly take what God hath sent,
Think what way to pay thy Rent,
and strive to flye no higher:
He's a Fool (at any rate)
Meddleth with the Church or State,
He'l repent when 'tis too late,
and say that i'm no Lyar.

9 Fear the Lord, Honour the King,
Submit to Fate (in every thing)
Do thy Business and Sing,
and never think on sorrow:

In private eat thy Honey-Comb,
Kiss thy Wife, and keep at home,
Never think on what's to come,
for none hath seen to Morrow.

Printed for *C. Dennisson....*

122

England's present state

11, 10, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

The ballad sounds as if it were written early in 1685 just after the accession of James II. It draws a melancholy, but on the whole a truthful, picture of the quarrels, rebellions, and economic setbacks that characterized James II's reign, and of course laments the Golden Age, which to most people always seems in the past. Its hostility towards the French is worthy of notice.

The tune is apparently derived from the refrain, "And is not old England grown new," of the ballad "Old England Turned New. To the tune of *The blacksmith*" (*Wit and Mirth*, 1699, pp. 139–140; 1707, 1714, I, 139–140; 1719, III, 119–121). The music is given in *Wit and Mirth* (1699, p. 28; 1707, 1714, I, 28; 1719, III, 20). See also Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 231.

Englands Present State.

Poor England *now is sore opprest,*
The more it is the pitty,
But God preserve our Soveraign King,
And eke preserve the City.

Tune of, *Old England's now grown New.*

1 POor *England* the world at thee doth admire,
To see that thy enemies still do conspire,
They still seek thy ruine by Sword and by Fire;
Oh are not these times grown strange, grown strange
Oh are not these times grown strange.

2 Thou once wer't as happy as some of the rest,
Thy happiness now bloody Villains infest,
But they for their tricks can never be blest:
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

3 Instead of good Trading now Plots they devise,
They are fill'd up with Shams and composed of lyes
They do wickedness love, and all goodness despise,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

4 Now where is the Gold that once plenty was here
We instead of Estates are now filled with fear,
Of losing our Lives and all that is dear;
Oh are not these times grown strange, grown strange
Oh are not these times grown strange.

5 Now where's the brave fellows that frighted the French
And made him appear like a pittiful Prince,
Now he's a brave fellow that's best at a Wench,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

6 In times that are past men that had estates
Kept brave open houses, now Porters at gates,
And spend all on Misses, & Whigs, for their pates,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

7 Some men have complained they money did want,
But honesty now I do find is more scant,
He's a fool counted that can't damn him and tant,
Oh are not these times grown strange, grown strange
Oh are not these times grown strange.

8 Now all civil dresses are quite laid aside,
And never were men so addicted to Pride,
Now every Iack wears a Sword by his side,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

9 There's nothing gentle that now comes in fashion,
Except it be used first in the French Nation,
For we must be sure of Mounsieurs Approbation,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

10 Now Loyalty too much is kick'd out of door,
And none more esteem'd than proud *Babylons* whore
Still hoping to bring *England* lower and lower,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

11 And plotting of Treasons are some mens delight
Who in deeds of darkness do take their delight,
They'l pleasure the Devil to show their despite,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

12 To charge honest men of their hatching of Treason
I fear will a fashion be in a short season,
Tho what is alledg'd is against sence and reason,
Oh is not these times grown strange, &c.

13 False-swearing is now too common a thing,
Of some bloody swearers all *England* doth ring,
And yet they pretend they are true to the King,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

14 He that loves the King well doth his Subjects love too
Believe what I say for I'm sure it is true,
But beware of the blades that bid Conscience adieu,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

15 The *Whigs* and the *Tories* each other asperse,
I blush when such foolish things I do rehearse;
The like was ne'r yet in the whole Vniverse,
Oh are not these times grown strange, &c.

16 And now to conclude I wish all to agree,
If so there would none be more happy than we,
God himself doth delight in love and unity,
Oh this same is true and not strange, not strange,
Oh this same is true and not strange.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark. W. Thackery: T. Passenger.

123

Good news for the nation

II, 235, black letter, three columns, one woodcut, slightly torn. Other copy: Huth-Harvard, I, 117.

The Parliament of James II met for the first time on May 19, 1685. The ballad was written either late in April or early in May, in honor of the approaching elections for members of Parliament. It takes a roseate view, declaring that the papists will now have no chance. All people from the king down were pleased with the members who were elected, though for different reasons. Nos. 124 and 127 deal with the same subject.

For the tune of *Digby's farewell* see No. 104; for *Packington's pound*, Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 123–125.

Good Newes for the Nation,

Or, The Citys joy and the Countries Happiness. Plainly shewing the great satisfaction and content, that all Loyal Subjects do injoy, by the new Election of members of Parliament, whom God preserve, and direct, that they may Act for the good of their King, and Country, and the benifit and Happiness of all true *English Protestants.*

Tune of *Digbys farwel,* Or *Packintons pound.*

1 COme all loyal Subjects of every degree
Lay sorrow aside and come listen to me,
For we have good tydings of late come to town
Our friends they shall rise and our foes be cast down,
The Parliament House is again to be fill'd
With brave sollid members all of them well skill'd,
Then let us rejoyce with a Loyal consent,
And all for the choice of our New Parliament.

2 We need not to murmour but give God the praise
For now we do hope for to see better dayes,
Our fears they will vanish no more wee'l repine
The Sun-beams of comfort upon us will shine,
A Summer of joy is approaching at hand
To bring satisfaction unto the whole land.
Then let us rejoyce with a Loyal consent,
[*And all*] [1] *for the choice of our New Parliament.*

3 Each City, and Burrough, and Corporate town
Have chosen brave persons of gallant renown,
Such men as have gained their Countryes love
And from honest principles scorn for to move,
The laws of the land they will bravely maintain
And put all our Nation in order again,
Then let us rejoyce with a Loyal consent
And all for the choice of our New Parliament.

[1] Torn.

4 'Twas fine in the Countrey to be at the choice
When each man was free for to give in their voice,
They whoop and they hollow they crowd & they pother
Whiles some cryes for one man and some for another,
They cast up their caps and they thunder about
They rally a while and again they do shout.
Then let us rejoyce with a Loyal consent
And all for the choice of our New Parliament.

The second [Part] [1] to the same tune

5 MArch beer and strong ale are as plenty that time,
As if it were water, and so is good Wine,
Where every freeholder doth take off his dish
And each man doth Tipple and drink like a Fish,
When they are well liquord to polling they go
Their voices shall carry it it there must be so.
Then let us rejoyce with a loyal consent
And all for the choice of our New Parliament.

6 When they have Elected they homeward repair
Well pleas'd with their pains and their noble good fare
Now that they have chosen such men as will serve
And seek the whole Nation in peace to preserve,
They follow their callings without any fear
And in their own houses injoy happy cheer.
Then let us, &c.

7 Now what can our enemies say in this case
Whilest that we have union in so high a place,
No difference in Parliament after shall be
Like peaceable members they all shall agree:
Their votes they shall pass and good laws they shall stand
And all they shall Act for the good of the land.
Then let us, &c.

[1] Torn.

8 The Papists they now may despair of their hope
And send up these tydings to *Rome* to the Pope,
They now have no friends in the House for to sit
We have no occasion for them nor their wit,
Their plots and contrivances now will be found
Though carried on never so deep under Ground.
Then let us, &c.

9 Then cheer up good Neighbours and be not dismaid
We now are in hopes for to have a brisk trade,
By Sea and by Land there imployment will be
That all in their Stations may live happily
For those that have money shall not be in fear
for to lay it out now the coast it is clear.
Then let us, &c.

10 Though we have been wearied with troubles & fears
We now shall have time for to wipe off our tears,
Since by this great blessing we are in the way
Again to live happy who ever says nay:
God bless our good King and defend him from wrong,
That he may in safety reign over us long,
And let us rejoyce with a loyal consent
And pray for the good of our New Parliament.

With Allowance.

London, *Printed* for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *West-smithfield.*

124

England's happy state

II, 249, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

The ballad, written sometime in April or early in May, 1685, celebrates the election of James II's first Parliament, and frankly revels in devotion to the king. The two houses met on May 19, and revealed a loyalty and unanimity not equaled since the days of 1661. The Tories had triumphed at the elections; not more than a hundred thirty-five members had been in former Parliaments; and James II is said to have declared that there were only some forty members whom he himself would not have chosen. It is melancholy to think how soon these men changed their attitude because of the king's dubious acts. The Parliament was prorogued on November 20, and after continued prorogation was dissolved in July, 1687.

For the tune see No. 113.

ENGLANDS Happy State:
Or, the Subjects Joy, for the *Election* Of a New PARLIAMENT:

Brave English Hearts your joys Compleat,
And Loyal prove to James *the Great,*
So may you still most happy be,
And Flourish in Prosperity.

To the Tune of, *Now Now the Fights Done.*

1 NOw raise up your spirits brave *English* men,
For I hope you will see happy times here agen,
Since *James* our Great King gives his Royal consent,
And orders the calling a New *PARLIAMENT:*
Then let us Rejoyce and most cheerfully sing,
That never were people more blest with a King.

2 And under his Banner we boldly will Fight,
His rights to maintain by day and by night,
To show our Alegiance we'l do our endeavour,
In Loyalty still we will strive to persever:
and like faithful Subjects most cheerfully sing,
that never were people more blest in a King.

3 Such brave Loyal men some say there are chose,
They'l encourage our friends, and astonish our foes,
Gods blessings and mercy's upon them attend,
That poor *Englands* troubles may once have an end;
then all Loyal Subjects will cheerfully sing,
God bless James *the Second our Soveraign King.*

4 In time we may flourish again as before,
Since God hath some mercies for *England* in store,
That under our Prince we may Flourish and thrive,
And sound forth his goodness while we do survive:
so may Loyal Subiects most cheerfully sing,
that never, &c.

5 Were *England* but free'd from all strife and sedition,
O then they would be in a happy condition,
When Subjects do freely their Princes obey,
No souls under Heaven more happy then they:
then all Loyal Subjects most cheerfully sing,
God bless James, *&c.*

6 Such persons are chose for *Parliament-Men*,
You'l find but few such in all *Europe* agen:
Such persons indeed are most fit to assemble,
To make the Kings foes for to fear and to tremble:
that all Loyal Subjects may merrily sing,
no people, &c.

7 Whats wanting dear Souls your hearts to rejoyce,
You now have your freedom to make a good choice,
And Loyalists now in your splendor appear,
To serve both your Country and Soveraign dear,
that you in Conclusion may merrily sing,[1]
no Subjects, &c.

8 Nor can we be Crowned with more Happiness,
Then a King whom the Heavens is pleas'd for to bless.
O let us be thankful by night and by day,
And for his prosperity heartily pray;
then let Loyal Subjects most merrily sing,
that never, &c.

9 And thus to conclude, I all men do advise,
To be Loyal and true, to be merry and wise,
A Nation divided 'tis pitty to see,
But happy when all in one mind do agree;
then brave Loyal Subjects will merrily sing,
that never were people more blest in a KING.

[1] Text *sings.*

FINIS.

125

Disney's last farewell

II, 154, black letter, three columns, apparently two woodcuts.

William Disney was arrested at Lambeth on June 15, 1685, and on the following day was committed to Newgate by Lord Jeffreys, "accused by the oathes of severall witnesses for High Treason, for conspiringe the death of our Sovereigne Lord the Kinge, and for excitinge persons to levy warr against his Majestie and his government" (Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, IV, 293). Specifically, as the ballad tells, his treason lay in printing *The Declaration of James Duke of Monmouth and the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Others Now in Arms*, which was issued on June 11. This asserted, among other things, that James II had burned London in 1666, had caused the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey and the Earl of Essex, had poisoned Charles II; and it called upon all true Englishmen to accept the duke as the Protestant champion and to depose the papist king. Disney was tried at the Marshalsea on June 25, condemned to death, and hanged at Kennington Common, Surrey, on June 29. His quarters were fixed on the city gates. In the ballad, which was licensed by Sir Roger L'Estrange, a fairly sympathetic bard presents us with a good-night that Disney is imagined to have penned. Andrew Weston, the Marshalsea ordinary who attended the traitor, published a full account of his last speech and his end.

Fortune, my foe (for which see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 162–164) for over a century had been the "hanging tune" *par excellence*.

DISNY'S Last Farewell.

Being an Account of the Execution of *William Disney Esqr*, **who was Drawn, Hang'd, and Quartered, On** *Monday* **the** *29th* **of this Instant** *June*, **1685. For Printing of** *Monmouth's* **Treasonable** *declaration*.

To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe.*

This may be Printed, *R.L.S.* July *the* 1st, 1685.

1 YOu Loyal Subjects wheresoe're you be,
See here the Fruits of my Disloyalty;
And let my shameful end a caution give
To all, that they in Loyalty may live.

2 My Princes Laws poor I did Disobey,
My fancy lead the clean contrary way;
And I for Treason am condemn'd to dye,
O pitty me in my extreamity.

3 I was a Gentleman by my decent,
But to Extravagancy always bent:
And my Estate I quickly did consume,
But did not think of this my Fatal Doom.

4 Faithless I proved to my Prince and Nation,
Printing a most Rebellious *Declaration:*
By which foul Fact I wrought my overthrow,
Let all beware that they may not do so.

5 Least like to me you meet with shameful Death,
And rigid Fate untimely stop your breath:
Then you perhaps may mourn when 'tis too late
And sigh to think of your unhappy Fate.

6 But you that to your Princes prove most true,
The powers of Heaven will surely smile on you,
You shall be Crowned with Prosperity,
And Happiness will sure your portion be.

7 My Head upon the Bridge must surely stand,
Because I was a Traytor to my Land:
Vpon the Gates they'l set my *Quarters* too,
For doing what I was forbid to do.

8 Let all men to their Princes loyal be,
And be as Strangers to all Treachery:
Then they may rest in quiet and in peace,
For by Rebellion comforts do decrease.

9 My Father he was loyal to the Crown,
And he thereby did purchase much renown:
But hapless I to seek my overthrow,
And Death will be my portion I do know.

10 But this doth please me in adversity,
That other men may warning take by me:
And learn their lawful Princes to obey,
From Loyalty never to go astray.

11 And he to whom I did alegiance owe,
My self an Enemy did plainly show;
I might have Flourisht as my parents did,
Had I not medled with the things forbid.

12 I thought my self with Honour for to crown,
But from my hopes was quickly tumbled down,
Traytors Reward did fall unto my share,
By which I hope all others will beware.

13 Vain World adieu, I must be packing hence,
Who prov'd so false unto my Noble Prince;
Whose goodness to his Subjects well is knovvn,
Whose Fame is through all *Europe* spread & flovvn.

14 My Crime committed I could not deny,
For which I to this place am brought to dye,
A sad Example to each sad Spectator,
Who sees the end of me poor hapless Traytor.

15 Now must I launch into Eternity,
Let every tender Soul now pray for me:
Eternal bliss or bane I soon shall find,
And hope my Saviour will to me be kind.

16 Into whose hands my Soul I recommend
And on his merits wholy do depend:
Mind well these lines which here are sent to you,
And mind how *Disney* bids the World adieu.

FINIS.

Entered according to Order.

Printed for *I. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger.*

126

A loyal song on King James's birthday

II, 233, black letter, three columns, one woodcut.

James II was born (cf. stanza 2) on October 14,[1] 1633. The ballad was almost certainly written in celebration of his fifty-second birthday in 1685, as the initials of Roger L'Estrange, the licenser, indicate. In the light of the king's subsequent actions, the fervid rejoicings of the balladist have a queer sound. Thus he declares that Great James is maintaining the liberties of his loving people and that every tongue applauds his name. It is possible, of course, that the writer was a Roman Catholic; more likely, however, he was simply a loyal Protestant who believed, as stanza 6 suggests, that royalty could do no wrong. To flatter the powers that be is not a characteristic of the seventeenth century only. All London celebrated. Luttrell (I, 359) says that "the 14th, being his majesties birth day, was kept here with publick demonstrations of joy, as ringing of bells, store of bonefires, &c."

For the tune see No. 121.

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[1] *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th ed., gives the date as October 15, although the *Dictionary of National Biography* had warned its readers, "14 (not 15) Oct." John Gibbon's *Day-Fatality* (1678, 1686) expatiates on how October 14, James's birthday, has been lucky to English princes since October 14, 1066, when William the Conqueror defeated Harold. The Huntington Library has "A Proclamation, For an Anniversary Thanksgiving, in Commemoration of his *Majesties* Happy Birth-day, being the Forteenth Day of *October*, &c.," which was issued at Edinburgh on September 16, 1685. Cf. also No. 178.

A Loyal SONG, on KING JAMES His Royal BIRTH-Day:

To the Tune of, *The Cannons Roar.*

1 HArk! I hear the Trumpets sound,
While Loyal Subjects Souls are Crown'd,
With joys that ever will abound,
and fill their hearts with mirth too,
While all do for our Soveraign pray,
Whom Heaven commands us to obey,
And Solemnly observe the Day
of his most Royal Birth too.

2 Harmonious Musick fills mine ear,
And all things pleasant do appear,
God prosper long our Prince so dear,
still crys the Grave and Sober,
O Let it not forgotten be,
But keep with all Solemnity,
In Honour of his Majesty,
the Fourteenth of *October*.

3 Did you Behold the Serpents Flye?
While Bonfires Light the Gloomy Sky.
God Bless King *James* was all the cry,
throughout the Streets of *London:*
Now let his Enemies complain,
In peace and quiet he shall Reign,
Our Liberties for to Maintain,
whom Traitors would have undone.

4 Come Fill a Glass unto the Brim,
In Sack let all our sorrows swim
And drink a full Carrouse to him
whom Heaven hath long preserved:
And did their enmity oppose,
Who did declare themselves his Foes,
To dangers did themselves expose,
as it hath been observed.

5 Now Loyalty doth lead the Van,
And let them me disprove that can,
'Tis that alone that makes the man,
and so will do for ever:
No wavering thoughts lodge in your breast,
If you will be for ever blest,
But let Great *James* still live at rest,
for so he doth endeavour.

6 *Europes* Great Monarch Heavens bless,
And Crown thy head with happiness,
This freely now I do express,
which fills my heart with mirth too,
That as it is well understood,
Thou dost descend from Royal Blood,
So thou'rt not only Great but Good,
the glory of the Earth too.

7 The Powers of Heaven still pour down,
Eternal blessings on thy Crown,
And keep these wicked Spirits down,
who strive for to annoy thee:
'Tis our Delight both day and night,
To vindicate Great *Iameses* Right,
Who happy are in fates despight,
if we can but enjoy thee.

8 No feigned Wit can me convince,
England e're had a Braver Prince,
Whose virtue shows his innocence,
with Lawrel is he Crowned:
Let every Tongue applaud his Name,
And spread his worth on wings of fame,
While we true Subjects do proclaim,
Great *Iames* the most Renowned.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, *R.L.S.*

Printed for I. Back, at the Black Boy on t[he] [1] middle of London-Bridge.

[1] Trimmed off.

127

The happy return

II, 234, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

Sir Richard Lodge, in his *History of England* (*1660–1702*), p. 259, says that James II's "opening speech on November 9 was uncompromising in its bluntness. He declared that the recent rebellion [of Monmouth] had proved the militia to be incompetent and untrustworthy. He had therefore increased the regular army, and demanded funds for its maintenance. In that army he had appointed officers who were not qualified by law. But he could guarantee their fidelity from his personal knowledge, and he was determined to retain them in his service." Thus Parliament was called upon to abandon its strong convictions "that a standing army was dangerous to their interests, and that the test act must be maintained as a bulwark of the established Church."

The ballad-writer did not realize how ominous the situation was or how fundamentally opposed were the policy of the king and the policy of the Parliament; but he rejoiced in the thought that Monmouth had already been crushed and that the government was apparently running smoothly.

The fair one let me in is named from the refrain of D'Urfey's "The Generous Lover" in *A New Collection of Songs*, 1683, p. 56, 1687, p. 53. The music was composed by Thomas Farmer, and will be found, among other places, in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1683, IV, 8; in *Wit and Mirth*, 1699, p. 202 (1709, 1714, I, 201; 1719, I, 324); and in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 509–511. See further the discussion in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, IV, 30, and the broadside version of D'Urfey's song, "The Kind Lady," reprinted in the same work, VI, 195–196.

On the publisher Dennisson cf. No. 121.

THE Happy Return:

OR, *The* PARLIAMENTS *Wellcome to* London. Which was Adjourned till the Ninth Day of *November*, 1685. But now Sitting again at *WESTMINSTER*.

To the Tune of, *The Fair One Let me in.*

This may be Printed, *R.L.S.*

1 THrice Noble Lords, and Gentlemen,
whose Faith and Loyalty,
Was always constant to your King,
and void of Treachery;
VVe humbly wellcome you again,
and wish you all content:
That Subjects still may reap the fruits
of this our Parliament.

2 Rebellion now is Rooted out,
Sedition's like to dye,
And all the Trimmers of the Times
submit to Majesty.
How can we then but wish those well,
who sorrow did prevent,
And pay allegiance to the King,
and thank the Parliament.

3 Now Trades-men muster all their tools
and Seamen sail the main,
This Fly-Boat now intends to *France*,
that Ship is bound to *Spain:*
The tempests of the Sea are great,
but nothing to a rent
Of state at Land that doth molest
both King and Parliament.

4 The evils that molest a state,
innumerable are,
But there is none to be compar'd,
unto a Civil War:

Then we are greatly bound to these,
Who cur'd our discontents:
Wee'll drink the *King's* good Health in Wine
in Ale the Parliaments.

5 If peace and plenty be our fate,
and truth be in our Land,
A farthing for a forraign war,
while *James* us doth command:
Though all the Kings of *Europe* should
'gainst us their passions vent,
VVe have a remedy at hand,
our King and Parliament.

6 State-weather-wise men did conclude,
when *Charles* the Great did dye,
The tempests of the Church and State,
would quite eclipse our sky:
But *Iames* the second with his rays
away the vapours sent,
Then pray God save our Noble King,
and bless the Parlament.

7 Conjectures are no prophesies,
and chance submits to fate,
For providence governeth all,
in Church as well as state:
Men should resolve to live conform,
to Gods Commandement,
And allways pray God save the King,
and bless the Parliament.

8 The chief disease which troubles us,
swells from ambitious eyes,
which doth molest the Kingdoms health,
and small things magnifies:
Instead of mending up the hole,
we pick Seditions rent,
But let us pray, God save the King,
and bless the Parliament.

9 May all the Members be indeed,
both honest, just, and true,
Impartial, void of base pretence,
all Vices to subdue:
May all their acts be righteous,
and good be their intent,
And then we'l pray God save the King,
and O brave Parliament.

Printed for C. Dennisson, at the Stationers-Armes within Aldgate.

128

The punished atheist

II, 51, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

Sinners may well have trembled in their boots as they heard "The Punished Atheist" sung. It tells how a north-country gentleman tempted his sister to incest, protesting that there was no God to punish so unnatural a crime. Almost immediately flames "like brimstone blue" rose from the ground, encircled him, and burned him to death in spite of the efforts of his sister and others to pull him to safety. Presumably this miracle happened about 1685, but one would be glad to have further witnesses to its truth, — especially since "The Punished Atheist" is only a modernization of "The wonderful example of God shewed upon Iasper Coningham, a Gentleman born in Scotland, who was of oppinion that there was neither God, nor Divell, Heaven nor Hell. To the Tune of *O neighbour Robert*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 103–110), a ballad printed before 1600.

A somewhat similar story tells how Susanna Brighton, of Brampshot, often wished "*on every extravagant occasion that God would burn her alive if the things were not true she declared.*" In Whitsuntide "a Temptation fell upon her to Steal three Silver Spoons, which being missed, and she suspected, she being of the worst Fame among the Company, with horrid Imprecations she wished Fire would fall on her, and Consume her to Ashes if she was any ways guilty of this Matter, when immediatly a great Flash of Lightning glancing in at the Window, Fired her Cloaths, setting them in a Blaze, and thereupon falling Dead, upon further search her Body was crushed, and as black as a Coal, being burnt to a Cinder; So that upon handling, some parts of her fell into ashes." This information is given in *Eight Dreadful Examples of Gods immediat Judgement on wicked Persons* ("Edinburgh, Re-printed in the Year 1710"), pp. 3–4.

For a tune of *The jealous lover* see the notes in *The Bagford Ballads*, I, 54; but the tune there referred to does not fit the meter of the present ballad. In the same movement as No. 128 is "The Cheerful Husband: or, The Despairing Wife. . . . To the Tune of *The Jealous Lover*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 515–517).

The Punish'd Atheist:

Or, The Miserable End of a North Country Gentleman, who, to obtain his lewd Desires on a Lady, his own Sister, deny'd that there was either Heaven or Hell, GOD or Devil; when at the same time of his uttering those Blasphemous Expressions, he was made a sad Example of God's Justice.

Tune, *Jealous Lover.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 AN Atheist lived in the *North*,
Who underwent God's heavy Wrath,
Through ẽ blasphemous Words he spoke,
Which did his Maker much provoke.

2 He having left his lawful Wife,
Led such a lewd and wicked Life,
That he was clearly void of fear,
The like of him you ne'r did hear.

3 His Sister was a Lady fair,
Whose Beauty shin'd beyond compare,
A pious Woman, eke was she,
And wedded to a high degree.

4 At length he plac'd his chief delight,
In his fair Sister's Beauty bright,
And likewise was resolv'd to try,
If she his will would satisfie.

5 To her he went upon a day,
And found her in the Garden gay,
Where walking with her all alone,
His base Desires he made known.

6 He being then with Lust inflam'd,
It seems, he wan't the least asham'd
To tempt this fair and virtuous Bride;
But Christian like, she thus reply'd,

7 You strike me with astonishment,
The Lord forbid I should consent,
To such a Hellish crying Sin,
Which none but *Sodom* wallow'd in.

8 Dear Brother, hear me what I say,
Consider with yourself, I pray,
Can you indure the pains of Hell?
Or with eternal Torments dwell?

9 For that you may expect indeed,
If true Repentance now with speed,
Does not God's gracious Pardon gain.
He scoft at that with proud disdain,

10 Said he, My loving Sister dear,
No God or Devil need you fear,
For there is no such thing I'm sure,
Nor any Torments to endure:

11 Tho' you are pleased to relate,
A Story here of Torments great,
And of a latter Iudgment-day,
I'll not believe what any say.

12 I know they are but fancies then,
Writ by the wiser sort of Men,
To keep poor silly Souls in awe;
I'll ne'er be govern'd by that law.

13 Nay, further still, he did reply,
Do not the least my suit deny,
And then if any Hell there be,
The Flames I will endure for thee.

14 These Words did so provoke the Lord,
That straight he sent him his reward
For while his Sister from him turn'd,
A sulferous Fire round him burn'd,

15 The Fire flam'd like Brimstone blew,
And straight above his Knees it flew,
All round him then on e'ry side;
Then he with bitter Howlings cry'd,

16 Dear Sister, now I wish in vain,
That I had not been so profain,
As to deny there was a God,
I feel this day his burning Rod.[1]

17 The Lady then was in a fright,
To see this dreadful dismal sight,
No time at all she then delay'd,
But ran immediately for aid.

18 With staves they came to pull him forth,
But low his hands and fingers both
Was so benum'd and swell'd withal,
He could not help himself at all.

19 He fill'd the skies with groans and cries,
Till his blasphemous Tongue and Eyes,
With anguish dropt out of his Head,
At length the Wretch fell down for dead.

20 The Fire squench'd when as he fell,
His Carcass sent forth such a smell,
That no one could the place endure;
O this was Heaven's Vengeance sure.

21 When sinful Mortals dare deny,
The being of a Deity
They may expect that in the end
God will his fearful Vengeance send.

22 Let all Blasphemers far and near,
That shall this sad Relation hear,
Repent, and bear these things in mind,
So may they Grace and Mercy find.

Printed for J. Blare, *on* London-bridge.

[1] *Text* Rrod.

129

The bountiful knight of Somersetshire

II, 57, black letter, three columns, four woodcuts.

This ballad might well be called a lantern or a mirror for the uncharitable. It tells how a riotous son refused to follow his dead father's custom of relieving the poor and how, as an immediate result, he lost all his possessions and came to a quick death in the London Compter, a debtors' prison. The riotous young knight would have run through his substance even more quickly if to his expenses he had added alms to the poor; but the ballad-writer believed that *all* the money he spent in wild living should have gone to charity. "The Bountiful Knight" in some respects appears to be a kind of sequel to "The Nobleman's Generous Kindness" that is printed in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 328–330. The date is about 1685.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 123–125.

THE Bountiful Knight of Sommersetshire, Who dayly relieved the Poor in those parts, and after his Death, will'd His Son to do the like, and tho' he solemnly protested to his Father on his Death-bed that he would, which he neglected the same, bringing himself to a miserable end.

Tune is, *Packington's Pound.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 THere was an old Knight liv'd in *Sommersetshire*,
Whom God had indu'd with three thousand a year;
A person of Generous bounty was he,
Above many Nobles of higher degree:
The Widows in need, he did Cloath and feed,
And put out poor Fatherless Children to read,
He being thus loving and good to the poor,
A blessing from Heaven replenish'd his store.

2 Three days in a week he ordain'd to be drest,
For old men and women good Beef of the best,
And likewise at *Christmas* he gave Coats and Gowns,
To many that liv'd in the neighbouring Towns,
With Money and Meat, their Mirth to compleat,
That they might rejoyce, and have something to eat.
Thus was he continually good to the poor.
And blessings from Heaven replenish'd his store.

3 His Lady sometimes in a passion would say,
Methinks they encrease and come every day,
His answer was to her, my dear be not sad,
For where should they come, but where 'tis to be had,
Indeed I profess, the poor in distress,
I feed them, and find I have never the less;
For those that are loving and good to the poor,
A Blessing will always replenish their store.

4 He many long years there did flourish and live,
And freely he did to poor Travellers give,
Good Bread and small Liquors still every day,
There's none that came to him, went empty away,

Poor Travellers still he'd nourish and fill,
And with a most generous heart and good will,
By which he did purchase the Prayers of the poor,
who dayly was nourish'd and fed at his Door.

5 His Lady at length with a Feaver she dy'd,
And left one Son, whom she had brought up in Pride,
And just as he was Two and Twenty Years Old,
His Father dy'd leaving much Silver and Gold,
With Houses and Land, all at his Command,
While dying he called to give him his hand,
And like a good Christian he said my dear Son,
Endeavour to do as thy Father hath done.

6 No Docter my Life now is able to save,
Behold I am just on the brink of the Grave,
And when I go hence and shall see thee no more,
For my sake see that you remember the poor;
And nourish them still, 'tis part of my will,
See that you be careful the same to fulfill,
On my dying blessing I charge thee my Son,
To do for the poor as thy Father has done.

7 Dear Honoured Father, a vow here I make,
Before God and you which I never will break,
The poor shall be dayly relieved by me,
Or else I desire I never may see
No Ioy or delight, by day or by night,
If ever the poor I endeavour to slight,
No, here is my hand, As I am your dear Son,
I'll constantly do as my Father has done.

8 But yet notwithstanding, the Promise he made,
Soon after his Father in Grave he was lay'd
The Son Rid to *London* in Court for to live,
And unto the Poor not a Tester wou'd give,
But follow'd all Dice,[1] Wine, Harlots and Dice,
Forgetting the vow that he made in a trice;
To folly and ruin, he straightways did run,
And never would do as his Father had done.

[1] *Read* Vice.

9 Lewd Harlots and Taverns were all his delight,
Nay, often by Gaming he'd lose in a night
A Hundred or two of bright Guinys of Gold,
And would [1] not by any dear Friend be controul'd,
He'd often reply, give me Liberty,
My Silver and Gold it was made for to fly,
Thus Prodigal like he to ruin did run,
And never would do as his Father had done.

10 The Land (which had many years been in the name)
He Mortgag'd and sold for to follow the Game,
Till his Patrimony was utterly spent,
O then did he find it too late to repent,
This wretch could not hide the downfall [2] of pride,
For Debt in the Counter of *London* he dy'd,
Thus Prodigal like he to ruin did run,
Neglecting to do as his Father had done.

11 A Hundred pound he'd consume in a day,
Till all that he had was quite squander'd away,
Then while in a prison he lay in distress,
All persons that knew him were quite pittiless,
In midst of his grief they told him in brief,
That they would not yield him the least of relief,
Because that he had been a Prodigal Son,
Neglecting to do as his Father had done.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, *J. Deacon*, *J. Blare*, *J. Back*.

[1] *Text* whould.

[2] *Text* downful.

130

The downfall of pride

II, 59, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

This warning to parents against partiality among their children was printed about 1685. It deals with the theme, common in fairy-tales and folk-tales, of an ill-treated and despised younger daughter whose ultimate matrimonial and social success, like Cinderella's, far surpasses that of her favored sister. Here the favorite daughter marries a supposedly wealthy merchant, and our ill-treated heroine is not even invited to the marriage-feast. But the merchant's wealth is really non-existent: after he has squandered his wife's dowry in a hopeless effort to pay his debts, he is thrown into prison. Meanwhile, if stanza 13 is to be interpreted literally, by a kind of dubious "providence" the younger girl has been living in sin (as the phrase used to be) with a rich old knight, who later makes her an honest woman by marriage and then obligingly dies. With the fortune that thus comes to her, the young widow magnanimously rescues her mother, sister, and brother-in-law. The story is pleasantly sentimental.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 162–164, 167.

The Downfal of Pride:

BEING An Account of a Merchants Wife, who having two Daughters, loved one, and hated the other: Together with a Relation of her Darling, and her own Misfortune, as likewise the Prosperity of her despised Daughter, by whom they were all at length Succoured in their Distress.

To the Tune of *Aim not too High.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 IN *London* liv'd a wealthy Merchants Wife,
Who lived here a long and happy Life;
Her loving Husband Plough'd the Ocean Main,
In sumptuous Robes his Lady to maintain.

2 The Glory of this World she did behold
Rich Iewels, Diamonds, Chains of shining Gold,
Embroidered Silks, and other Gems vast store;
As Rich as ever *London* Lady wore.

3 Her very Heart was swallow'd up in pride,
So that she minded little else beside;
If that she did frequent the House of Prayer,
It was to see and learn new Fashions there.

4 She had two Daughters, both of beauty bright,
In one of which she plac'd her chief delight;
The other she did constantly despise,
And over her did daily Tyrannize.

5 The youngest Daughter, Modest, Meek, and Mild,
She did not use as if she was her Child;
Father and Mother, both did her degrade,
And kept her like a Drudge, or Servant-Maid.

6 On all occasions, still early or late,
The younger Sister was oblig'd to wait,
She chearfully the same did undergo,
Because it was their will it should be so,

7 Their Darling like a *Peacock* fine and gay,
Was still adorn'd in sumptuous rich array;
And to a Boarding-School was sent to be
Fit for a Husband of no mean degree.

8 Her Portion being Fifteen hundred pound,
The noise of which was blaz'd all *London* round;
So that rich Suiters came both Night and Day,
At length a Merchant bore the prize away.

9 In State and Triumph they the Wedding kept,
The younger Sister, she in sorrow wept,
Because while they did Feast with sumptuous fare,
They did not think her worthy to be there.

10 But now behold how Fortune soon did frown,
To pull their high and haughty Spirits down
In three Months space the wealthy Father dyed,
And thus began the woeful Fall of Pride.

11 Soon after this, the Son-in-law was found
To be in Debt, above Five thousand Pound,
So that her Daughters Portion went at last,
And he likewise into a Prison cast.

12 The Mother to release him out of thrall,
For her dear Darlings sake did part with all;
And tho' by this, at length he was set free,
They were reduc'd to woeful Poverty.

13 The youngest Daughter whom they did revile,
A hand of Providence did bless the while;
For living with a worthy Ancient Knight,
He doted on her splendid Beauty bright.

14 Then making her his honest lawful Wife,
With whom she led a comfortable Life;
And when he Dy'd, he left her all his store,
Which was two thousand Pounds a year and more.

15 So soon as e're her Mourning year was past,
Many right worthy Suitors came at last;
Yet she no choice of any Match would make,
But liv'd a Widow for her Mothers sake.

16 Home to her House this Daughter took her streight
To live there, on a plentiful Estate;
And was always to Duty so inclin'd,
That former Wrongs she would not bear in mind.

17 Brother and Sister likewise did depend
On her, for why they had no other friend;
But she whom they had often spighted so,
To whom they for their constant Succour go.

18 Now, let all Parents that this Ditty hear,
Have equal kindness for your Children dear;
Those that you think scarce worthy of your love
Do oftentimes the greatest Blessings prove.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, *J. Deacon*, *J. Blare*, and *J. Back*.

131

The Spanish virgin

II, 143, black letter, four columns, one woodcut. Other copies: British Museum, C.22.f.6 (181); Lord Crawford, No. 42. Reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765 (ed. Wheatley, III, 255–259). Percy's version, which is five stanzas longer than Pepys's but without the refrain, has too many verbal changes to be noticed here.

The source of the ballad is Thomas Taylor's *The Second Part of The Theatre of Gods Judgments*, 1642, pp. 89–90, which tells the following "true, but most lamentable example, Historified by *D. Otho Melanders*":

A Noble Gentleman lived very conjugally and lovingly with his Lady; she had a Chamber-maid of a very sweet aspect and feature, not any way to bee taxed for the least wantonnesse or loose carriage; but if the Lady thought her guilty of the least immodesty, she needed no other Jury, for she was both Jurer and Judge, and condemned her by her owne verdict and sentence. It happened that the Noble-man having some occasion to detaine himselfe some few dayes abroad, in his absence shee pretended a quarrell with her maid; the colour was for letting a young childe slip out of her Armes; which though it had little or no hurt, yet she made of it as if it were lam'd beyond all recovery; upon which her anger grew implacable, and shee would commit her to prison: but unto what prison? not into any ordinary light, or tollerable; but into a deep, obscure, and desolate Dungeon in the bottome of the Castle, for many yeares shut up with an Iron gate, and abounding with Toads, Snakes, Adders, and other Serpents: Into which no Sacrilegious person, Thiefe, Pyrat, Witch, Paracide, Traitor, or the greatest Malefactor whatsoever within the memory of man had beene committed; and into this noysome, stinking, and most horrible place she was forced to enter, and the doores fast shut upon her: but from all the corners of the Vault the venemous vextiles came in heapes, with fearefull hissing, and seized upon those parts of her body that were in their reach, which with lowd ejulation and shrikes, shee striv'd with her hands to beate off, but all in vaine: At noone one of the servants, a young man (who it seems had some affection to this maid, but howsoever humanity could not have suffered him to doe lesse) hearing those her most pittifull vocifirations, and understanding the cause, came to his Lady, and humbly besought her as she was a Christian to commiserate the wretched estate of her poore afflicted prisoner: but all to no purpose, she was inexorable, revil'd him with his boldnesse and sawcinesse, and sent him away with blowes to boot. But evening came, and still her lamentable clamours continued, able to have softned flint,

or mollifi'd Marble, when the young man, notwithstanding he had before been so evilly intreated, went again to his Lady, and falling upon his knees was more importunate with her then before; the more he striv'd to pacifie her rage, the more she grew incens'd with fury, and kickt him out of her presence. After supper to bed the houshold went, and at mid-night the young man could not containe himselfe, but hee must goe listen at the Dungeon doore. But now hearing no no [*sic*] noise, not so much as a sigh or groane, hee began to imagine that shee was dead, (and so indeed it prov'd) hee then more incivilly then before rapt at his Ladyes chamber-doore, and wakned her, telling her, that shee had now the event of her bloudy and cruell desires: for by reason that there was a still silence in the Dungeon, hee perceived the poore Virgin had expired her life. At which words being startl'd, and strangely mov'd, she rose from her bed, and calling for store of lights, caused the Dungeon doore to be opened, where they might behold a most ruthfull and lamentable spectacle; the maid throwne upon her backe, and foure great Snakes wrapt about her, one of an extraordinary bignesse wound about her neck, another had twinde it selfe encompassing both her legges, a third like a girdle imbrac'd her waste, or middle, a fourth stuck upon her jawes, stretching its selfe to its utmost length, which no sooner taken thence, but was found dead, having so ingorg'd it selfe with her bloud, that it swel'd, and burst asunder: At which sight the Lady strook with the horrour thereof, from a suddaine melancholy grew into a meere madnesse, and in a raging fit soon after dy'd.

Taylor's story has been often reprinted, as in "R. Burton's" (Nathaniel Crouch's) *Wonderful Prodigies of Judgment and Mercy*, 1682, pp. 156–157 (1685, pp. 154–155; 1762, pp. 173–175).

In stanza 2 reference is made to the ballad of "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy; Or, The Step-Mother's Cruelty" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 650–652).

For the tunes see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 198–199, 162–164, 167.

The Spanish Virgin; *Or, The Effects of Jealousie.*
Being a sad and lamentable story of a young and beautiful Gentlewoman, who waited on a cruel Lady, that was jealous that her Lord lay with her; whereupon she took this revenge upon this Maid, who was innocent of any such action. Her Lord being gone a journey, she caused her to be put into a dark dungeon, which had not been opened for many years, which was haunted with great Snakes, Adders and Toads; the Snakes immediately seized on her and kill'd her, at which sight the Lady run mad and dyed, being a just reward of her cruel jealousie.

To the Tune of, *Chievy Chase;* Or, *Aim not too high.*

1 ALL tender hearts that ake to hear,
of those that suffer wrong,
All you that never shed a tear,
give ear unto my song.
Oh jealousie thou art nurst in hell,
Depart from hence and therein dwell.

2 Fair *Isabella's* Tragedy,
of this comes short by far,
My Pen to write it doth deny,
yet I must not forbear.
Oh jealousie, &c.

3 A cruel Lady once of *Spain*,
who was of high degree,
Did of unkindnesses complain,
betwixt her Lord and she.
Oh jealousie, &c.

4 She told her Lord he loved her not,
such was her jealousie,
Whose flames at length did burn so hot
they to revenge did flee,
Oh jealousie, &c.

5 A Gentlewoman that was fair,
did on this Lady wait,
with most brave dames she might compare,
she was for love a bait.
Oh jealousie, &c.

6 This Lady did suspect that she
with her beloved Lord,
Had too much familiarity,
which rise [1] to high discord,
Oh jealousie, &c.

7 Her Gentlewoman innocent
in wronging of her bed,
Desir'd her to give consent
she for her self might plead.
Oh jealousie, &c.

8 This Lady being with rage possest,
her Lord from home being gone,
Her fury quickly she exprest,
the like was never known.
Oh jealousie thou art nurst in hell,
Depart from hence and therein dwell.

[1] *Rose* might be expected.

9 SHe calls her servant presently,
and bids him open wide,
Her Dungeon deep this Maid should lye
therein until she dy'd.
Oh jealousie thou art nurst in hell,
Depart from hence and therein dwell.

10 And by the story it now appears,
the like was never seen,
This Dungeon not for many years,
had ever opened been,
Oh jealousie, &c.

11 Great Adders, Snakes, & Toads therein
as afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsom place had been,
so monstrous they were grown.
Oh jealousie, &c.

12 Amongst this ravenous poisonous crew,
this fair one innocent,
Was cast her murderers to view,
who straight did her torment.
Oh jealousie, &c.

13 She was no sooner entered in,
but there she quickly heard,
The Toads to croak, and Snakes hissing
then grievously she fear'd;
Oh jealousie, &c.

14 Then from their holes those vipers creep
and fiercely her assail,
Which made her sorely for to weep,
and her sad doom bewail,
Oh jealousie, &c.

15 With her fair hands she strives in vain,
her body to defend,
With shrieks & cries she doth complain,
but all was to no end:
Oh jealousie, &c.

16 A servant hearkened at the door,
and heard this doleful noise:
His Ladies mercy he doth implore,
but she'l not hear his voice.
Oh jealousie, &c.

17 Away with sorrow he goes again,
to hear those dreadful groans,
He plainly hears within the Den,
how she her self bemoans;
Oh jealousie, &c.

18 Again he to his Lady goes,
and to her makes his prayers,
This cruel Lady slights her woes,
and kicks him down the stairs;
Oh jealousie, &c.

19 Then back again he doth return
to try if he could hear
This Virgin innocent to mourn,
which put him in great fear.
Oh jealousie, &c.

20 He could not hear no noise at all,
which did him sore affright,
Vnto his Lady he did call,
at twelve a clock i'th night;
Oh jealousie, &c.

21 O cruel Lady now, quoth he,
your ends you sure have had,
Make hast for shame, come down and see,
I fear the Virgins dead.
O jealousie, &c.

22 She starts to hear this sudden fate,
and does with Torches run,
Vnto the Dungeon, but oh! too late,
for death his worst had done.
Oh jealousie, &c.

23 The door was opened, where they found,
the Virgin laid along,
with four great snakes upon the ground,
who her to death had stung.
Oh jealousie, &c.

24 One did her legs and thighs embrace,
and round her neck another,
One round her wast, one on her face,
all which her breath did smother;
Oh jealousie, &c.

25 The Snakes being from her body thrust,
their bellies were so fill'd,
That they with her warm blood did burst
so all of them were kill'd.
Oh jealousie, &c.

26 The wicked Lady at this sight,
first trembled, then run mad,
And so she dy'd, which was her right,
'cause she no pitty had;
Oh jealousie, &c.

27 Let me advise good people all,
of jealousie to beware,
It causes many a one to fall,
it is the devils snare.
Oh jealousie, &c.

Printed for W. Thackeray, at the sign of the Angel in Duck-lane.

132

The bloody-minded husband

II, 169, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

John Chambers of Tanworth, a Warwickshire village, grew tired of his wife, and several times laid plans to murder her. Finally he persuaded his servant to do the deed; and as Mrs. Chambers sat at her spinning-wheel the servant shot her with a musket. Apparently (stanza 15) before she died she denounced him and her husband. The two were arrested, tried, condemned, and executed.

John Deacon is said by Plomer (*Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725) to have published from 1682 to 1701. As a guess this ballad may be dated about 1685.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 162–164, 167.

THE Bloody-minded Husband;

OR, The Cruelty of *John Chambers*, who lately lived at *Tanworth*, in *Warwick-shire*, and conspir'd the Death of his Wife, hiring a Servant to Shoot her with a Musket, which he accordingly did; for which they were both Arraign'd, found Guilty, and Executed for the same.

Tune is, *Aim not too high.*

Licensed according to Order.

1 GOod People all I pray attend, and mind
This Mournful Ditty and you'll quickly find,
That cruel Sins does in this Kingdom Reign,
Of which we have just reason to Complain.

2 To see how Men run on their wicked Race,
With eagerness, as being void of Grace;
Taking delight in those Notorious Crimes,
Which are the cause of our Distracted times.

3 Some Men with wanton Harlots leads their Life,
And slights the kind Embraces of a Wife;
Till ruin and destruction proves their fate,
And then at length Repentance comes too late.

4 As by these Mournful Lines it will appear,
John Chambers, living in fair *Warwick-shire*,
And at the Town of *Tanworth*, I declare,
A loose lascivious life he did lead there.

5 Keeping a wanton Harlot Company,
But for his loving Wife continually
He then abus'd, and likewise hated so,
That at the length it prov'd his overthrow.

6 That he those sinful pleasures might enjoy,
Alas! he study'd dayly to destroy
The Life of his right lawful loving Bride,
Vnto that end he many methods try'd.

7 As from her Brothers House with him she went,
His cruel heart to wickedness was bent;
He did attempt to Drown her by the way,
Yet Providence preserved her that day.

8 Tho' at this time he could not have his will,
His most inraged Malice reigned still;
So that he neither night nor day could rest,
Having the thoughts of Murder in his breast.

9 Two Soldiers then he labour'd to employ,
In this most horrid cruel Villany;
Yet tho' he proffer'd them large Money then,
They would not be such bloody-minded Men.

10 Tho' he did with these disappointments meet,
Yet he was still resolved to compleat
This bloody Murther on his loving Wife,
And in short space bereave her of her Life.

11 He hir'd then a Servant of his own,
Declaring that it never would be known.
This said, the Wretch did not disputing stand,
But straightways took the Bloody work in hand.

12 Now while they did their Treachery conceal,
Poor heart, who was set at her Spinning-Wheel,
Free from the thoughts of either dread or fear,
Who little knew her Death was drawing near.

13 Servant and Master being both agreed,
A Muskuet straight they Charge, and Load with speed;
The Servant coming to his harmless Dame,
He Shot her through the Body with the same.

14 Just as she had receiv'd the fatal Wound,
And languishing, lay sprawling on the ground,
Her Husband came for to Salute her then,
Like a false wretch, the very worst of Men.

15 But she (alas) refus'd his *Judas* Kiss,
And with her dying voice, she told him this;
By Murther now you have procur'd my death,
And with those words she yielded up her breath.

16 Master and Man was then to Prison sent,
In order for a Lawful Punishment:
Nay, likewise when Assizes came at last,
They for this Murder was Arraign'd and Cast.

17 Now on the day that he was brought to Dye,
The Master call'd to all the standers by;
Wishing that they by him might warning take,
And all lewd Womens Company forsake.

18 For they alone, alas! has Ruin'd me,
And now this day my dismal Doom I see;
Had I been kind and loving to my Wife,
I might have liv'd a long and happy Life.

19 Farewel the World and all vain Pleasures here,
Good God, when I before thy Throne appear,
Altho' my Sins are many, gross and foul,
Do thou be merciful, and save my Soul.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Giltspur street*, without *Newgate*.

133

The Yorkshire tragedy

II, 182, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

From the dates during which Josiah Blare is known to have published, it appears that this ballad was written after 1683; and as a guess it is assigned to the year 1685. Henry Grigson, "a ruff Villain," in company with other thieves, murdered at Slatburn (or Slaidburn), Yorkshire, a young girl and a youth who was visiting her, rifled the house, and escaped without detection. But the girl's sweetheart gave up his work to hunt for the murderers, and two years later found Grigson, had him arrested, and saw him legally executed. The murderer, of course, made an edifying end at the gallows, and won the sympathy and approval of the ballad-writer.

The tune of *Fond boy, what dost thou mean* takes its name from the first line of "An Excellent New Song, of the Two Happy Lovers" (Pepys, v, 184), where the music is printed. An alternative tune (cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 481–483, IV, 338–341), *If love's a sweet passion*, is discussed in the introduction to No. 137.

The York-shire Tragedy:
GIVING An Account of a Barbarous Murther Committed on the Bodies of a young Man and Maid, by Thieves, who made their escape, and was not found in two Years after; and then being apprehended, they were Arraigned, and their Ring-leader found Guilty; for which he received the due Sentence of Death, and was accordingly Executed at York late Sizes.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

To the Tune of, *Fond Boy.*

1 NOw, now loving People be pleas'd to draw near,
For a dismal Relation at large you shall hear,
How the innocent Blood of a Damsel was shed,
A Youth mortally wounded, the Murtherers fled;
Yet at length being seiz'd, they to Iustice was brought,
At a time when all danger was past, as they thought.

2 The manner how they did this Murther commit,
And the time they escap'd, to the World I have writ,
That it may be a warning to others this day,
Therefore listen a while to this Ditty I pray,
In the Town of fair Slatburn a Widow did dwell,
Who had one only Daughter she loved right well.

3 She had but that Daughter, not any Child more;
Now for her she had gather'd up Riches great store,
In broad pieces of Gold, nay, and Silver likewise;
Now the Thieves being told of this wonderful Prize,
They were never at rest, but did constantly wait
For a fit oppertunity, early and late.

4 While these cruel Ruffins in close ambush lay,
Like the Fox, or fierce Lyon that wait for their Prey;
The good Woman went forth, leaving no one within
But a Youth and her Daughter; the Thieves did begin
For to enter the House, and was desperate too,
And a sad bloody Slaughter did straightways ensue.

5 The poor frighted Damsel did trembling stand,
One of them did come to her with Pistol in hand,
And discharged the same through the midst of her head,
Blood and brains both did follow, she fell down for dead;
Yet they pinn'd her [1] likewise with a Sword to the ground,
And the Youth that was with her receiv'd his death's wound.

6 Now while the young Damsel lay bath'd in her blood,
Which did flow from her Veins like a deluge or flood;
Oh! these murderous Thieves they were pleas'd to make bold
With the best of Apparel, nay, Silver and Gold,
For they rifl'd the House to replenish their store,
And was never discover'd for two Years and more.

7 This was to the Mother a dreadful surprize,
For to see the young Youth and her Daughter likewise,
In that bloody condition, both wreaking in gore,
Then she bitterly screak'd when she enter'd the door,
For her Daughter she found with the Sword in her side,
I am ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, her Mother she cry'd.

8 A young Man that had been in league with this Maid,
For the space of two Years he did lay by his Trade,
Ever searching for them, and by Fortune at last
They were taken and try'd, their head Ring-leader cast,
A ruff Villain, bold Henry Grigson by name,
He confessed the Murther, and dy'd for the same.

9 At length being brought to the place of his Death,
Where he was to surrender and yield up his breath,
He besought all the People that stood round him there,
For to joyn with him then in the duty of Prayer,
That the Lord would be pleased his Sins to forgive,
So his Soul may in Heaven eternally live.

[1] *Text* he.

Then mounting the Ladder he bitterly wept,
Fare you well the bad Company which I have kept,
You have ruined me, for my Life's at an end;
Loving Father of Heaven on thee I depend,
For thy Mercies are many I needs must confess;
Let my Sins be forgiven tho' I did transgress.

London: Printed for I Blare, on London-bridge.

134

The true loyalist

11, 223, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts, slightly torn. Wood dated the copy in his collection (Bodleian, Wood 417 [115]) first as 1686, later as 1683; but since it was licensed by Richard Pocock it must have been printed towards the end of 1685, after he had succeeded Sir Roger L'Estrange as licenser of ballads.[1] The stationer Back also printed Wood's copy, which has two columns in roman and italic type, with a musical score but no woodcuts.

"Caesar" (cf. No. 101) is the name for Charles II favored by the ballad-writers.[2] In the present song he is praised in the first stanza, while the Duke of York ("Royal Almanzo") is mentioned favorably in stanza 2. The first two stanzas were reprinted, among other places, in Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, pp. 326–327; in *A New Garland Composed of Fifteen of the Choicest Songs and Catches à la mode now in Request*, No. 5, about 1686; and in *The Court of Curiosities*, No. 4, about 1686.

On John Back see Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725, pp. 12–13.

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[1] "R. L. S.," by the way, gave his *imprimatur* to one of the Pepys ballads as late as November 9, 1685. He licensed *A Poem on the Present Assembly of Parliament*, 1686 (Bodleian, Ashmole G.16 [30]), on November 7, 1686.

[2] In D'Urfey's *The Royalist*, 1682, act 1, after a health has been drunk to Caesar, Slouch asks, "An't please your Worship may we not drink the Kings Health now we have had Mr. *Cesars*." Sir Charles Kinglove contemptuously responds, "*Cæsar* is the King, Sirra! you have had it already"; whereupon Copyhold, a fellow-rustic, adds, "dost not thou know that *Cæsar* is *Latin* for *King*."

The True LOYALIST; OR, The Obedient SUBJECT, A Loyal SONG.

To the Tune of, *Let Cæsar live long.*

1 LEt *Cæsar* live long, and his temper abide,
Who twenty years Plentiful seasons has try'd,
Let twenty, and twenty, be counted too few,
Still every Season consisting of new;
Till tyr'd with the Ioys which this world can afford,
He retires to be made a more Glorious Lord.

2 Let a Royal *Almanzo* [1] Great *Cæsar* succeed,
And *England* from Faction for ever be freed;
Through endless Succession may his Race ever run,
Who by Sea and by Land such wonders has done.
May his issue increase, and these Nations Rule o're,
Vntil ages last period, and time be no more.

3 UPon our blest Prince, may all blessings increase
And *England* thus happy, still flourish in peace,
For his safety and Life, may his Subjects all pray,
And always be Loyal, and ever Obey;
All round the vast Globe may his Glories be known,
And let Fame with her Trumpet declare his Renown.

4 May all his great actions increase in us love,
And all his proceedings be Crowned above,
May all in his Kingdoms prove Loyal and true,
And Faction and Folly no longer pursue:
May his Scepter endure like the Sun, that does give
A bright Beauty and Lustre to all things that live.

5 May Angels preserve him that sits at the Helm,
And teaches how Rulers should Govern a Realm;
All Princes in *Æurope* rehearse his Great Name,
And his Wisdom and Conduct, and Glory proclaim:
So happy are we in our Soveraign Lord,
That's so great, good, and just, and so true to his word.

[1] *Almanzor* in Wood's copy, as in D'Urfey's play.

6 While all other Kingdoms are busied in War,
While tydings of troubles are brought from afar,
'Tis *England* (alone) rests secure, void of fear,
Then how happy, how happy, we Subjects are here:
Our Obedience and Duty will teach us to sing,
And declare how the Nation is blest in her King.

7 Observe how some *Cedar* does stretch out his arms,
And kindly protects the young Trees from all harms,
No Tempest or Wind can his friendship remove,
He braves all the Storms, and stands firm in his love;
Nor the wind hurts with cold, nor the Sun with his heat
For he shades all their beauty, and makes them look sweet.

8 This Royal high Cedar is *Cæsar* our King,
The Trees are his Subjects safe under his Wing;
what clouds or what storms, or what winds need we fear
When Angels guard him, for to guard us all here;
Long, long may he Reign here, whose Vertues we sing,
And now, now Boys, your Bonnets all,
God save the King.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

Printed for *J. Back* at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge.*

135

England's mercies

II, 226, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts. Other copies: British Museum, C. 22. f. 6 (206[v]); Huth-Harvard, II, 306[v].

Sir Roger L'Estrange must have been only too glad to license this ballad which hardly touches on political matters. It was written about 1685, and describes conditions existing after the defeat of Monmouth. Its picture of trading is far less doleful than is customary in ballads. Death is common, the balladist informs his readers, and he urges them to lay up treasures in heaven rather than riches on earth. For another ballad that begins, "Poor England's sorrows this many a year," see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 753–754.

For the two tunes see Nos. 104 and 123.

ENGLAND'S MERCIES

In the Midst of Miserys. OR, The Poor-Man's Comfort in a Time of Trouble.

To the Tune of, *Packingtons Pound*, OR, *Digbys Farewell.*

Entred according to Order.

1 POor *England* thy sorrows this many a year,
Has caus'd in thy mind a suspition of fear,
Dreading that thou should [1] be brought very low,
But be of good comfort it may not be so:
We have a good God that still doth provide,
If we do but serve him he will be our guide;
We need not to fear that our Foes can devour
They can do no more then the Lord gives them power.

2 What though the times they be never so bad,
Yet be of good comfort and look not so sad,
For every sorrow will sure have an end;
If thou dost endeavour to make him thy friend:
Who certainly will provide for the just
In troubles and sorrows thou still shalt be blest:
Thou need'st not to fear the fierce rage of thy foes
Nor yet in the least to be discompos'd.

3 Every morsel of bread thou dost eat,
If thou art contented be sure it is sweet;
'Tis better to thee then the Misers great store,
Though he hath abundance yet still he is poor:
His covetous heart is his Heaven for Gold,
And's never at quiet though he doth behold
A sufficient supply for many a year,
Yet he is possest with a poverty fear.

4 Why should we incumber our selves with such care
To distract our wits or to live in dispair,
What though thy condition be never so mean,
If there be content, there will comfort be seen:

[1] *All the copies have* should'd.

'Tis certain we have not long for to stay,
Death doth approach, and our lives doth decay,
Then blessed is he that doth lye down in peace,
His sorrows doth end, and his joys will increase.

5 Why should we distrust in his Mercies at all,
We see that his bountiful hand is to all.
We find that he hath a regard to the poor,
And feeds them with Bread from a plentiful store:
What though thou art cast into Prison for debt,
Yet be of good chear in the least do not fret;
For thou shalt have food for to nourish thy life,
And God will provide for thy Children and wife:

6 Some men are complaining that trading is dead,
But blessed be God there is plenty of bread,
The earth in abundance brings forth her increase,
Can we be but thankful, and rest here in peace:
We have no just cause to grieve and repine,
Rely upon him who is so divine,
For sure he is able always to provide,
For thee and for me, and the whole world beside.

7 Great persons that go so gallant and fine,
That hath in their pockets great plenty of Coyn,
Yet still they have troubles we daily do see,
On this side the Grave there is no man is free:
An extravagant Son may waste an estate,
VVhich may to his Father much sorrow create,
There is this way and likewise many ways more,
That rich men hath troubles as well as the poor.

8 Then let us prepare for the hour of death,
'Tis certain we must surrender our breath,
For whether thou art prepared or no,
Death will thee arrest, thou must certainly go,
Then set not thy heart on things here below,
For riches doth often thy mind overthrow,
For better it is to live mean and upright,
Then to have great plenty to ruine us quite.

9 Alas in this life there is trouble and pain,
Let's keep a good conscience that we may obtain
The true joys of Heaven, likewise perfect peace,
And then all the cares of the world it will cease:
That man that doth live and dye in the Lord,
Shall certainly then receive his reward,
For Death shall appear like a stingless friend,
And lead him to joys which shall never have end.

10 All you that have heard these words now of me,
I wish they may prove an advantage to thee:
To bear up [1] thy Spirits in sorrow and care,
And keep thee from every thought of dispair:
Then may we have comfort and joy to the end,
As knowing that God will still be [2] our friend,
For he in his mercies will still us defend,
And be our safe guard [3] even to our lives end.

This may be Printed, *R. L. S.*

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel without Newgate.

[1] *Text* us. [2] *Text* he. [3] *Text* gaurd.

136

London's praise

IV, 339, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. Other copy: Rawlinson, f. 140 (Bodleian), a different edition, also published by Hose.

An earlier edition of eight stanzas is printed in the collection of poems at the end of B. R.'s (Sir Benjamin Rudyerd's?) *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660, 1660, pp. 158–160;[1] and other versions appear (with music) in *Wit and Mirth*, 1700, pp. 40–43 (1707, 1712, II, 40–43; 1719, IV, 40–43), (without music) in *The Hive*, 1732, IV, 173–177, in *A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs*, 1735, I, 86–88, and in *Philomel*, 1744, pp. 47–50. See further Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 219–220, II, 774–775. The present version was revised and printed about 1685.

The ballad shows how deeply the lord mayors' processions and pageantry impressed the popular mind. The dignity of the office, too, is well brought out, and mention is made (in stanza 8) of Walworth and his bravery in the time of Wat Tyler's rebellion, on which see No. 56.

J. Hose is not mentioned in Plomer's dictionaries of printers. See No. 195.

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[1] It was composed before 1648, as is proved by the following parody in *The Parliament-kite*, July 20–27, 1648, p. 57: "we are for all this further off from Peace then ever, and in as sad a condition; and may make our selves merry with this Song,

London it is a brave Town,
I much their cases pitty,
The Major, and some few Aldermen,
have quite undone the Citty.
The Common Councel close do sit
like little *Luke* in Saddle,
Yet Peace cannot be brooded yet,
for all their Eggs turn addle."

LONDONS PRAISE,

OR, *The Glory of the CITY.* Shewing the great Glory of the most Famous City in the whole World, called *London:* with a Description of my Lord Mayors shew in what manner; and how he is accompanyed by the noble Court of Aldermen, and the City Companies, and in what pomp and state they are attended, first by water to *Westminster*, and as they return back by land through *Cheap-side* to *Guild-Hall*, the like not to be seen in any City in the whole world.

Tune of, *London is a brave Town*, &c.

1 OF all the Songs that e're was pen'd,
there's none I ever saw,
Old *Englands* Glory did commend,
which keeps the world in awe:
'Tis *London* that renowned place,
of which I now shall sing;
All must submit to Sword and Mace,
such terror they do bring:
Then London *is a brave Town,*
and a fine City;
'Tis govern'd by a Scarlet-Gown,
then mark you well my ditty.

2 *Guild-hall* a stately structure is,
like to a Palace brave,
Those that offend and do amiss,
their Sentence there must have.
Iustice with Sword and Ballance stands,[1]
to weigh aright each case,
The Rich with bribes cannot command,
'tis equity takes place;
O London *is a brave*, &c

[1] Rhyme requires *stand.*

3 Vnder our Gracious Lord the King,
such Magistrates abound,
That peace and comfort they do bring,
to those in sorrows drown'd:
They punish Malefactors,
and do the poor defend,
But those that are ill actors,
they unto Prison send.
Sing London *is a brave*, &c.

4 My Lord Mayor in most noble state,
does govern all the rest,
The Aldermen associate,
with splender not exprest.
They govern well this City great,
of wealth they know no end;
But dayly sit in Iustice seat,
their Neighbours to defend:
Sing London *is a brave town,*
and a fine City,
'Tis govern'd by [1] Scarlet-gown,
then mark you well my Ditty.

5 THe Officers sit under them,
this City for to view,
Such as are good substantial Men,
to see if weights are true:
To try if measures be'nt too small,
it is their dayly care;
The poor may have no wrong at all,
nor that they couzened are:
Sing London *is a brave Town,*
and a fine City, &c.

6 If Bakers bread do prove too light,
believe me what I say,
My Lord Mayor puts them in a fright,
and takes their bread away,

[1] Read *by a.*

And gives it to the *London* poor,
that in the City dwell,
Which makes the Baker vex full sore,
when he wants bread to sell.
sing London *is a brave*, &c.

7 The Ale-wives though they nick & froth,
their Pots must hold a quart,
The Swearers if they swear an Oath,
their Purses must pay for't:
All this to regulate mens ways,
his Lordship doth take care,
The world [1] so wicked now adays,
their studies to insnare.
but London *is a brave*, &c.

8 It is not many Years ago,
as History makes known,
Since to the Crown a publique foe,
by a Lord Mayor was o'rethrown,
VVho singly fought with him in field,
and bravely play'd his part,
He quickly made his foe to yield,
for he stuck him to the heart.
Sing London *is a brave*, &c.

9 The rest for fear did quickly flye,
their Captain being dead,
For had they staid they all should dye
like him that was their head.
The bloody Dagger since that day,
i'th City Arms stands fair,
That all that see't remember may,
'twas won by a Lord Mayor.
Sing London *is a brave*, &c.

10 Vnto themselves a Charter free,
this wealthy City holds,
All that have freedom there to be,
the Chamberlain enrolls.

[1] *Text* worl'd. *Read* world's *with the Rawlinson copy.*

No Forraigner can set up there,
their orders are so strong,
In Shop they must not sell no ware,
least they the Free-men wrong.
Sing London *is a brave*, &c.

11 A countrey Boy comes up to town,
perhaps no cloaths to his back:
Nor to one creature there is known,
yet he need never lack:
If that he be but just and true,
and have an honest face,
And willing any work to do,
he need not want a place.
Sing London *is a brave*, &c.

12 The glory of this City fair,
you yearly may behold,
For once a year they chuse Lord Mayor,
whose train doth shine with gold.
I'th morning as they go to Court,
the *Thames* with wood is cover'd,
Loud Musick plays, Guns give report,
the Sun with smoak is smother'd.
Sing London *is a brave*, &c.

13 Then as he back returns by Land,
to shew brave *Londons* art,
Pageants are fram'd by a curious hand,
which joys the peoples heart.
Accompanied unto *Guild-hall*,
with stately Gallantry,
He nobly entertains them all,
with great Variety.
sing London *is a brave*, &c.

14 So every year they change Lord Mayor,
to shew their mutual Love,
And that in power they equal are,
and none the other above:

Now God preserve our Royal King,
and send the City plenty,
This is the Poets offering,
who hopes it will content ye.
Sing London *is a brave town,*
and a fine City:
'Tis governed by a Scarlet Gown,
thus I conclude my ditty.

Finis.

Printed for J. Hose, over-against staples-Inn in Holbourn, neer Grays-Inn-lane.

137

The two unhappy lovers

v, 332, roman and black-letter type, two columns, musical score printed, stanzas numbered in large roman numerals. Other copy: British Museum, C. 39. K. 6 (51). A date of about 1685 seems plausible.

A rich merchant's daughter sets her cap for a wealthy young squire, and scorns the love of a merchant. The latter dies of a broken heart, the squire in turn deserts our heroine and in despair and remorse she drinks poison. The ballad is somewhat mixed in its morality, but sentimental readers no doubt saw what it was driving at. In any case, the ballad tells the news more satisfactorily than an actual news-sheet would have told it. Compare, for example, the baldness of *The Domestick Intelligence*, No. 114, June 22–26, 1682: "Yesterday [June 23] a Maid Drowned her self at *Islington*, being in a Fit of Mallancholy, occasioned by the Marriage of a Person, who had formerly made her a Solemn promise of the same."

The tune is named from the first line of "The Young Lovers Enquiry" (Pepys collection, v, 173), and the music for it (by Henry Purcell) is printed on that ballad, as well as on No. 137 and in *Wit and Mirth*, 1699, p. 312 (1707, 1714, I, 312; 1719, III, 287–288; 1720, VI, 82).[1] See also the discussion of the tune in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 31–33.

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[1] The *Wit and Mirth* ballad will be found reprinted in *The Fairy-Queen*, 1692, act III (pp. 29–30); *Philomel*, 1744, p. 30; *The Compleat Academy of Complements*, 1705, p. 118; *The Aviary*, *ca.* 1750, p. 271; *The Bull-Finch*, *ca.* 1775, p. 321; Ramsay's *The Tea-Table Miscellany* (14th ed., 1871 reprint, I, 129–130); *The London Songster; Or Polite Musical Companion*, 1773, pp. 201–202; *The New Vocal Enchantress*, *ca.* 1788, pp. 164–165; *The Masque: A new and select Collection of . . . Songs*, *ca.* 1790, p. 128; and elsewhere. Most of the volumes mentioned above have three stanzas instead of the two in *Wit and Mirth*.

The two Unhappy Lovers;

Being a Wealthy Merchant who broke his heart for Love, and the Mercers Beautiful Daughter, who after his Death, Poysoned her self in dispair.

Tune of, *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

1 IN *London* there lived a Beautiful Maid,
Only Daughter unto a Rich Mercer by Trade,
Who had left to her Portion full three thousand pound,
Thus both Riches and beauty in her did abound;
But the Pride of her insolent heart soar'd above
All the graces of Beauty, and blasted her Love.

2 As through the fair City she blazed her Fame,
For to Court her, a Merchant and Shop-keeper came
Nay, a wealthy young Squire, and Curnol likewise,
Each indeavour'd to gain this Rich Beautiful prize,
But their proffered Services prov'd but in vain,
For she frown'd, and returned the Darts of disdain.

3 I'll have no Mechanick Shop-keeper, she cry'd,
Nor shall any poor Souldier e're lye by my side;
No, nor Merchant, who ventures his stock on the Seas
She return'd them such insolent answers as these;
But the wealthy young Squire she fancy'd we hear,
Whose Estate was some five or six thousand a year.

4 The Noble brave Curnol he valu'd her not,
And the Shop-keeper straightways her beauty forgot;
But the wounded young Merchant he languishing cry'd,
Have I lov'd her! yet must I be clearly deny'd?
O go tell her, except she some pity will take,
That her Languishing Lover must dye for her sake.

5 She soon was inform'd of her languishing Love
Yet no manner of pitty this Damsel could move
But she laugh'd in derision and thus did reply,
I'll not hinder the Youth, if he's willing to dye;
For no Merchant my Person shall ever imbrace,
While a Rich noble Gallant young Squire's in place.

6 So soon as her Answer was brought to his Ear,
He reply'd with a sigh and a Sorrowful Tear,
I am ruin'd by Beauty, my Glory is fled,
In the dark silent Grave I will now lay my Head
Thus he straitway departed, and left her to know
Many days of sad sorrow for slighting him so.

7 The Squire whom she did so dearly adore,
He rejected her Charms, and came near her no more,
This beginning of sorrow she presently found,
For the Arrows of *Cupid* had given the Wound,
And did cause her in passionate sorrow to cry,
There is none in the world more unhappy than I.

8 My true Love the Merchant I sent to the Grave,
When it lay in my absolute power to save
His dear innocent Life; nay, I kill'd him with grief,
And deny'd him so much as one glance of relief;
Therefore now to my passionate sorrow I find,
I am justly rewarded, and serv'd in my kind.

9 After my true love to the Grave let me go,
For here's nothing but torment and trouble I know,
With which my poor sorrowful Soul is opprest,
Let this Potion of Poyson now end the contest.
Then she took up the draught, and did trembling cry,
I am coming my Love, for thy sake I will dye.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Conyers*, at the *Anchor* and *Bible* near St. *Peters* Church in *Corn-Hill*.

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The scornful damsel's overthrow

v, 324, roman and italic type, two columns, two woodcuts.

As a guess, the date of the ballad may be assumed to be about 1685. The theme is a variation on the downfall of pride. A haughty young damsel shows no pity at all to her languishing suitors. To punish her, a pretty maid dons male attire, woos and weds her, only to reveal the trick at the wedding dinner; whereupon the humiliated "bride" goes into the fields and kills herself with a dagger. Compare Richard Brome's comedy, *A Mad Couple Well Matched* (1636), in which Alicia acts somewhat like this ballad-heroine; a play, *The Counterfeit Bridegroom: or the Defeated Widow* (1677); *The She-Wedding* (1684), reprinted in *The Harleian Miscellany*, VI (1810), 402–404; a Huth-Harvard ballad (I, 28), "Cheat upon Cheat, Or, The Debaucht Hypocrite. Being a True Account of two Maidens, who lived in London near Fish-street, the one being named Susan, the other Sarah, Susan, being dressed in Mans Apparel, Courted Sarah, to the Great Trouble of the deceived Damsel" (*ca.* 1685); a Pepys ballad (v, 424), "Comical News from Bloomsbury. The Female Captain: Or, The Counterfit Bridegroom: Giving a Full and True Relation how one Madam Mary Plunket, alias, Williams; a young Woman of eighteen Years of Age, who put on Man's Apparel, assum'd the Name of Capt. Charles Fairfax, set up for a young Heir, courted a young Gentlewoman of Bloomsbury, and . . . was married to her by a Jacobite Parson" (*ca.* 1690); and a single sheet, "The Counterfeit Bridegroom," *ca.* 1700 (British Museum, 816.m.19[21]), which is localized in Southwark.

Cases of two women's "marrying" are not uncommon even in modern times. One of the strangest instances, that of Mary East (†1781) who for thirty-four years lived with "his wife" at Epping and Poplar without detection, is related in Henry Wilson's *Wonderful Characters*, I (1821), 276–281, and Granger's *New Wonderful Museum*, II (1804), 1148–1152. Arthur Griffiths, *The Chronicles of Newgate*, I (1884), 242, tells of Anne Marrow who married three women, and of Mary Hamilton who married fourteen. Present-day newspapers furnish other examples. The New York *Times* for April 13, 1924, carried a dispatch from New Britain, Connecticut, telling of two

women who married in that city on March 17, of the "husband's" sentence to five months in jail for perjury, and of the "wife's" sentence to thirty days for subornation of perjury. The same paper for October 8, 1925, told of a New York woman who had been married on May 9, 1923, and who filed suit in the Supreme Court to have her marriage annulled because the "husband" was "at all times of the female sex and not male, as defendant fraudulently represented self to be." Still another such marriage was noticed in the Denver *Post* for July 9, 1924, and in the early months of 1929 the London newspapers made much of a notorious case. Centuries earlier, in the romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, Ide (Huon's granddaughter) married Olive. But to make a mock-marriage, as in the ballad, in order to punish pride, seems unprecedented.

The tune of *O Billy, Billy, whither art thou fled* comes from the first line of "An Excellent New Song, Called, The Injured Phillis" (Pepys collection, v, 349), which was sung "to a pleasant and delightful new tune."

THE Scornful Damsels Overthrow,
And The Young Maidens Frollick; Shewing how a Beautiful Damsel, in the City of *London*, was Courted by several young Men, whom she scornfully deny'd, disdaining their proffered Loves And how at last a young beautiful Maiden, in Mans *Apparel* did Woe her, and Wed her, and after the Wedding Dinner discovered her *self:* Which *when the other Damsel beheld, she went out into the Fields, full of grief, and kill'd her self.*

Tune of, *O Billy, Billy.*

1 A Youthful Damsel did in *London* dwell,
most Beautiful, and Fair, was she,
Whom many a brisk Young Man loved well,
each striving her true Lover for to be.
But she did cry, I'll not comply,
No, no, not I, to your Request:
Therefore begone, a Lover I'll have none,
A Maiden-life I still account the best.

2 And she, with great Disdain, them all deny'd,
thinking her self too good for all,
Still puffing up her self in her own pride,
(which in the end had a most Fatal fall)
Glory'ng that she, from love be'ng free,
Could Mistress be o'er e'ery heart,
That to her came, refusing, with disdain,
Their love, causing 'em in great grief to part.

3 Which when a prity Maid did understand,
this pleasant Frollick she begun,
Her self attired like a Gentleman,
she went to Court her as the rest had done,
She seem'd a sweet young Youth compleat,
So fine and neat, be'ng comely drest,
Did so insnare the scornful Damsel fair,
That her hard heart with love it was possest.

4 Then this supposed youthful Gentleman,
Did closely wooe this Damsel gay,
Till at the last she could not him withstand,
and full resolv'd no longer to say nay,
For *Cupids* Dart, with cruel smart,
Did wound her heart with gentle love,
Which she, in truth, so fixt upon this youth,
That none but death should ever it remove.

5 Which to her Lover she did thus impart,
saying, Kind sir, now you have won
My love, and stole away my gentle heart,
if you prove false I'm ruin'd and undone.
Then lovingly, he did reply,
Contentedly now rest, said he,
For I declare, and solemnly do swear,
Your honour spoiled nere shall be for me.

6 The set day for their marriage being come,
in splendor great they wedded were,
A gallant train did wait upon them home,
some of her former lovers being there,
the Damsel she was blith and free,
not thinking she a Maid had wed,
Now dinner done, the bride maids also gone,
for to prepare and deck the bridal bed.

7 But now comes the Brides sorrow, grief and woe
the Damsel that this prank had play'd,
Before the Company from thence did go,
her self discover'd for to be a Maid,
When this was shown, she soon was known
For to be one that liv'd hard by,
Which when beheld, the brides heart was so fill'd,
With sorrow that she swounded instantly.

8 Now when the truth of all she understood,
she was so troubled in her mind,
that she resolv'd to spill her dearest blood,
for in this life no comfort could she find,
Fill'd with Despair, and void of care,
She did prepare this world to part,
VVith this intent, into the fields she went,
And with a Dagger pierc'd her gentle heart.

Printed for *J. Bissel*, at the *Bible* and *Harp* in *West-Smithfield*.

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The broken contract

v, 329, roman and italic type, two columns.

Another warning against falsity in love, in which a Dover girl promises to marry a London merchant, but during his absence decides to become the wife of a knight. As the wedding ceremony is about to be performed she is struck dumb, and in a day or two dies. The bereaved knight disappears from the picture, while the merchant sails into the wilderness of wide ocean to hide his sorrows. The date may be assumed to be about 1685.

The tune, *All happy times when free from love*, is discussed in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 26, 27, 793 n., IX, 654. It is equivalent to *The languishing swain*.

Two Thomas Moores are named in Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725. The name also occurs in the colophons of Nos. 353, 377, 382, 404, 417, 425, 428. See also the notes to Nos. 171, 291, 430.

The broken Contract;

OR, The Perjured Maiden. Being A Relation of a young Maid in *Kent*, who had promised to Marry a young Merchant, went afterwards to Marry a Knight, and was struck Dumb as the Minister was Marrying of her.

Tune of, *All Happy Times.*

1 NEar unto *Dover* lived late,
A Maiden most unfortunate,
The only Child her Father had,
She broke her vow and now is Dead.

2 She was most beautiful and Fair,
With Rosie Cheeks and cold black Hair,
She had fine Shapes [1] with comly meen,
Her Age was not above Fifteen.

3 A Merchant young which came on Shore,
Did spie her at her Father's Door,
He was amaz'd and gasing stood,
But had not power to speak one word.

4 He went unto a Tavern by,
Sent for her Father presently,
And said, kind Sir, 'tis in your Will,
To save a young Man, or to Kill.

5 What is it young Man you would have,
Your Daughter for a Wife I crave,
Get her consent, I'll give you mine,
I thank you Sir, a thousand times.[2]

6 The Merchant to the Daughter went,
And strove to get her free consent.
At first she seem'd most strange and shie,
But his kind words made her comply.

7 And when that he had won her Heart,
She freely did her *Love* impart,
And vow'd she'd have him out of hand,
Rather than any *Lord* o' th' Land.

[1] *Read* shape. [2] Rhyme requires *time.*

8 When she agreed to Marry him,
A thousand times he kiss'd her then;
They in each others Arms did lie,
Vowing to Marry speedily.

9 *Valentines* Day they pitch'd upon,
For these two Lovers to make one;
The youth for *London* came straight way,
To buy all things for th' Wedding Day.

10 He left with her great store of Gold,
With Diamonds, Pearls, Riches untold,
To be a pledge in his Exile,
But mark what happen'd the mean while.

11 While the young Merchant he was gone,
A Knight with Coach and Six did come,
With Footmen running by his side,
This Knight did Court her for his Bride.

12 The Maiden thought it brave indeed,
To be a Lady all with speed;
The Merchant being out of sight,
She consented to have the Knight.

13 They fix'd upon a Day with speed,
Then went to Church for to be wed;
Then mark what Judgments fall on some,
When she would speak she was struck dumb.

14 But when she to her self did come,
She cry'd a loud, oh I'm undone:
Forgive me my dear Merchant now,
Oh pray forgive my perjur'd Vow.

15 She languished a day or two,
And then this World she bid adieu.
With this Advice to those unwed,
To keep their Vows they promised.

16 And when the *Merchant* did return,
And heard his Love was dead and gone,
He went on Board to sail the *Main*,
And vow'd he'd nere return again.

Printed and Sold by T. Moore.

The treachery of the Spaniards

v, 3–4, roman and italic type, two columns, mutilated (especially in stanza 10), though nearly all the words can be made out. Reprinted in Sir C. H. Firth's *Naval Songs and Ballads*, pp. 92–95.

Under the title Pepys added a manuscript note, "Composed by Hovenden Walker on board y^e^ Dartmouth," which he repeated after the colophon. Sir Hovenden Walker was subsequently a rear-admiral. See the sketch of him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The *Dartmouth* was a fifth-rate vessel (sometimes classed as a fireship),[1] built in 1655, and lost off Mull in November, 1690 (W. L. Clowes, *The Royal Navy*, II [1898], 246, 328).

A Particular account of the Porto Rico action in a Letter from Hov: Walker belonging to the Dartmouth, to a ffriend in London is preserved in MS. Rawlinson A, 189, fols. 337–353. It was written "ffrom on b^d^ y^e^ Dartm^o^ in Nevis Road July 1686," and is provided with a detailed map. Walker tells how he went as a volunteer on the *Dartmouth* to help capture a pirate-ship that had been ravaging English vessels:

> y^e^ 2^7th^ day of Aprill we were before y^e^ Citty of Porto Rico. . . . y^e^ Cap^t^ sent y^e^ Leift^t.^ ashoar w^th^ in y^e^ Harbour and Cap^t^ Biss & the Jew Jnterpreter (while y^e^ ship lay off) to enquire of y^e^ Governor if y^e^ ship might come into wood & water for we wanted both, & if so to desire y^e^ Governor to send off a Pilott to carry us in w^th^ accordingly in a short time was done for a Pilott came off to us in our boat (while y^r^ L^t^ and y^e^ rest were ashoar at y^e^ Governours) & w^th^ an abundance of Complem^ts^ & Civillity's from y^e^ Governor who had offer'd all y^e^ Liberty & freedome Jmmaginable to us. So we Sail'd in and comeing in found it a place extreamly well fortify'd for just at y^e^ Entrance from point to point it is not above ½ a Mile y^e^ points lying at E^t^ & W^t^ and a great way off y^e^ Westermost point lyes foul ground so that a ship going in or out must come w^thin^ Pistol shott of y^e^ East point w^ch^ was high ground & vpon it stands a very strong Castle and below it there are 3 Batteryes one Vnder another all Brass Gunns and as we went in further we Open'd another Fort very low, and another againe to y^e^ Southward of that and then the Walls of y^e^ Citty al along on y^t^ side till you come to y^e^ Governors house &

[1] Listed in Edward Chamberlayne's *Angliae Notitia*, 1687, part II, p. 167, as a vessel of 165 tons, 135 men, and 32 guns.

Castle w^ch^ was w^th^ in y^e^ Wall of y^e^ Citty from w^ch^ part of the wall there run a lowe point Westerly w^th^in w^ch^ point there was a Large Harbor & roome enough for 1000 sayl of shipps vpon w^ch^ all the Gunns of y^t^ part of y^e^ Citty walls might be brought to bear.... as the Pilot brought us in he would have Carry'd us w^th^in y^e^ point but y^e^ Cap^t^ was vnwilling.... [They anchored] abreast y^e^ Governours house.... [The pilot informed them that the pirates were expected daily. He was then carried ashore by the lieutenant and several seamen, who after a time returned with praise for the pleasant entertainment they had met with from the governor.]... Jn y^e^ Morning early went ashoar by y^e^ Cap^ts^ Order M^r^ Warner Cap^t^ Westerbaen Skipper Van Goodwin y^e^ Jew and my selfe we came to y^e^ Gate of y^e^ Citty & it was Open'd and after a while we we[re] admitted to y^e^ Governor whose name was Jasper Martines who rec^d^ us civilly and treated us w^th^ Chocolatte for our break fasts.... [After some discourse about the pirates, they arranged with the governor to have food, wood, and water delivered to them at the city gates. When, however, Walker and others later went on shore to get these articles, the Spaniards treacherously seized their boat, attacked them, overpowered and hurried them] into y^e^ Citty while y^e^ Mobile w^th^ Pikes & drawn Swords follow'd us whooping and hallooing severall times attempting to cut us to peices and run us through w^th^ their Launces crying out (as they poked us forward w^th^ y^e^ Points of their Launces) kill the Heretick dogs others saying lett them alone they'l be all hanged and dead men w^th^in these 3 hours and every house we came by run out fresh people... ready to Murder us.... [One "cavalier" prevented the murderous attempts of the "mobile," but] they beat severall of our men w^th^ their swords and other Jnstruments of Mischief.... w^th^ this noise & tumultuous hurly burly we were carryed to y^e^ Governors house w^ch^ very suddenly proved our Prison for we were no sooner entred y^e^ Door but we were put into a Roome one by one.... [The Spaniards] were very hott in accusing us w^th^ all y^e^ aggravations they could invent, The Governor said it was ill done to bring arms on shoar in y^e^ boat and y^t^ it signify'd some ill designe in us.... [After giving many other details far too numerous to reproduce here, Walker tells of the ultimate release of himself and his comrades and of their return to the *Dartmouth*.] we saw people marching to y^e^ fforts and comeing in Canooes from y^e^ Country and in y^e^ afternoone we observ'd a procession of a Company of white ffryers from Fort to fort as we suppos'd blessing the Soldiers & Guns and encourageing y^e^ men & towards y^e^ dusk we saw y^e^ Cap^t^ Generall as they call'd him marching w^th^ men & Drums beating to one of y^e^ Forts w^ch^ lay most conveniently to hurt us w^ch^ make me very apt to beleive that if we had not gone that night before y^e^ moon was up as soon as she had rose they would have fir'd vpon us.... [As they began to haul in the anchor] there was imediately a Volley of small shot fired at w^ch^ y^e^ Guns from y^e^ Governors house & from y^e^ Walls play'd vpon us as hott as they could. But tho' the Guns on boord were already there was none fir'd The Cap^t^ giveing Ord^rs^ that they should not ffire till we came by y^e^ Fort at y^e^ Point w^ch^ had 3 Batteryes & was most likely to hurt us but all y^e^ while y^e^ Spanyards Gunns fir'd our Drumms beat & men halloo'd to y^t^ degree y^t^ they all most drown'd y^e^ Noyse of y^e^ Spaniards Guns thus we Continued beatting Drums

& hallooing and they fireing Guns till we came y^t^ our Guns could bear vpon y^e^ ffort and batteryes at y^e^ point and then y^e^ Cap^t^ commanded to fire w^ch^ was accordingly done w^th^ a broad side & being before hand w^th^ y^e^ Spaniards there I suppose beat them from their Guns for they were not so brisk there as we Expected but after we had begun we gave them Gun for Gunn & the Cap^t^ Order'd still to keep fireing as we passed by y^t^ the Spaniards might be frighten'd from their Gunns this Continued about 3 hours from y^e^ time we cast to y^e^ time of our being out of shott w^t^ mischeif we did them or how many men of theirs we Kill'd we cannot tell tho' we meant very well for y^e^ Cap^t^ Comm^dd^ y^e^ Gunner to fire at y^e^ Governors house particularly out of y^e^ Gunroom port. And God be thanked we had but two men kill'd and two wounded w^th^ an Vnlucky shott that came on y^e^ Quarter deck but y^e^ ship rec^d^ severall shotts in her Hull & rigging & sails . . . [They reached St. Thomas Island on May 2, and] heard there that y^e^ Cap^t^ of y^e^ Pirate was y^e^ Governors Nephew, and y^e^ Cap^t^ Generall's son.

THE TREACHERY *OF THE* SPANIARDS OF PORTO RICO TO THE DARTMOUTH FRIGOT *AND HER COMPANY.*

1 WHen the *Dartmouth Friggot* lay off a the *Town*,
Thats call'd *Porto Rico*, of some Renown;
The *Captain* sent thither to know if he cou'd
Come peaceably in for Water and Wood.
They answered, We were *welcome* there,
And might venture in without all Fear;
And said it should be their only Care
Whatever we wanted to prepare.

2 On the Governour's promised Honour then
We took up the *Pilot*, who carry'd us in:
We *rod* undisturbed and safe all the Night;
Nor smoak'd any Cheat, till the Morning's Light
Discoverd their base and D——[1] Intent;
For when to the [*W*]*at'ring*[2] *place* we went,
We were seiz'd and into Prison sent;
And then we found out what 'twas they meant.

3 Quoth the Governour, now you shall ne're be free,
Till I your *Commissions* and *Orders* do see:
For your Ship is become a *Forfeiture*,
And I'le sink her if she but dares to stirr:
For here my Guns can command you all,
If she goes not where I say shee shall
Il'e batter her sides with my iron Ball
From every Fort and the City Wall.

4 The Council was call'd, and demurely they sate,
To manage the Business by grave Debate:
The Bald-pated Rascals (as if they were full
Of Politick Tricks) did squint and look dull;
Yet knew not what to doe in the Case,
They could hardly look us in the Face;
Their Action was so openly base,
And *Guilt* made 'em conscious of their Disgrace.

[1] *Sic.* [2] Torn.

5 Till the *Don* cry'd out to the grey-bearded Knaves,
We've now got a parcel of brawny Slaves,
With Provision enough to furnish the Town;
For (unless wee are fools) the Ship is our own:
And Since they are in, we'll make 'em sure,
Our *Harbour*'s mouth is the Prison door:
Take my Advice, and I will secure,
They never shall goe to *Sea* any more:

6 And because that the Ship is *under Command*,
Nor can they the force of our walls withstand,
Wee'll suffer these silly *Poltroons* to go free,
For their *Friggot* thereby gets no Libertie:
But I'le order them to goe where I
Will maul 'em with more Conveniency,
Or where upon the *Shoals* they may ly;
And then they may bid their Ship *Good by*.

7 The busines when they had consulted so well,
They sent us away, and sent one to tell,
That if our *Commander* refus'd to *obey*,
And didn't immediately order to *weigh*,
And further within the Harbour sail,
For certain then that he would not fail
To send some *Bullets* to *ferk our T——*[1]
And *those* would be Words that should prevail.

8 In vain said the CAPTAIN you threaten us, Sirs,
For I value your Guns but as *barking of Currs;*
Begin when you please, you shall find us to be
As brave English *Hearts as e're saw the Sea:*
To morrow, I will certainly *Weigh*,
And brave all your Guns in open day;
Maugre whatever you *do* or *say*,
Your Governours Orders I'le not obey.

9 Next day, to decoy us, he cunningly sent
A fawning Excuse with a Complement;
And said he would try to dispatch us that day,
And send us in *Peace*, and in *Safety* away:

[1] *Sic.*

For he had no *Design* in the thing,
But *Writing Letters* unto our KING,
Which a Messenger he said should bring,
Before the Sun was near Setting.

10 Our *Top-sails* we[re *l*]*oose*,[1] and the *Sheats* were *haul'd home*,
We waited all day; but no *Messenger* come:
We saw on the Shoar the *Friars* so gay,
And some were in *Black*, but most were in *Grey;*
To ev'ry Fort and Castle they went;
But the LORD in heav'n knowes what they *meant*,
Unless (that it might be their intent)
To *bless* e'ry *Man*, *Gun*, and *Battlement.*

11 No sooner the *Fryars* were gone to their home,
But we heard an *Alarm* beat by the Drum,
And then a Command was sent us agen,
To *furl our Top-sails* and *warp further in;*
And if wee didn't immediately
With what the Governour said comply
From all his Forts he'd let the Guns fly,
And batter us most confoundedly.

12 Then streight from the City we plainly could see,
The Souldiers were marching most hastily,
And headed they were by their fat General,
To *man* e'ry Fort and each Castle wall:
But *we* were quite careless all the while,
And at their grand Folly did only *smile*,
Resolving the *Spaniards* to beguile,
And leave 'em without their wish't-for Spoil.

13 By this time the busie old Son was gone down,
And Candles were lighting about the Town,
The *COMMANDER* then cheared his men so brave,
And the word for *cutting the Cable* gave,

[1] Torn.

Which was done i'th twinkling of an eye,
And the Sails were *set* as suddenly,
Which as soon as e're they could espy,
A Volley of *small shott* did let fly.

14 This Warning when every Castle had got,
They fired on us (like mad) theire *great Shott;*
With louder *Huzza's* we answer'd agen,
And shew'd 'em that we were true *English men;*
Thus *under Sail* alongst 'em we past,
And till convenient we kept all Fast
But *Halloo'd out*, nor were agast,
And sent a *Broad-side* amongst 'em at last.

15 Thus *Fireing*, and *Fireing* we held a good space,
And gave 'em the *go by* to their Disgrace;
Three hours or more continu'd the Fight,
With *Fire and Smoke* and a very calm night,
And tho *within Pistol shott* we were
Yet nevertheless we got well clear,
Without much hurt or *any* Fear,
And to tell you the Tale, are now come here.

FINIS.

Printed in the Year MDCLXXXVI.

141

Perjury punished with equal justice

II, 236, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

Miles Prance, a Roman Catholic goldsmith, was committed to Newgate in December, 1678 (Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, IV, 120), for complicity in the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey on October 12. By a fabricated story he managed to secure his release and to have three innocent men — Robert Green, Henry Berry, and Lawrence Hill — put to death for the murder (February, 1679). He continued his lying career by supporting Titus Oates's "revelations" about the Popish Plot. In May, 1686, however, he pleaded guilty to perjury in the trial of Green, Berry, and Hill, and on June 15 (Luttrell, I, 380) he "was brought to the court of kings bench to receive his judgment; which was, to pay a fine of 100 *l.*; that he be brought to all the courts of Westminster Hall with a paper on his head declaring his offence; that he stand in the pillory thrice for an hour, before Westminster Hall gate, before the Royal Exchange, and at Charingcrosse; and to be whipt from Newgate to Tyburn; and committed till all this be done. Prance owned his guilt, and said he was sorry for what he had done." Anthony Wood (*Life and Times*, ed. Clark, III, 189) notes that the whipping was remitted at the request of Dowager Queen Catherine. The ballad was evidently written immediately after the sentence was passed.

The tune *No ignoramus juries now* is named from the refrain of "The Loyal Conquest. To the tune of *Lay by your pleading, the law lies a-bleeding*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, V, 321–322). For the latter tune compare the music in *Wit and Mirth*, 1714, V, 30 (1720, VI, 190); and see the elaborate discussion in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, V, 199–201.

Perjury Punish'd with equal Justice; OR, MILES PRANCE His Sorrowful Lamentation for his foul Offences.

In heart I grieve, you may believe,
was it to do again;
I'd ne'r agree, to Perjury,
nor any such like thing.

Tune of, *No Ignoramus Juries now*, &c.

1 ALL you that standeth near me,
Pray listen now, and hear me,
Tho' false I Swore, I ne'r will more,
My Friends, you need not fear me.

No daring, nor bearing [1]
With any false declaring:
The Pillory's my destiny,
[*For my unlawful Swearing.*] [2]

2 Good Fortune now refuse me,
If I think they abuse me;
I did confess, cou'd I do less?
My Conscience did accuse me.
No daring, nor bearing [1]
With any false declaring;
The Pillory's my destiny,
[*For my unlawful Swearing.*] [2]

3 I'de have you now believe me,
There's something still does grieve me
I need not tell, you know full well,
My *Touch-Stone* did deceive me:
No daring, nor bearing
With any false declaring;
The Pillory's my Destiny,
For my unlawful Swearing.

4 When Lords lay in the *Tower*,
Then to my utmost power,
The Loyalist men; I swore agen,
That I might them devour:
No daring, &c.

5 Of this I now am weary,
For why I can't be merry,
The Thoughts of *Hill*, torments me still,
And so does *Green* and *Berry*,
No daring, &c.

6 My peace I have confounded,
And am in grief surrounded,
Their Blood I spilt, and now with guilt
My Conscience I have wounded:
No daring, &c.

[1] Text *baring*. [2] Trimmed off.

7 Thus being discontented,
I bitterly lamented,
That hanious crime, but in due time,
In heart I have repented:
No daring, &c.

8 I send my mournful ditty,
Through e'ry Town and City,
Let me not fail, but now prevail,
To gain the Nations pitty:
No daring, &c.

9 My Conscience waxing tender,
My self I did surrender,
And did not spare for to declare,
I was a foul offender,
no daring, &c.

10 I'le be no ill retainer,
For why I am no gainer,
From *Perjury* I will live free,
And e'ry Misdemeanour:
No daring, nor bearing
With any false declaring;
The Pillory's my destiny,
for my unlawful Swearing.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Angel, in Guilt-Spur-Street.

142

The mirror of mercy

11, 174, black letter, four columns, five woodcuts.

Richard Richardson, a headborough (or parish officer identical in functions with a petty constable) murdered a gentleman, Henry Howard, in 1686. The circumstances are related at considerable length in a sheet (London Guildhall Library and Bodleian) licensed by Richard Pocock on September 18, 1686, and printed by D. Mallet under the title of "A Sad and True Relation of a Person found Dead in Gun-Fields, on the Back-side of Ratcliff-Highway on *Sunday* Morning, the 12*th.* of this Instant *September*, 1686. Where he was found lying against a Banck side in a Ditch, to the great Terror and Amazement of all that beheld it, &c." The relation runs thus, omitting the introductory moralizing paragraph:

The Person found Dead, was by Name, *Henry Howard*, a Person who was very Gentile and in good Habit, who was observed on *Thursday* and *Friday* before, to have walked up and down thereabouts, in the Company of another Gentleman, and on *Friday* Night it was his unhappy Fortune to be taken in a Coffee-house by the Fields side, by a *Headborrow* belonging to the same Parish, who presently carryed the said *Howard* to the Watch-house (it being his Watch Night) but he being ashamed to see himself in such a Condition, desired the said *Headborrow* to excuse him so far, as to give him leave to go to some Victualling house thereabouts; upon which, the *Headborrow* keeping a Publick house, told him he should go to his, if he would give him half a Piece for his Civility, which he did; and being there, after having spent Money pretty freely in the house, he sent for one Mr. *Henry Staples*, who kept the house out of which he was haled, (as will hereafter follow,) to be Suretys for him, to keep him from going to Prison, which the said *Staples*, with some others thereabouts did perform; after giving the *Headborrow* Ten Shillings more *Howard* was discharged, but happening to leave the Hilt of his Sword behind him (it being broken by his setting down in a Chair) he went on the Morrow in the Evening for it, to the said *Headborrows* house in *Ratcliff High-way*, and stayed there drinking, till about Nine of the Clock at Night, and then went to Mr. *Staples* house near the Fields side, about Forty Yards off where he was found Dead, but being observed to be extraordinary in Drink by a Neighbour near the said *Headborrows*, and fearing that the said *Headborrow* had some Evil Design against him; asked the Deceased whether he would go, and understanding by him, he would go to the said *Staples*, to

give him thanks (as the Deceased said) for his before-mentioned Kindness; and the said *Headborrow's* Servant being observed to dog the Deceased towards the said *Staples*, to see where he would go: Immediatly the[1] afore-said Neighbour ran to Mr. *Staples*, and desired him to take Care of him, and get him to some Bed, being so greatly disguised, which the said *Staples* did, with all the Care he could.

But the Deceased being set in a Chair by the Bed-side, where *Staples* himself lay, would not yeild to go into the Bed, till he saw the Woman of the *Coffee-House*, out of which he was conveyed on the Friday Night; upon which she was immediately sent for, and being come, the said *Staples* asked the Deceased what he had to say to her, who answered nothing at all but to see her; after which being between Nine and Ten of the Clock, the Woman being just going away, and the Deceased being almost ready to go into Bed, to Mr. *Staples's*, the aforesaid *Headborrow* immediately knockt at the Door, who being let in came up Stairs, and commanded the Deceased to go along with him, but he being in Drink, and refusing to go with him, and *Staples* desiring him to shew his Warrant, the said *Headborrow* having two other Assistants, one of which [Edward Skelton] being his Apprentice, immediately took the Deceased by the Wrist, and haled him by force down two pair of Stairs out into the Yard, and there used the Deceased in a most Barbarous Manner, and crying out Murther, the said *Staples* came down in his Shirt, and askt the said *Headborrow* why he cryed Murther, having but one Drunken-man to deal with, telling him withall, that for ought he knew, he had Murthered the Gentleman; The *Headborrow* replied, he would serve him so, and coming towards him, broak his Head with his Long-staff, and flung him to the Ground in a Rude manner; And another Person coming accidentally by, came into the said *Staples* Assistance, and told him he had Killed the Gentleman already, would he Kill Mr. *Staples* too; upon which, *Staples* and the other Retiring, heard the *Headborrow* command those that were with him, to Drag the Deceased into the Grass: On the Morrow-morning being *Sunday*, the Dead Corpse was found lying in a Ditch near the House as aforesaid, where after lying some little Time, it was removed to one Mr. *Isaac Dehews* the next *Constables*, and the *Corronors* Inquest being Impannelled, to sit upon the Dead Corpse, they after a full Hearing of all the Witnesses, brought in their Verdict Willful Murther. The said *Headborrow* on the *Sunday*, took up *Staples* for Suspition of Murthering the aforesaid *Howard*, and being carried before one of his Majesties Justices, the Evidence of *Staples* and others being too strong for the *Headborrow*, he himself was immediately Committed to *Newgate*, and the rest who Assisted him, were taken into Custody, his Apprentice [Skelton] being since also sent to *Newgate*, where they Remain till the next General Sessions of the Peace, to Receive the Just Reward of their Evil Doings, *&c.*

There was nothing found in the Deceased's Pockets when he was Discovered, but onely one *Hood*, one *Belt*, one Hilt of a *Sword*, a *Silver Snuff Box*, and a *Steel Tobacco Box*, one *Gold Ring*, and a piece of Outlandish *Silver*, and some small *Keys*, and a *Knife*, and Four pence in *Money*, &c.

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[1] *Text* he.

The Truth of this Relation is Attested by the Persons [six in number] whose Names are underwritten, who were some of them Eye Witnesses of this sad Accident.

Richardson and Skelton were tried at Justice Hall, Old Bailey, in the sessions of October 13–16. *The Proceedings on the King's Commissions of the Peace* for those dates summarizes the trial and evidence as follows:

Richard Richardson and *Edward Skelton*, of the Parish of *Stepney*, was Indicted for Killing *Henry Howard*, Gent. on the 11*th.* day of *September* last, giving him divers mortal bruses upon the Brest, Belly and Back, of which he instantly dyed. The Evidence against the Prisoners were very Numerous, and all very concurring in their Evidence, who deposed, that the deceased *Howard*, was taken in a Coffee-House on the back side of *Ratcliff High way*, on the Friday Night before the Murther was Committed by the Prisoner, (he being a *Headborrow* in that Parish,) who would have carried him to Prison, but that he gave the Prisoner Money, so he was acquitted for that Night but on the next Evening being Saturday, the deceased happening to be at one Mr. *Staples's*, (who kept a Publick House thereabouts, and was a Friend of the deceaseds,) about half an hour after Nine a Clock at Night, and being very much indisposed in Drink, the said *Staples* was endeavoring to get him into a Bed, but on a sudden, the said *Hedborrow* knockt at the Door, and the other Prisoner *Skelton*, and one or two more, and being let in, he immediately went up Stairs, and haled the deceased down by the Collar, out into the Field, on the back side of the House, and used him in a most barbarous and inhumane manner, crying out Murther, dragging the deceased into the Grass, and threw him upon the Ground, pretending to take him away to the Watch or Prison, but on the Sunday Morning, the deceased was found Dead, lying against a Bank in a Ditch, *&c.* The *Headborrow* argued in his Defence, that he intended to do nothing but what was his Duty to do; he confest indeed, that there was a Scuffle, in which the deceased got away, and that he knew nothing how he came by his Death, and call d [*sic*] several Witnesses, all which prevailed nothing on his account, but upon a full hearing they were both found Guilty of wilfull Murther, *&c.*

They were sentenced to be hanged on October 25. On the twenty-second Samuel Smith, the ordinary who had labored for their souls, published *The True Account of the Behaviour and Confessions of the Criminals Condemned, on Saturday the 16th. of Ostober* [sic], *1686.* Of Richardson he dolefully admits, "I could not bring him to any acknowledgment. . . . He did not deny that he had been ingaged in former Quarrels, wherein he had his Skul broken about a year since." But he vehemently denied any participation in the murder, though because of "the many extravagances of his Life, particularly . . . his slighting his duty to God on the *Sabath* day," he feared God would permit him to die at Tyburn. As for "*Edwerd Skelton* . . . [he] is

Repreived by the mercy of his Majesty. He confesses nothing, but rather affirms, that he doth not know, how Mr. *Howard* might fall by so untimely a Death, he resolves by Gods help, to walk more Circumspectly for the future, that he may redeeme that precions [*sic*] time which is granted to him by his Repreive."

Skelton's reprieve seems to have come as a result of the activities of his admirers, who determined personally to plead with the king. Five coaches made their way to Whitehall carrying "eighteen damsels all in white" (stanza 7), who fell on their knees before James II and implored his mercy.[1] It was granted, whereupon the eighteen went to Newgate and broke the joyful news to the prisoner. Luttrell (I, 387) happily preserves the sequel in his notes for October 17: "Edward Skelton, one of the criminalls that received sentence of death this last sessions at the Old Baily, has been beg'd of the king by 18 maids clothed in white, and since is married to one of them in the Presse yard" of Newgate. Richardson, too, was reprieved, but both he and Skelton were confined in Newgate until March 7, 1687, when, with numerous others, they received an unconditional pardon from the king.[2]

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[1] Luttrell has preserved other instances. "Before his majesties departure to Newmarkett [on March 4, 1682], a young woman (German born) went to Whitehall cloathed in white, to beg the life of capt. Vratz, one of the murtherers of Mr. Thin, but without any successe" (I, 168). On April 29, 1687 (p. 401), "several maids in white went and mett the king in St. James Park, and presented a petition to him in behalf of the soldier [one Dale or Deal] ordered to be executed at Plymouth," likewise without success. On July 4, 1695 (III, 494), "eight women, clothed in white, went to beg the life of one Swan, a soldier, sentenc'd to be shott for deserting, but could not prevail with the lords justices [who were ruling during William III's absence on the Continent], this being his third offence." This last case is given also in *The Pacquet-Boat*, No. 2, July 2–5, 1695, under the date of July 3. Other examples occur in the news-books. Thus *Intelligence Domestick and Foreign*, No. 7, June 4, 1695, states that "last Week [that is, before June 2] several Women in White, went to Whitehall, to Petition for the Life of a Seaman, Condemned to Dye at a Council of War held at the *Buoy of the Nore*, for Deserting his Ship, and entering himself on Board of another; &c. their Petition was granted." *The Post Boy*, No. 198, August 11–13, 1696, tells nothing of the fate of "a person condemned for a Robbery in *Surrey*" whom, on August 12, "several Women in White petitioned their Excellencies the Lords Justices, to Pardon." *The Post Man*, No. 345, July 15–17, 1697, mentions "6 women in White" who on July 16 "went to *Whitehall* to beg the Life of . . . *Oldfield* condemn'd for Pyracy, and are to attend again this day" (July 17).

[2] "His Majesties Most Gracious Pardon, Pleaded at *Justice*-Hall, in the Old-Bayly: On *Monday* the *7th.* of *March*, *Anno Dom.* 1687" (a sheet in the Guildhall Library).

Perhaps the damsels' method of begging for a condemned man's life was a survival from medieval times, when a criminal who received an offer of marriage from a harlot was often freed. John Manningham (*Diary*, ed. John Bruce, 1868, p. 102), for instance, says:

> It is the custome (not the lawe) in Fraunce and Italy, that yf anie notorious professed strumpet will begg for a husband a man which is going to execution, he shal be reprieved, and she may obteine a pardon, and marry him, that both their ill lives may be bettered by soe holie an action. Hence grewe a jeast, when a scoffing gentlewoman told a gentleman shee heard that he was in some danger to haue bin hangd for some villanie, he answered, "Truely, madame, I was a feard of nothing soe much as you would have begd me."
>
> In England it hath bin vsed that yf a woman will beg a condemned person for hir husband, shee must come in hir smocke onely, and a white rod in hir hand: as Sterrill said he had seen.

An interesting case is recorded in *The Life and Times of Anthony Wood* (ed. Andrew Clark, III, 394) of a criminal to whom such a way of escape was offered as he was being dragged to the gallows:

> "Ah, why should I torment my life?"
> The victim did reply:
> "The bargain's bad in every part
> But a wife's the worst —
> Drive on the cart."

See a further discussion in *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, v (1870), 95–96, and F. O. Mann's *Works of Thomas Deloney*, 1912, pp. 599–600.

The True Domestick Intelligence, No. 77, March 26–30, 1680, reporting the execution at Kingston, March 21, of Margaret Clark "for firing the house of Mr. *Delanoy*, Dyer, in *Southwark*" (on which see the notes to No. 102), gives a variant of the usual story. "There was," it says, "a Fellow who design'd to marry her under the Gallows, (according to the antient laudable custom) but she being in hopes of a Reprieve, seemed unwilling; but when the Rope was axed about her neck, she cried she was willing, and then the Fellows friends disswaded him from marrying her, and so she lost her Husband and life both at a time." It is only fair to note, however, that *The Protestant (Domestick) Intelligence*, No. 78, April 2, and a little book called *Warning for Servants: And a Caution to Protestants. Or, the Case of Margret Clark, Lately Executed* (1680) vigorously deny the truth of this news-item.

The tune of *Joy to the bridegroom* is most appropriate for the ballad. It is derived from the first line of "The Joys of Vertuous

Love" (Pepys, IV, 93), a song originally written by D'Urfey in 1682 and included, with the music, in his *A New Collection of Songs*, 1683, p. 46, 1687, p. 42, and in *Wit and Mirth*, 1700, pp. 228–229 (1707, 1712, II, 228–229; 1719, I, 323). The music appears also in Nathaniel Thompson's *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, p. 156, the words in *The Compleat Courtier*, 1683, p. 119, *A New Academy of Complements*, 1715, p. 130, 1784, p. 129, *The Aviary*, *ca.* 1750, pp. 297–298, and so on. *In summer time*, one of the tunes most commonly cited, is difficult to identify. Some notes on it will be found in my *Pack of Autolycus* (1927), p. 133, and in the introduction to No. 54.

On C. Dennisson, the publisher, see No. 121.

The Mirror of Mercy,

In our Gracious KING's Pardoning of *Edward Skelton:* Who was Condemned to Dye, as being Accessary with *Richard Richardson*, in the Murder of *Henry Howard*, Gentleman; but by the Intercession of Eighteen young Maidens, obtained his Majesties most Gracious Pardon for him.

To the Tune of, *Joy to the Bridegroom:* Or, *In Summer time.*

This may be Printed, *R.P.*

1 HEard you not of the *Headborough*,
Who fell into a strange Demur?
By Murdering of a Gentleman,
Whose Life, alas! he did Trappan:
He had no reason to proceed,
In such a bloody Wicked deed.

2 And if I may declare the truth,
There likewise went with him a Youth;
One in the Glory of his prime,
Prov'd accessary to the Crime:
They both Committed was to Goal,
Where they their sorrows might bewail.

3 Since they have this destruction wrought
Before the Bar they both were brought;
To prove them Guilty Men, or clear,
But as the truth does well appear,
They both Condemned was to dye,
As the Reward of Villany.

4 When his acquaintance they did hear,
That he must loose his life so dear,
That he ordained was for Death,
And to resign his dearest breath,
No tongue is able to declare
The sorrow of their grief and care.

5 They all in sorrow did relate,
Their grief, for by [1] unhappy Fate,
He being well belov'd we hear,
Of all that lived far and near:
In sorrow they lament and grieve,
O that we could gain his Reprieve!

6 Since there's no other remedy,
We'l to our Royal Majesty;
In humble sort we will intreat,
And prostrate at his Royal Feet;
Who knows but pitty may him move,
To grant the life of him we love.

7 No Cost or Charges did they spare,
But readily they did prepare,
Five Coaches thus was fill'd withal,
Who hasted straight unto *White-Hall;*
With Eighteen Damsels all in White,
It was a fair and comely sight.

8 They gain'd a Favour in this thing,
And was admitted to the King;
Where falling low upon their Knee,
Before his Princely Majesty:
He their Petition did receive,
And likewise granted a Reprieve.

9 Vpon our most Renowned Prince,
They did obtain that influence;
The Spring of Mercy so did flow,
To expiate their grief and woe;
And did extend his Clemency,
While the fair Maids was standing by.

10 This did renew each drooping heart,
Straight from the Court they did depart.
It was a Youthful Maiden Train,
Which did to him return again:
Where he remain'd in woful fears,
To sound glad tydings in his Ears.

[1] *Read* his.

11 Then coming where this Youth did lye,
In grief and great Extreamity,
Chear up, said they, be not cast down,
Our Gracious Prince of high Renown,
In Mercy now hath pardon'd thee,
And grants thee Life, and sets thee free.

12 No Tongue is able to express,
His true unfeigned thankfulness;
Said he, in Solemn sort I vow,
Ne'r to forget his Mercy now:
No Branglement shall ever cause
Me e're to Violate his Laws.

13 After they had Discours'd a while,
Which did his sorrows so beguile;
They all together home did go,
Which made a most Delightful show;
Through all the town where e're they came
And spread the News on Wings of Fame.

FINIS.

Printed for *C. Dennisson*, at the *S*[*tation*]*ers*[1]*-Arms* within *Aldgate.*

[1] Blurred.

143

The Caesar's victory

IV, 198, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts, slightly torn. Reprinted in Sir C. H. Firth's *Naval Songs and Ballads*, pp. 129–131.

The ballad celebrates the victory of the *Caesar*, a ship of the East India Company, over five pirates off the Island of St. Jago, Cape de Verdes, on October 31, 1686. *The London Gazette* for June 13–16, 1687, informs us:

We have the following Account of an Engagement which the Ship Cæsar, Capt. Edmond Wright Commander maintained on the last day of October, 1686 against five East-India Pyrats of several Nations. The said Ship being bound for the East Indies, on the account of the East India Company, with a lading to the value of 100000 l. Serl. [*sic*] and having on board a Company of 100 Soldiers, of the Lord Viscount Montgomery's Regiment, (which His Majesty was pleased to give leave to go in the said Companies Service), and 130 Seamen. On the 28th of October we arrived at St. Jago, where having refreshed our Men, we set sail again the Sunday following, but had scarce opened the weathermost point of the Road, when we had sight of five Ships, which were Pyrats, and waited our coming out, as we found afterwards, for they no sooner espied us, but they crowded all the Sail they could possible make after us; Whereupon, imagining the worst, we likewise made Sail for the gaining time to put our selves in the best posture we could for our defence; which having done, and perceiving the Pyrats gained upon us apace, our Captain ordered our small Sails to be handed, and our Main Sail and Mizen to be furled, and put our Ship right before the Wind, concluding it absolutely the best way so to Engage; and then having encouraged our Men, every one repaired to his Post. About 10 in the Morning, two of the nimblest of the Pyrats were come up with us, the headmost having fired three or four Shot at us, and finding we slighted him, stretched to windward, and there lay pecking at us, whilst his companion was doing the same a-stern, whom our chace Guns from the great Cabin soon brought upon the Carine, which we had scarce done, when the other three Ships had got our length, and fired on us amain, these were Ships of burthen, and could not have less than between 20 and 30 Guns each, and full of Men; the Admiral and Vice-Admiral on our Larboard-side designed to lay us on board, which the other did on our Quarter, but we plyed him so warmly with our small Shot, which we showred on him from our Tops, Poop, and other Posts, that he was glad to get clear of us again, and fell a-stern, having lost his Boltsprit, and abundance of his Men; his Hull at the same time not being impenetrable to our great Shot, which we

placed in, and through him; The Vice-Admiral on our Bow having had as hot an entertainment, and no better success, bore likewise away, and had the luck to receive our Broad side which carried away his Fore-yard and Mizen-Mast, whilst our Stern-chace so gauled the rest a-stern, that after 5 hours sharp Engagement, they began to bear away to repair the damage they had received from us, which was questionless very considerable, and would have been yet greater, could we have plaid our whole Gun deck Tire, but being so deeply laden, we durst break open never a Port between Decks, save our Stern-chace. All our Men in general behaved themselves with great courage, and in particular the Soldiers and their Officers made use of their small Arms with so much skill and bravery, that a large share of the honour of this Action is due to them. The Pyrats having left us, we continued our course, having sustained some damage in our Sails and Rigging, and had one Man killed, and eight wounded.

Captain Wright's official report is reprinted in J. H. Mayo's *Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy*, I (1897), 61–66. From it we learn that the one Englishman killed was named John Stiffe.

The ballad, however, followed neither of these reports. It was, instead, summarized from a single sheet called "A True Account From on Board the Good Ship Cæsar, In Her Voyage to the East Indies," which was written by William Walford and licensed on June 8, 1687, by Richard Pocock (London Guildhall and Bodleian). Walford 'supposes,' for example, that the pirates' "Aim was at the Money which we had in the Ship, which was Eighty two thousand Pounds, besides the Cargoe; and if they had taken Us, We should have been worth to them Two hundred thousand Pounds, besides the Ship"; and he notes, "We had but one Souldier killed, and one Sea-man lost his Arm, by name *Francis Stephens* (a Water-man that used to Ply at *Puddle-dock* Stairs,) and we had about seven more wounded," — assertions which the ballad repeats without question.

For their gallant conduct gold medals and chains were presented by the East India Company to Captain Wright and the three military officers who were on board, — Captain Richard Clifton, Lieutenant Arthur Nangle, Ensign Elisha Bassett, — and gold medals without chains to the other officers of the ship. One month's pay was given to each of the non-commissioned officers (military as well as naval), privates, and seamen. Mayo also notices that on January 9, 1691, the India Office referred it "to the Committee for Shipping to consider what is fit to be given to Francis Stephens who lost his arm in the said fight."

On the tune see No. 121.

[T]he [1] CAESAR's Victory.

IT BEING [An][1] Account of a Ship so called, in her Voyage to the *East Indies*, Richly laden, was beset with five Sail of Pirates: But the *Cæsar* so rarely behaved herself, that she came off [w]ith [1] Conquest, and put her Foes to flight, losing no more than One Man, and but Seven wounded, one of which was *Francis Stevens* a Water-man, who formerly ply'd at *Puddle-Dock*, who lost his Arm.

Tune of, *Cannons rore.*

This may be printed, *R.P.*

1 AS we was sailing on the Main,
Well laded with great store of Gain,
We was in danger to be ta'en,
five *Pirates* ships appeared;
Who sailed up with Courage bold,
As if they would not be controul'd;
But we brave noble hearts of Gold,
their Courage never feared.

2 We soon did understand their will,
And therefore used our chiefest skill
Resolving there our blood to spill
rather than lose our *Cæsar:*
We vow'd she should not be their Prey,
And therefore boys we show'd them play;
It was upon the *Sabbath* day,
no Pirates could appease her.

3 The *Master* flourishing his sword,
Did Comfort to us all afford;
Both Seamen, Souldiers then on board,
true Courage to awaken;
Then with one Voice we all did cry,
We are resolved to make them fly,
Or in the *Cæsar* we will dye,
rather than to be taken.

[1] Torn.

4 BEfore the Fight we this did do,
Our Bread into the sea we threw,
To make Room for the whole ships Crew,
to fight and keep Foes under:
This Truth can never be deny'd,
We soon did quell their haughty Pride,
By giving them a full Broadside,
our Cannons roar'd like Thunder.

5 Full five long hours there we fought,
In the brave *Cæsar* fierce and stout,
At length we put them to the rout
who aimed at our Treasure:
we pour'd them in whole showers of Lead,
So that they tumbled down for dead,
And in the Ocean made their bed,
where they may lye their leisure.

6 Their *Admiral* did want to be
Aboard of *Cæsar*, this we see,
That they might have Rich Plunder free,
the thing which they delight in:
But yet there was not one that dare
To come on board of *Cæsar* there;
They knew their lives we would not spare
so fierce we was for fighting.

7 Good *Fortune* she our Courage Crown'd
Or else a board on us they'd found
The sum of Fourscore Thousand pound,
besides all other Lading:
Could they but once have seen us fall,
Their booty then had not been small,
Two Hundred Thousand pound in all;
this would have spoil'd our Trading.

8 I hope we gave them all their due,
Yet sav'd our Coyn and Cargo too,
Believe me, this is perfect true,
it is no feigned story:

For though our Foes were five to one,
Yet we at last did make them run:
And when we see our Work was done,
to GOD we gave the Glory.

9 Who did indeed our Rights maintain;
For in this skirmish on the Main
Of us there was but one man slain,
and seven others wounded:
But those that sought our overthrow,
They lost a many more we know.
Thus Providence did Kindness show
when we was so surrounded.

Printed for *J. Deacon* at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street.*

144

Strange and dreadful news from Holland

II, 136, black letter, four columns, seven woodcuts.

R. P. are the initials of Richard Pocock, who was the official licenser of ballads from late in 1685 to 1688. The ballad describes a flood that devastated Holland in November, 1686, presumably following a pamphlet or a news-sheet. *The London Gazette* for November 22–25 reports the calamity thus:

Groningen, *Nov.* 26. It's impossible to describe the present sad condition of this Province, occasioned by a most terrible inundation that happened the 22d Instant. The like has not been known these hundred years; The whole Province, except the higher parts of this City, lies under Water; Whole Villages have been swept away, and a great many People, with abundance of Cattle drowned; And those that have escaped, sheltring themselves in Garrets and upper Rooms, are in great distress for want of Relief; Nothing but Lamentations, and the Jangling of Bells for Help, is heard through the whole Country; And though all possible care is taken to assist them from hence and other places, yet there not being Boats enough to afford help to all, it's to be feared many will be lost for want of it. At *Oterdam* near *Delfziel*, but 25 Persons have escaped; In the Village of *Peterborne* there are but three Houses left standing, and in general, all the Houses that stood near the *Dyke* have been swept away.

The same paper for December 2–6 gives further details:

At *Midwolde*, *Midwolderhammen*, and *Oldampt*, 62 Houses have been swept away, and 200 Persons drowned. At *Oterdum*, and another Village near it, there are but 6 Houses left with the Church. . . . At *Termunderzyl* there are but 5 Houses remaining, and all the Inhabitants except 36 drowned. At *Vythuysen* and *Mede* most of the Houses are swept away, and 500 People drowned.

In this issue, furthermore, a report from the Hague states that "3000 People and 30000 head of Cattle have been drowned" in Groningen. See also Luttrell, I, 389.

The tune takes its name from "The Lord Russel's Last Farewell to the World," 1683 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, v, 691), a ballad the music for which was printed along with the words. The music is also given on the originals of Nos. 211 and 327, and in Henry Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1695, 1716, p. 163, where (as was commonly the case after 1693) it is called *Whitney's farewell* (on which see No. 419).

STRANGE and DREADFUL News from Holland; OR, The Sad and Lamentable Account of a Fearful *STORM*, that continued for the space of two Days, by which the Seas were inraged to that degree, that overflowing the Dykes, they broke the Banks, and layed all the Country of 20 miles, under Water, to the Ruine of many hundred Familys; Drowning divers Islands in the River *Elbe*; together with the Villages of *Batten-Rug* and *Groverot*: As likewise, many Houses, Stacks of Corn, Trees, People, and a great number of Cattle; overthrowing the Chimneys and the tops of the Houses, the like never heard of before.

Tune of, *Russels Farewel.*

This may be Printed, *R.P.*

1 GIve ear good people, whilst I tell
a Story sad to hear,
How late the Raging Seas did swell,
as I shall make appear:
To such a heighth, as breaking Bound,
it fearfully did Rage,
And all before it did confound,
no force could it asswage.

2 Driven by Storms o're Villages,
o're Woods and Banks it roul'd,
There's none cou'd stand before those Seas
that wou'd not be controul'd;
The flying People e'ry where,
their Houses did forsake,
And though they swifter were through fear,
the Floods them overtake.

3 And wrapt them in their watery Tomb,
in vain they strove to climb,
The Trees with them the waves Entomb,
and Drown them e're their time;

The Cattle strugle 'gainst the Stream,
by hundreds, but in vain,
For why the Waves soon smothered them,
and drove them back again.

4 Here Houses float, their Stacks of Corn,
the furious Torent drove,
Which Villages did overturn,
and rooted up each Grove;
The stubborn Oak was forc'd to yield,
to furious Winds and Floods,
Which hurry'd o're the watery Field,
the People and their Goods.

5 Their Banks & Dykes were broken down
and where the Cattle fed,
Salt water did in all parts Drown,
and far and wide it spread;
In *Elbes* River Isles were lost,
by the insulting Waves,
The Houses overturn'd and tost,
the people found their Graves.

6 The angry Skies and Seas contend,
which shou'd their ruine prove,
Nor could the Hills their lives defend,
so furious did they move;
The scatter'd Houses not to name,
of *Peasants*, be it known,
A pleasant Town of antient Fame,
and many more o'rethrown.

7 Fair *Stadens* Territory lies
beneath the watery Brine,
Nor could that ruine yet suffice,
but Waves do undermine
The mighty Fortresses, and swell'd,
o're all the Neighbouring Plain;
That which the Country people held,
possest is by the Main.

8 Where Cattle Graz'd, the Fish now play,
so dreadful was the Flood,
That ne'r the like in any day,
has yet been understood;
Nor was the Trading *Hamburg* free,
the fearful Winds o'rethrew,
The Chimneys that few safe cou'd be,
and Houses tops off blew.

9 In Ware-houses the Merchandize
were by the water spoil'd,
In vain 'gainst it they did devise,
untill the Flood recoil'd;
Such fury it continued long,
it lay'd the Country waste,
And overwelm'd the flying throng,
that from its rage made haste.

10 By which we plain may see that God,
which sets the Sea a Bound,
Commands the Billows with a Nod,
or else they all wou'd Drown;
Merciless waves would all destroy,
and Deluge us once more,
Then let us praise him, who enjoy
our Safety on the Shore.

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*.

145

The poor man's distress

11, 94, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts. Other copies: British Museum, C.22.f.6 (165); Lord Crawford, No. 1002.

The moral of this ballad, which Richard Pocock licensed about 1686, is obvious, but it is none the less stated at the end: abundance of money makes friends, lack of it creates enemies. Possibly the ballad-writer had in mind Ovid's verses (*Tristia*, I. ix. 5–6),

> Donec eris fœlix, multos numerabis amicos,
> Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

Furthermore, landlords are to treat defaulting tenants with leniency lest the latter may come into the possession of wealth! But it hardly seems likely that anybody took that lesson too seriously.

The music for the tune of *The two English travellers* is printed on the original sheet of No. 237.

THE POOR MAN'S DISTRESS

The poor Mans distress & tryal,
Or, *Fortunes Favours after her Frowns.*

When in Distress and heaviness,
The Rich doth poor Men hate;
But when the poor hath plenty store,
the Rich Mans love is great.

To the Tune of, *The Two English Travellers.*

This may be Printed, *R.P.*

1 A Poor man he lately did bury his wife,
And soon he was brought into trouble and strife,
He had a harsh Landlord to whom he ow'd rent,
Quite void of all pitty, to cruelty bent.

2 This Landlord he came to the poor man one day,
And with bitter language to him he did say:
Let me have my Money next week without fail,
Or else I'le assure you, you lye in a Iail.

3 The poor man in pittiful terms did relate,
Good Sir be not cruel, my grief it is great,
I hope with more sorrow you won't me oppress,
Behold my poor Children that are Motherless.

4 I ne'r in my life was a Spend-thrift you know:
And therefore kind Sir, seek not my over throw,
To pay you your money i'le make it my care,
If you for a while will but patiently bare.

5 I must and I will have my money, says he,
Or else I will go to the extremity,
It is not your children or what you can say,
That ever shall make me much longer to stay.

6 And thus in a fury from him he did part,
At which the poor man he was griev'd to the heart,
While tears from his eyes did in multitudes fall,
Said he to his Children I must leave you all.

7 With sorrowful sighing his heart was near broke,
His Children lamented as soon as he spoke,
Dear Father don't leave us what ever you do,
For we are all willing to suffer with you.

8 In tender compassion, to them he reply'd,
I am your dear Father, and still will provide
For my little ones, who delighteth my mind,
I cannot, nor never will leave ye behind.

9 A trusty true Friend he had lived hard by,
To whom the next Morning in haste he did hye;
Said he, I must now leave my Countrey dear,
Because a cold Prison I heartily fear.

10 My Brother is rich, and has no Heir at all,
And if he should Dye, then to me it may fall;
I now will to *London*, though many a Mile,
And there you may find me, if Fortune should smile.

11 In Friendship they parted; to *London* he went,
With his little Children, and liv'd in content
By his dayly labour, quite free from all dread,
At length there came tydings his Brother was dead.

12 And made him and his the Sole heirs of his land,
And therefore he straight-way went down out of hand
His harsh cruel Landlord he now need not fear,
Since he is possessed with hundreds a year.

13 But now when he came for to pay him at last,
His Landlord was sorry for all that was past,
And told him he need not a wander'd away,
I would not have done it, no, no by my fay.

14 For those Childrens sake I would not you molest.
What ever I said then I was but in jest,
And therefore I hope you will not take it ill,
But let us continue in true friendship still.

The Tennants Reply.

15 Of all kind of comfort you did me bereave,
And therefore I have not a faith to believe,
For when I was poor you lookt sowre and big,
And now for your friendship I care not a Fig.

16 By this we perceive when the world it does frown
Vpon any person, all men runs them down.
But yet when kind fortune a plenty shall send,
Oh then to be sure we shall ne'r want a friend.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye Corner.*

146

The sad effects of covetousness

II, 168, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. The colophon has been trimmed away.

A servant-girl at Lynn, in Norfolk, unexpectedly came into the possession of a legacy, evidently of considerable value; but she did not cease working. Presently her employers, a mother and son, moved thereto by "covetousness," murdered her by driving a spike into her head, and were hanged for the crime. As Richard Pocock licensed the ballad, it no doubt appeared between 1686 and 1688.

On the tune see Ebsworth's notes in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 830, where it is identified with the well-known air, *Aim not too high.*

The sad effects of Covetousness,

Being, a Relation of a Horrid Murther, commited upon a Maid Servant, in the Town of *Lyn;* by her Mistriss and her Son, for the Lucre of what she had: But they being apprehended for the same, was accordingly found Guilty, and was also Executed.

Tune of, *The Young-Mans Legacy.*

This may be printed, *R.P.*

1 WHile I in brief shall make appear,
what sins are chiefest in this land,
Who can forbear to shed a tear,
when they these Lines shall understand.

2 Covetousness we see each day,
to many other sins does lead,
And when we shall to that give way,
sad murthers does from thence proceed.

3 For money what will many do,
to Satans service they'l engage,
And will their hands in blood imbrue;
O! is this not a sinful age.

4 Tho' many for the same does stretch,
yet some will eagerly run on,
And does not fear to make a breach,
in all the Laws of God and Man.

5 Alas, we find the case is clear,
offenders will no Conscience make,
Although their lives do pay full dear,
yet they will not their sins forsake.

6 And now in brief I will proceed,
to tell what grieves my heart full sore,
The like of this sad bloody deed,
was hardly ever heard before.

7 There was an honest Servant-Maid,
that lived in the town of *Lyn:*
Who of her life was soon betray'd,
By Murther that notorious sin.

8 It was the Mistriss and her Son,
who prov'd this Maidens overthrow,
There was no Creature,[1] no not one,
when they their Cruelty did show.

9 To death they did this Damsel bring,
she did their cruelty behold,
What tempted them to do this thing,
these very Lines shall here unfold.

10 While she did in this place abide,
a Servant with humility:
A Friend or a Relation dy'd,
who left to her a Legacy.

11 This to her service then she brought,
where wickedness was too too rife,
For this they her destruction wrought,
and suddenly they sought her life.

[1] *Read* witness.

12 One morning when she riss betimes,[1]
to do her work, and thought no ill,
O! then they did commit this crime,
her Guiltless blood they then did spill.

13 They first agreed to knock her down,
then presently her wicked Son,
He drove a spike into her head,
to finish what they had begun.

14 When they had her destruction wrought,
O! then the Son that wicked Elf,
Did hang her that it might be thought
to all, that she had hang'd her self.

15 But Murther Heaven does forbid,
the Blood does still for vengeance cry,
Likewise we know it can't be hid,
from our great Gods all-seeing Eye.

16 She by their Cruelty did fall,
alas! we may her grief condole,
They did not give her time to call
to God, to pitty her poor Soul.

17 They to the Bar was brought at last,
by this sad wicked Race they run,
And there by Law they both were cast,
first dy'd the Mother, then her Son.

18 The fruits of Murther here we see,
would make a Christians heart to bleed
O that it may a warning be,
to all that e're these lines shall read.

[1] *Read* rose betime.

147

The unfortunate damsel

III, 6, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

"The Unfortunate Damsel" masquerades as a warning to the young women of Deptford, Greenwich, and London, though it hardly seems effective. Susan courts a young apprentice, who after some urging accepts her as his mistress, and carries her to his mother's home. But neither has money (according to stanza 6, although in stanza 1 the frail heroine seems to be wealthy), and before long Susan finds herself "like to starve." The couple soon descend to recriminations and blows, but finally separate amicably, and Susan becomes a servant. A far different moral from that the author intended might be read into and from the verses.

My child must have a father is named from the refrain of "The London Lass's Folly, or, The Maiden Beguiled. To the tune of *The journeyman shoemaker*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 351–352). This latter tune is derived from the ballad of "A Jobb for a Iourneyman-Shoomaker," which is in Pepys's collection, IV, 180. *She got money by't* takes its name from the refrain of "The Lady of Pleasure. To a pleasant new playhouse tune" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, IX, 710; discussed also at VII, 469), the date of which is about 1685. The present ballad must have been published between 1686 and 1688, as the initials of the licenser, Pocock, indicate. Its rhymes are erratic.

On the publisher Dennisson see No. 121.

The Unfortunate Damsel.

Being an Excellent New SONG: Shewing how a Maid Courted a Gardeners Apprentice; who after they had lived together on parrol like Man and VVife, a whole Months time, he turned her off; she now being forced to go to Service again: VVhence every sober young Maid may learn VVisdome, Chastity, and Sobriety.

To the Tune of, *My Child must have a Father.* Or, *She got money by 't.*

This may be Printed, *R.P.*

1 IN *Debtford* liv'd a Bonny Lass,
both handsome brisk and airy,
For Money she was well to pass,
and she was mad to marry;
A Prentice she did bravely court,
with Wine, Beer, Ale, and Brandy,
And now and then gave him a kiss
as sweet as Sugar-Candy.

2 The young man he did stand aloof,
and bid her court another,
Quoth he I am but young and thin,
your Old, to be my Mother:
If I should think upon a wife,
my friends have freely told me,
My Master and my Mistris both,
they will both beat and scold me.

3 Sweet-heart the wench she did reply,
ne'r think upon Indentures,
The bravest Captains go to Sea,
and to the Rudder venture[1]:
You see I am a lusty Lass,
both handsome, brisk and airy,
Therefore we will embrace a while,
and afterwards we'l marry.

[1] *Read* ventures.

4 My fancy it is set on fire,
as Love-sick as another,
I love to taste of Married joys,
as well as did my Mother:
You are the Engine that must quench
the flames of my affection,
If you will be my Husband dear,
i'le follow your derection.

5 He was a Gardner by his trade,
as good's within the Nation,
He took her to his Garden green,
a while for Recreation:
They did a thing the which I Blush
to give you a Relation,
She ruin'd both her name and Fame,
and stain'd her Reputation.

6 He took her by the Nut-brown hand,
and led her to his Mother,
Where they did live at bed and board,
like man and wife together:
They could not marry at the Church,
for both had never a farthing,
And she was like to starve for want,
and now repents her bargain.

7 She call'd him Logarhead by name,
and silly man like Monkey,
But he in passion did reply,
peace soon or else i'le thump ye:
But when the brush was past and gon,
they being tender-hearted,
They sweetly hug'd and kiss'd a while,
and afterwards they parted.

8 She liveth now distress'd in mind,
her sweet-heart did forsake her,
And now she passeth for a Maid,
to Service she did take her:

You *Debtford*, *Greenwich*, *London* Maids
be sober when you'r jolly,
Remember still what *Susan* did,
and be wise by her folly.

Printed for C. Dennisson, at the Stationers-Arms within Aldgate.

148

The manifestation of joy

II, 247, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts. Reproduced in facsimile in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, II, 869.

On April 4, 1687, James II issued a declaration of indulgence, which granted liberty of worship both to papists and to Protestant dissenters. It also recited that no religious test was to be made obligatory for any public office, and that the Established Church would be maintained. Various Protestants were temporarily befooled by this act, failing to see that it was intended to help Catholicism rather than to permit religious toleration; and a deputation headed by the Quaker William Penn presented thanks to the king. The ballad likewise expresses profound gratitude. But the Protestant dissenters as a whole refused to welcome a declaration made in the interests of popery, and by it James profited little. On April 27, 1688, he issued a second declaration of indulgence, and its hostile reception by the bishops of the Church of England hastened the approach of the Revolution.

The tune is named from "The Country Farmer; Or, The Buxom Virgin. To a new tune called *Newmarket*, or *King James's jig*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 363–365), and is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 562.

The Manifestation of Joy,

Or, The Loyal Subjects grateful acknowledgment. **Occasionally Written upon the Publication of His Majesties most Gracious Declaration, Allowing** *LIBERTY* **of CONSCIENCE.**

Tune of, *The Country Farmer.*

This may be Printed, *R.P.*

1 LEt *England* rejoyce and good Subjects be glad
Since by royal indulgence we happy are made,
Since by a Monarch that studdies our rest,
Of Freedom and Libertie we are possest,
Each under his Vine now may sit with content,
Secure in the plenty which providence sent,
Whilst all needless Ielousies idle may lye,
And, unimploy'd, pine till at last they do dye.

2 The Iars that divided opinions might cause,
Our great Moderator decides, and those laws,
Which Conscience restrain'd he does easy now make
And freedom of Conscience let's each one partake,
In Mildness and Mercy his power does dispence,
Making us happy beneath a good Prince,
Whilst each in his Station and calling may be,
From fear of disturbance and trouble set free.

3 That trade may increase and more plenty abound,
And each in obediance and Loyalty found,
With grateful returns for a favour so great,
As none without joy has the power to relate,
A favour more welcome then is the gay spring,
Which comfort extreamly to thousands doth bring
As welcome as peace to a mind in distress,
Or the hand that a Captive from Chains does release.

4 What long was desir'd Royal bounty affords,
And graciously with our own wishes accords,
That each his religion in peace may injoy,
And none by incroachment each other Annoy,

But liveing in peace we may joyfully sing,
Long live, reign, & prosper our most gracious King
And if we contend e're hereafter may't be,
Who shall exceed each in true loyalty.

5 Let us be thankful for what we receive,
And be in our stations contented to live,
Let each in his calling his dilligence use,
And none e're presume such a Grace to abuse:
But count it a blessing sent down from above,
To end our debates and unite us in love,
To give us a pattern how Christians shou'd live,
Declining each other to vex or to grieve.

6 Let names and distinctions that do give offence
Be now no more started on any pretence,
But let each one studdy for quiet and peace,
That unkind discord from henceforth may cease,
And let each good Subject in *Brittains* fair Isle,
Give thanks to a Prince that does make her to smile
With fullness of plenty and prospect of trade,
Which appear'd by complaints but so lately to fade.

7 Whilst other Nations our people did drain,
Who now have no cause to repine or complain,
But freely returning may all things possess,
To which a due claim to their right can express,
No scruples of Conscience they now can pretend,
Since the royal indulgence to all does extend,
Great *James* our good King does by clemency prove,
How well he deserves e'ry Subjects true love.

8 With mildness and Mercy he wonders performs,
And is lovely therein as he's dreadful in arms,
Then let us rejoyce and each strive to do best
Whilst our duty and Loyalty's[1] to him's exprest,

[1] *Read* Loyalty.

Nor let us e're think that enough we can do,
To deserve such a blessing but ever persue,
The ways of obedience and Loyaltie prize,
Renouncing for ever all tumult and noise.

FINIS.

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger.*

149

The golden voyage

IV, 199, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. Reprinted in Sir C. H. Firth's *Naval Songs and Ballads*, pp. 95–97.

The ballad was summarized from "An Exact and Perfect Relation of the Arrival of the Ship the James and Mary Captain Phipps Commander, With 200000 *l.* in *Gold* and *Silver*, taken up in nine Fathom Water from the bottom of the Sea, being a suppos'd Wreck of a *Spanish* Galion, Cast-away above 43. years ago among the *Bahama Islands*, as it was taken from the aforesaid Captain, now riding in *Graves-end* Road," a single sheet bearing no printer's name but endorsed in the Guildhall Library's copy (in what appears to me to be Narcissus Luttrell's hand) "14. June. 1687."[1] The sheet is rare enough and interesting enough to be reproduced entire:

Many have been the Attempts to discover the hidden Treasure of the Ocean, which by some, is Judg'd to equalize that of the Earth, but few have succeded in this design, till the industrious Captain *William Phipps*, a Native of *New-England*, bent his Study and Resolution to bring that Art to so great a Perfection, as to anticipate Fame, and without such visible Demonstration, as he hath afforded us, to surmount belief it self; For certainly to tell Mankind of taking up the *Cargo* of above 40 years Wreck in full Sea 17 Leagues from any Shoar in nine *Fathom Water*, would be thought to banter the Age, and turn the same to ridicule. But there having been such a wonderful instance, which will fill our Pockets with Coyn, as well as our Ears with astonishment, I shall relate the particulars, (*viz.*)

The said Captain *Phipps* having for some years pursu'd the Art of weighing of Wrecks, and not without considerable progress; and having good information of a *Spanish Galion*, that was cast away among the Rocks and Shoals of the *Bahama Islands* about the year 1643. not only by some *Spaniards* that were aboard her when she was lost, but also by observation of others that had been in search after her, but all miscarried in the point: The Captain had almost certain Knowledge that he might discover the place; and so like a good Subject acquainted His late Majesty first with the design, proffering his Life and Fortunes at his Princes service to search after it. But whether the impropability [*sic*] of the Adventure being lookt upon as a *Chimera*, or some other reason, the Captain was not countenanced; The said

[1] There is also a copy (Ashmole G. 12 [232]) in the Bodleian.

Captain thereupon acquainted some Noble-Men and Persons of Quality with his fix'd Resolution, and cogent Reasons to induce the belief of that performance; they readily joyned issue with him, advancing what Money the Captain judg'd necessary to Equip him to Sea, being 2400 *l.* they being Persons not to be imposed upon, (*viz.*) His Grace the Duke of *Alb.*[*emarl*]*e* the Right Honourable the Lord *F.*[*alklan*]*d*, Sir *James Hayes*, Sir *John Narborough*, Mr. *Nicholson*, Mr. *Foxcraft*, and Mr. *Smith*, becoming his Owners or Proprietors, himself having only a Sixteenth part, who having provided himself with all materials, and one Tender and Sloop, Sailed out of the *Downs* in the Ship *James* and *Mary* about the 12. of *September* last, and having touched at some places for refreshment, he arrived about the middle of *February* last among the *Bahama Islands*, Shoals and Rocks; and after some days search happily pitch'd upon, and found the direct place where the *Spanish Galion* in the year 1643. was cast away with great Riches Aboard, though the same was above 17 Leagues from any thing of Shoar, to the *Westward* of *Florida* in nine *Fathom Water*, where, having Moor'd his Ship at some distance, set his four *Divers* at work, though they were mightily impeded by the Tempestiousness of the Season, that they were forced to lie by a long space, having the prospect of Death every Minuit at the point of their Cable, for the Rocks were so numerous, that (like *Scilla* and *Caribdis*,) they were like to be split upon one, while they were endeavouring to avoid the other; Besides, they could not make use of their Engine,[1] being a hollow Vessel evenly deprest almost to the bottom, [which] retains the Air without filling with Water, whereby the Party diving, when almost spent his Breath, puts his head under the Vessel which replenishes him with Breath again; and in this dangerous posture they continued working above Six Weeks.

And that which is observable, not the least Plank or Hull of the said Ship appear'd; for the Ship being broak to pieces on the Rock, the parts were either driven away with the violence of the Waves, or consum'd by the Worms which in those Seas will Eat through the thickest Plank in some years time. And 'tis further remarkable, that the Silver had so long remain'd under Water, as to petrify a congeal'd Substance into White Coral-Trees growing thereon, some with mighty spreading Branches, even to a great height, which the Captain has Testimonials to shew, having presented his Grace the Duke with this Curiosity; and having taken up as much as they could well find, left the said *Bahama Island* the second of last *May*, and with some stress of Weather made sight of *Cilly Island* the third of *June* following, and is now Happily arriv'd in the River of *Thames* on this side *Graves end*, with such a

[1] Richard Lapthorne (*Fifth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, appendix, part 1, p. 381), under the date of May 31, 1691, tells of "an experiment of a new engine for diving for wreck [*sic*]; the inventor exposing himselfe in person on the first essay. Tis invented, in order to fetch up Spanish bullion and coyne, that was cast away in Scotland in the Spanish invasion (1588), the guns and some gould haveing already bin taken up. The figure which incloses the diver, is in the shape of a bell, and an expedient to convey with it barrells of ayre for the diver's better subsistance in the deepe."

Treasure as to the Honour as well as Profit of the, Nation no Ship ever perform'd the like. His Grace the Duke of *Alb*—— upon the receipt of this News, accompanied with Sir *James Hayes*, &c. went down the River, to bid the Captain Welcom; who coming on board, found all things so mightily to his Satisfaction, that his Grace Generously oblig'd every Man and Boy of the Ships Crew to Drink his Health; but left order that none go ashore till she is Unladen of her Cargo, being actually 26 Tons, and 700 *l.* weight of Silver, fifteen Tons thereof being Pieces of Eight, two Bars or Ingots of Gold 17 *l.* weight, six Brass Cannon of thirty hundred weight each, being as serviceable as at first, which amount in the whole to above 200000 *l.*[1] besides all the Charges. She now rides on this side *Graves-end*, and is well Guarded, no persons being suffered to go aboard her, nor come ashore, without special Order. It is observable, that in this whole Voyage, the Captain hath lost neither Man nor Boy, although they were in so great hazard.

This Relation was taken from a Gentleman who was on Board the said Ship the whole Voyage.

FINIS.

Phipps found himself the hero of the hour. *The London Gazette*, June 30–July 4, announced that the Duke of Albemarle had presented him on June 28 to the king, who "received him very Graciously, and was pleased to Confer upon him the Honour of Knighthood, in Consideration of his Loyalty and good Services in a late Expedition." Later he was appointed provost marshal-general of New England, and on the last day of 1691 was chosen governor of Massachusetts. These honors were appropriate, since Phipps was born in Maine (one of twenty-six children, "all by the same mother; whereof twenty-one sons," if a writer in *The Ellis Correspondence*, mentioned below, is to be trusted). But his ill success against the French and Indians caused him to be summoned to England in 1694 to answer for his conduct. Dying before his examination began, he was buried in St. Mary Woolnoth, London, where a tablet in his honor is yet to be seen.

Sir John Bramston (*Autobiography*, ed. Camden Society, pp. 282–283) declares that kings of Spain, France, and England (Charles II) had vainly attempted to get this sunken treasure. He estimated that it amounted to £200,000 sterling, "of which the Kinge had a tenth (beinge so agreed and reserued in the patent), the Duke a quarter part, and the rest their proportions; their shares, each 100 *l.*, was 7 or 8,000 *l.*" Later expeditions were made to the wreck but with no

[1] Luttrell (1, 407) says that the treasure was divided among "the several adventurers, whose share comes to about 10,000 *l.* for every 100 *l.* adventured." See also the figures in Evelyn's diary, June 6, 1687.

very great success. See also the accounts of Phipps's exploit given in *The Ellis Correspondence*, ed. G. A. Ellis, I (1829), 294–297 (cf. II, 67); *Correspondence of the Family of Hatton*, ed. E. M. Thompson, II (1878), 67–68; a news-letter of August 23, 1687, summarized by the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission (Report on the MSS. of the Marquess of Downshire, I. i. 259); Estelle Frances Ward's *Christopher Monck Duke of Albemarle*, 1915, pp. 243–257; and John Verney's letter as summarized in the *Seventh Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, appendix, part I, p. 482. Tom D'Urfey wrote "a poem panegyrical" on Albemarle "and the late Treasure brought Home in the *James* and *Mary*," which is reprinted in his *New Poems*, 1690, pp. 187–204.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 592–593.

The Golden Voyage:
OR,

The Prosperous Arrival of the *James* and *Mary*. Who having searched the Ocean for Treasure, finding the value of Two Hundred Thousand Pounds in Gold and Silver, was joyfully received at the City of *London*.

Tune of, *Ladies of London.*

This may be printed, *R.P.*

1 LIsten a while, and I here will unfold
what seemeth to promise promotion:
There is great plenty of Silver and Gold
now newly took out of the Ocean:
Forty three years this Treasure has lain,
since the *Galion* was stav'd asunder
Among the Sholes and the Rocks in the Main
yet this may be now the Worlds wonder.

2 It being seventeen Leagues from the Shore,
'tis wonderful if you do mind it;
Many has search'd for this Treasure before,
but none had the Fortune to find it,
Till the brave *James* and *Mary* of Fame,
whom Fortune hath highly befriended;
She most successfully sail'd on the Main,
and was from all dangers defended.

3 SHe was inform'd where this Treasure did lye
by some that had gi'en information;
Therefore some Nobles did freely comply;
without any more disputation,
To fit her forth, this favour they show,
it being their free will and pleasure;
With a fair gale to the Ocean they go,
where they find great plenty of Treasure.

4 'Twas in the midst of *September* they went
forth in the brave *James* and the *Mary;*
All the Ships Crew with a Loyal consent
they being both cheerful and airy;

And in short time they there did arrive,
where they was with Rocks so surrounded,
That they did hardly know how to contrive
to keep themselves from being drowned.

5 There they was forced some time for to lose,
and lye at an Anchor together;
As for their Engine they then could not use,
because of the turbulent weather:
Yet at the last to diving they went,
where Silver and Gold they received;
When in the water their breath was near spent
they were by their Engine relieved.

6 Six weeks together they work'd in the cold,
still diving in Nine Fathom water,
Loading their *Mary* with Silver and Gold,
then up to fair *London* they brought her;
Where they received her with delight,
as you may observe by the Ditty,
And they unloaded her Cargo in sight
of many brave men of the City.

7 Carts heavy loaden came thorough the Town,
on which the whole multitude gazed;
This to the Seamen hath purchac'd Renown,
no question but they may be praised:
Still far and near their Fame let it ring,
and let them be highly commended,
Since they did venture so hard in this thing,
and was with a Blessing attended.

8 But here is one thing we must not forget,
while they were the Treasure possessing,
On the great Rocks they might soon have been split,
had not Heaven yielded a Blessing:
Or while they search'd the depth of the Main,
to hazards they could be no strangers;
Yet men and boys came all safe home again,
tho' they had gone through such dangers.

Printed for *J. Blare* at the *Looking-glass* on *London-Bridge.*

150

The wonder of this present age

IV, 285, black letter, four columns, five woodcuts.

A monstrous child born in Westminster on September 16, 1687, is here described. It was far from unique, although the ballad-writer thought otherwise. See the numerous similar births enumerated in my *Pack of Autolycus* (1927), p. 139. Many others might be cited. For example, on October 12, 1660, Elias Ashmole (*Diary*, 1927, p. 67) showed Charles II "2 girls joyned together by the breast and belly (which monster was borne about the king's coming in), they were dryed, and preserved with spices." Compare also this news-item from *The Domestick Intelligence*, No. 6, June 9–13, 1681: "From *Lewis* in *Sussex* they write, that on the seventh past, a Monstrous Child was born near that place, having two heads and every thing proportionable, so that it seems rather two Infants joyned in one, then one intire body, representing both Male and Female; it lived only four hours . . . during which time, many persons of known repute came to see it." Just a short time later, according to "A Letter from an Eminent Merchant in Ostend," 1682 (Huntington Library), two children, Pieternella and Barbara, "joined together by the Crowns of their Heads," were born to Roelan Voyoen, aged 23, and his wife Maria Castelmans, aged 19.

On the tune see No. 146.

The Wonder of this present Age.

OR, An Account of a MONSTER Born in the *Liberty* of *Westminster*, on the 16*th.* of this Instant *September*, 1687. Having two Heads, four Arms and Hands; as likewise four Leggs and Feet, yet but one Body from the lower parts to the Breast, they seem to Embrace one another, and lye face to face, as if they would Salute, to the Wonder and Admiration of all Spectators.

Tune of *Young Mans Legacy.*

This may be Printed, *R.P.*

1 COme listen now both Young and Old,
to this strange Wonder of the Land,
And when the Truth I do unfold,
you will in admiration stand.

2 *September* on the sixteenth day,
it being *Friday* in the Morn,
Near to St. *Gileses* I here say,
there was indeed a Monster Born.

3 I saw it, so did many more,
who did unto that place arrive;
The like was ne'r beheld before,
sure by the oldest Man alive.

4 To tell the shape I now do mean,
according to my chiefest Skill;
God grant the like may ne'r be seen,
if it be his most gracious will.

5 I speak no more then what I know,
as here I solemnly protest,
Two Infants did together grow,
from the lower parts up to the breast.

6 As if one Body and no more,
four leggs and feet there was likewise
Two pair of Hips, now this therefore,
did the Spectators much surprize.

7 Two Male-Children they were indeed,
as by their parts it did appear:
Nay farther now I must proceed,
to tell this mighty Wonder here.

8 Then from their breasts as many knows
two little pritty Babes they were,
Their very Heads as black as slows,
with locks of soft and downy Hair.

9 Some Women that the sight beheld,
when they these babes approached nigh
They were alas, with sorrow fill'd,
to see [1] how these sweet Lambs did lye.

10 For they both lay with Face to Face,
which would the Hearts of mothers move,
And with their Arms they did embrace,
as if in most intire Love.

11 Their little arms as white as snow,
their pretty Fingers long and small;
Not one in twenty that doth goe
to see them, but some Tears do fall.

12 Heads, Arms and Leggs, nothing amiss,
in perfect shape as if for two,
But yet the greatest wonder's this,
to see how they together grew.

13 They were Dead-Born, therefore we know,
tis fit we should due praises give
To God, who did his kindness show,
in not ordaining them to live.

14 For the poor Parents, we may guess,
it would have been a grief to see
Them live and languish in Distress,
with such a strange Deformity.

[1] *Text* so.

15 Through *London* now this true Report,
much admiration does afford,
So that great numbers do resort,
to see the wonders of the Lord.

16 Let us from Sin our Lives reclaim,
that we Gods Anger may escape,
How ought we to adore his Name,
that granted us our Humane shape.

17 Now to the Lord, O let us pray,
with Hearts of true sincerity,
That never tender Mother may
behold the like deformity.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Gilt-Spur-Street*, without *Newgate.*

151

The western triumph

II, 246, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, II, 945.

Luttrell (I, 411–412) reports in August, 1687, that "the 16th, their majesties left Windsor, the king goeing for Portsmouth on his progresse, and the queen towards the Bath: the 16th his majestie lies at Portsmouth; the 18th at Bathe; the 22d at Glocester; the 23d [at] Worcester; the 24th at Ludlow; the 25th at Shrewsbury; the 26th at Whitchurch; the 27th at Chester; the 30th at Newport; the 31st at Litchfeild; 1st Sept. at Coventry; the 2d at Banbury; the 3d at Oxford; the 5th at Cirincester; and the 6th at Bathe; and so intends to return home for Windsor again." Further, "His majestie hath been received at the several places in his progresse with great acclamations of joy, and all dutifull respects of a sincere loyalty." He returned to Windsor on September 17, and shortly thereafter, we may suppose, the ballad was written. The itinerary and the dates given by Luttrell are confirmed by *The London Gazette*, which adds (in its issue for September 19–22) that during his progress James touched more than 5000 persons for the king's evil (cf. stanza 2).[1] No statistics of cures are furnished.[2]

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 562.

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[1] In a news-letter of August 18 summarized by the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission (Report on the MSS. of the Marquess of Downshire, I. i. 259) he is said to have carried with him "1,800 pieces of Angel gold to give to persons he shall touch of the evil."

[2] For cures see Raymond Crawfurd, *The King's Evil*, 1911, pp. 136–137.

The VVestern-TRIUMPH:
OR, The ROYAL PROGRESS of Our Gracious King *James* the II. into the West of *England.*

Our Gracious King, where e're he came,
was entertained with joy:
His presence did much comfort bring,
all crys Vive Le Roy.

Tune of, *King James's Jigg.*

This may be Printed. *R.P.*

1 COme listen awhile to the Lines which I bring,
Of the Royal Progress of *James* our good King,
VVhich unto the West he was pleased to take,
And of the great Mirth that his Subjects did make;
Through e'ry City and Town where he came,
Attended with Nobles and Persons of Fame:
Rejoycing they pray for the King and his Train,
God send him a long and a prosperous Reign.

2 Then bidding the Castle of *Windsor* adieu,
And coming to *Portsmouth* in order to view
The Fortifications of that Royal Fort,
And likewise as we have by perfect report,
He Touch't for the Evil, so tender was he,
Of his Loving Subjects of e'ry degree:
While Thousands rejoycing, they cry'd out amain,
God send him a long and a prosperous Reign.

3 O then in his Yatch, our Royal Great *James,*
Did pass over *Neptune*'s curled Silver Streams;
At *Bath* in short time, our Great Prince did arrive,
VVhere every Subject in person did strive,
To pay their Allegiance with Loyal Respect,
And pray that the Heavens may always protect
Our Mighty Great Monarch and his Princely Train,
In Peace, with a flourishing prosperous Reign.

4 From thence to the City of *Glouster* he came,
VVhere all the Great Persons their joys did proclaim;
The more their magnanimous Triumph to show,
Their Conduits with plenty of Wine then did flow;
Their Caps up they fling, while their Knees on the ground
King *James*'s good Health they Drank merrily round:
With loud Acclamations all struck in a strain,
God send him a long and a prosperous Reign.

5 To *Worcester* then our Prince went with speed,
VVhere once [1] many brave Loyal Soldiers did bleed,
With Lords, Dukes and Earles, such Men of Renown,
Which Fought for the King for maintaining the Crown:
VVhen there they beheld him, they then did rejoyce,
And all with a noble, unanimous Voice,
Crying God bless great James *and his Princely train,*
And send him a long and a prosperous Reign.

6 To *Ludlow* and *Shrewsbury* then he did ride,
Nay *Whitchurch* and *Chester*, to *Newport* beside,
To *Litchfield* and *Boscobel-House*, then also
To the *Royal-Oak* he was pleased to go,
To see the Remains of that Prosperous Tree,
The Refuge of *Charles* of late blest Memory,
Who Heaven in mercy was pleas'd to ordain,
In his Fathers Kingdom and Throne for to Reign.

7 The City of *Coventry* then in short space,
Our Prince with his presence was pleased to grace,
The Mayor with his Aldermen meeting the King,
The Town was in Triumph, while Bells they did ring:
All Hearts were transported with freedom and joy,
The Musick they made it was *Vive Le Roy*,
To drink his good Health there was none wou'd refrain
But pray'd for his long and most prosperous Reign.

[1] *I. e.*, in 1642, 1646, and 1651.

8 To *Banbury* then our Soveraign came,
And after to *Oxford* that City of Fame,
Who was not behind hand with none of the rest,
Their joy and their triumph cannot be exprest,
No Prince ever met with such Subjects before,
Then our Great Monarch whom all do adore:
To drink his good Health, there's none will refrain,
To pray for his long and most prosperous Reign.

9 At length to the City of *Bristow* also,
Our King with his Queen and his Nobles did go,
Where hundreds and thousands together did throng,
To see in what glory they passed along,
The greatest of Triumph attended the day,
No City in *England* more Loyal than they,
All fling up their Caps, and did cry out amain,
God send them a long and a prosperous Reign.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

152

The Duke of Grafton's welcome home

v, 31, roman and italic type, two columns. The music for the tune is printed, and the stanzas are numbered (in brackets) in the original.

Judging from the last stanza (cf. also No. 198), it was almost as dangerous to refuse a drink in the days of the Stuarts as it was in the days of old out in the great open spaces of Western America. Certainly it would have been prudent to drink, whether or not one was loyal.

Henry Fitzroy, first Duke of Grafton, second son of Charles II by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, was born on September 20, 1663. In 1684 Grafton visited Louis XIV at Condé, and gained his first military experience at the siege of Luxemburg. In 1685 he fought for James II against Monmouth at Sedgemoor (stanza 1). The ballad was written after March 26, 1688, when (*Publick Occurrences Truly Stated*, No. 7, April 3) he had returned to Whitehall [1] after being magnificently entertained at the court of Pedro II of Portugal [2] and after cruising among the Barbary States. He was the most popular and perhaps the most gifted of Charles II's sons.[3] He died on October 9, 1690.

In the addenda to his *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725, p. 324, Plomer has only a three-line note on James Bissel, refers to but one of his publications, and dates him "*c.* 1690–1700." R. P. are the initials of the licenser, Richard Pocock.

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[1] *The London Gazette*, March 12–15, 1688, announces that Grafton arrived at Falmouth on March 10.

[2] A news-letter of September 29, 1687, summarized by the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission (Report on the MSS. of the Marquess of Downshire, I. i. 269), states that the king gave Grafton a sword and cane worth £4000 and "sent to the ships 2,000 hens, 1,000 ducks, 80 oxen, many sheep, 40 calves, fruit and sweetmeats in great store with 80 pipes of wine."

[3] John Evelyn (*Diary*, November 6, 1679) had a poor opinion of him, but called him "exceeding handsome, by far surpassing any of the King's other natural issue."

A New Song,

called, The DUKE of GRAFTON's WWelcome Home into *ENGLAND:* Or, His happy Return from his Forreign Travels.

Tune of, *Charon make haste*, &c.

This may be printed, *R.P.*

1 ALl Loyal Subjects resolve to be merry,
the Duke of *Grafton's* return'd safe home,
Who in the *West* made the Rebels miscarry,
And brought them to their Just Fatal Doom;
Let's Ring our Bells, our Drums let's beat,
And every tipe of Mirth imploy;
Nothing to wellcome him can be too great,
Let e'ry heart bless his return with Joy.

2 Happy's the Subject possest of those Favours,
Love of his Prince, and his Country too,
Gain'd by his valliant and Noble behavours,
Bold in his Actions, and alwaies true;
May all his Blessings here continue-him,
And may his Fame the World Convince;
He has a Soul brave and Loyal within-him,
Dare [1] to do any thing for his Prince.

3 To gain Experience beyond Sea he Travel'd,
his Knowledge in forreign Courts to 'mprove,
They at his Gracefull Brave Presence all marvel'd,
and thought him Born both for War and Love;
Every heart pursued his Favour,
And in his Arms a Captive fell,
Charm'd by his Looks and his Noble Behavour;
no Prince his Virtue could e're excell.

4 His Absence by all Good Subjects was mourned,
He greatly was mist by the Noble Train,
But now he back into *Englands* returned,
To Bless his own Native Land again;

[1] *Read* Dares.

The Cry is pleasant to each Ear,
The Loyal Duke of *Grafton's* come,
And e'ry Heart full of Joy doth appear,
And Gladly doth wish him a wellcome home.

5 Come Loyal Subjects who scorn the base Trimmer,
Charge up a merry cup to the Brim,
Here's Loyall *Graftons* health boys in a Brimmer,
Let all Love him as he Loves our KING,
Long may he live and Happy be,
And all the VVorldly Bliss enjoy;
From all Misfortunes may Heav'n keep him free,
And every unhappy thought distroy.

6 VVhen this great Man to the grave shall retire,
May no Oblivion his Fame distroy;
Then may his Soul to Bright Heaven aspire;
And there be Crown'd with immortal Joy;
He that refuses this same Glass,
To drink the Health I have begun,
Surely shall have three or four in his Face,
He therefore had better to drink of one.

Printed for *I. Bissel* at the Bible and Harp near the *Hospital-Gate* in *West-Smithfield.*

153

A comfortable and friendly advice

II, 248, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

The poet presents a novel economic theory: England abounds in sin of every description, as a result of which an angry God has punished the nation with poor trade. When people once again begin to serve God and honor James II, trading will immediately improve. Meantime the wool-trade is already improving because it is now so regulated that only by license may one take part in it. The ballad was probably written after April 6, 1688, when James issued a proclamation prohibiting the exportation of "Sheep, Wooll, Wooll-fells, Woollen-yarn, Mortlings, Shorlings, Wooll-flocks, Fullers-Earth, and Fulling-Clay" (*London Gazette*, April 12–16; see also Luttrell, I, 436, 458). But it is strange to see that in stanza 13 the writer prays that the king will maintain "the true Protestant Church." Obviously he had not kept up with developments in church and state.

The tune of *Five sail of frigates bound for Malago* is perhaps identical, and certainly interchangeable (see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 414), with *Shrewsbury for me* (*ibid.*, 357–360).

A comfortable & friendly Advice For all the True-Hearted Subjects of ENGLAND.

To the Tune of, *Five Sail of Frigats bound for Maligo.*

1 CHear up all true Subjects, and seem not to frown,
But show your selves joyful, though trading is down,
Serve God night and day, with a Heart just and free,
And the Nation will after it soon happy be.

2 O ne're seem amazed, nor murmuring stand,
To see Trade and Traffick so down in the Land,
But serve God, and keep his Commandements free,
And the Nation will after it soon happy be.

3 Likewise leave your swearing, your cursing and pride,
And embrace you your Bibles, let them be your Guide,
Read them and regard them, with a Heart good & free,
And then you a happy sweet Kingdom shall see.

4 Also there is Whoredom and Drunkenness too,
Vs'd much in this Kingdom, which makes many rue,
But leave off such Sins, and you quickly shall see,
That *England* a happy sweet Kingdom will be.

5 For Sin's the main cause, we may all understand,
Makes Trading so dead and decay'd in the Land,
And the Lord sure is angry, our actions to see,
But let's hearty Repent and we happy shall be.

6 Then let me advise, both the Young and the Old,
To leave wicked Vice, and on Scripture lay hold,
And lay't in your Hearts, and you quickly shall see,
The Lord[1] take your parts, and you happy will be.[2]

7 These Verses of mine, here which to you I write,
Are truths of a certain, then follow them quite,
And do as these Verses doth wish, and you'l see,
That *England* a flourishing Nation will be.

[1] *Text* Lrod. [2] *Text* wi lbe.

8 That is to serve God and to Honour King *James*,
Who will be a easer of these your Extreams,
For his great care and goodness is for us amain,
And will help famous *England* to Trading again.

9 For his Ships are preparing and fit for the Seas,
To out-Nations, bearing *Englands* Mercandize,
God send them a prosperous Voyage o're the Main,
Then *England* will flourish when they come again.

10 Then follow your Labour, Boys stand to your stint,
For there's Money a making, great store in the Mint,
And you shall have share on't, if you'l careful be,
And *England* a Flourishing Nation you'l see.

11 The Wool Trade in *England* hath long been decay'd,
But lately in *London*, a Contract was made,
That none but by Lisence should follow it free,
Then this a fine Flourishing calling will be.

12 The poor *Spinners* that to the *Wooll-Combers*, do work,
And by them was held down, as slaves to the *Turk*,
Yet soon shall they find a good comfort, and see
That *England* a Flourishing Nation will be.

13 So God save King *James* and the Peers of his Land,
Lord prosper and keep them with thy Mighty Hand,
That they the true Protestant Church may maintain,
And God send good Trading in *England* again.

14 So you that have heard these Verses I've penn'd,
Pray love one another, take me as your Friend,
And mind well these Duties, which is your just thing,
Pray serve God Almighty and Honour your King.

15 No more at this present, I mean to relate,
But to all the Kings Subjects I this Dedicate,
And what here is Printed, I hope you will find,
E're long to be true, and so bear it in mind.

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Clark*, *W. Thackery*, and *T. Passinger*.

154

The princely triumph

II, 251, black letter, three columns, three woodcuts.

On December 23, 1687, James II issued a proclamation appointing a time of public thanksgiving and prayer throughout the kingdom for his "apparent hopes and good assurance of having Issue by His Royal Consort the Queen, who (through Gods great Goodness) is now with Child." At once tongues began to wag. "No one scarce believes that she is realy with barn," Abraham de la Pryme, of Yorkshire, wrote in his *Diary* (ed. Charles Jackson, p. 11, Surtees Society, 1869), adding, "They say that the Virgin Mary has appear'd to her, and declair'd to her that that holy thing that shall be born of her shall be a son. They say likewise that the pope has sent her the Virgin Mary's smok, and hallowed bairn cloaths."

The ill-fated Prince of Wales, son of James II and Mary of Modena, was born on June 10, 1688. Immediately thereafter this panegyric was written by a balladist who had only loyal thoughts. Luttrell (I, 442) observes: "The 10th, being Trinity Sunday, between 9 and 10 in the morning, 15 minutes before ten, the queen was delivered of a prince at St. James, by Mrs. Wilkins the midwife, to whom the king gave 500 guineas for her paines; 'tis said the queen was very quick, so that few persons were by. As soon as known, the cannon at the Tower were discharged, and at night bonefires and ringing of the bells were in several places." [1] At noon the Privy Council ordered that Sunday, June 17, be observed in London, Westminster, and the vicinity as a day of general thanksgiving, and fourteen days later in all other parts of the kingdom. *The London Gazette*, June 14–18, said that in London "the publick Joy on this great Occasion was expressed by the Conduits running with Wine, by Bonfires, Ringing of Bells, and all other ways by which the people could demonstrate their dutiful affection to their Majesties, and the sense they have of this great Blessing." [2] Richard Lapthorne (*The Port-*

[1] On June 10 John Evelyn entered in his diary, "A *young Prince* born, which will cause disputes."

[2] See also "Public Rejoicings on the Birth of the Son of James II," *The Gentleman's Magazine*, n. s., XXXIV (1850), 468–470.

ledge Papers, 1928, p. 39) writes of an entertainment of fireworks on the Thames that cost James II £25,000. Three hundred men, he asserts, had been employed on them for some four months, and on July 21 a hundred thousand spectators watched the entertainment. Poets, too, joined in the general celebration. One of them, Tom D'Urfey, wrote *A Poem Congratulatory on the Birth of the Young Prince, Most Humbly Dedicated to their August Majesties*, in which he declared that "All Nature seem'd to revel in delight, That happy Minute when the *Prince* was Born." "Our publick gazett and news letters," says Luttrell (I, 444), "are stuft with nothing but rejoyceings from towns for the birth of the prince."

Hardly a month had passed, however, before the diarist (Luttrell, I, 449) noted that "people give themselves a great liberty in discoursing about the young prince, with strange reflections on him, not fitt to insert here." These reflections, with which later ballads in the present volume abound, were cast upon the prince's birth. He was said to be a supposititious child, born to the wife of a common miller or tile-man, and smuggled in a warming-pan into the queen's bed, at the suggestion of the Jesuits, in order that the popish succession might be maintained. Sir Charles Lyttelton (*Correspondence of the Family of Hatton*, ed. E. M. Thompson, II [1878], 81) saw the prince on June 11 "as he was undressing" and thought him "a delicate fine boy, very well complexioned, and lookes healthy and sprightly." But "A Catholick Hymn on the Birth of the Prince of Wales," printed according to its colophon at "*White-Hall*, St. *Barnabas's Festival: June* the 11*th*. 1688" (Huntington Library), shows how rapidly scandal had become articulate: it found the infant

> As big and as Bold
> As a Boy a Month Old,
> More like than a new Born Baby.[1]

So general was belief in these libels that on October 22, at a special session of the Privy Council, James humiliated himself by presenting forty-two witnesses of the prince's birth.[2] Among them was the Dowager Queen Catherine of Braganza; and, though only seventeen were Roman Catholics, the scandal persisted. Princess Anne of Denmark fully credited it, though later she and nearly everybody

[1] Cf. No. 191, stanza 5.

[2] See Luttrell, I, 470, and Oldmixon's *History of England during the Reigns of the Royal House of Stuart*, 1730, p. 752. A scandalous satire, "The Deponents," is included in *A Second Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, pp. 27–29.

else admitted their error. The Prince and Princess of Orange sent a special envoy to congratulate James on the birth of an heir, but their opinion seems to have been changed by the *Memorial from the English Protestants* (in *A Collection of State Tracts*, I [1705]), which discussed (pp. 13–30) the prince at great length. The nobles who signed this memorial asserted (p. 14) "without further hesitation or inquiry, that this supposed Prince of *Wales* cannot be justly judged by any kind of Rules of Justice or Law to be in truth born of the Queen." Accordingly, at the time of his invasion of England the Prince of Orange referred to the queen's alleged deception in his manifesto (*State Tracts* [1660–1689], 1692, pp. 420–425), to which James retorted in a "Declaration" issued on November 6 (published in *The London Gazette*, November 5–8): "He calls in question the Legitimacy of the Prince of *Wales*, Our Son, and Heir Apparent, though by the Providence of God, there were present at his Birth so many Witnesses of Unquestionable Credit, as if it seemed to have been the particular Care of Heaven, on purpose to disappoint so Wicked and Unparalell'd an Attempt." For further details about this unpleasant subject the histories of Gilbert Burnet and Macaulay and the *Catalogue of* [*Satirical*] *Prints and Drawings in the British Museum* (I. i. 710–716) should be consulted.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 123–125.

THE Princely Triumph:

Or, *Englands* Joy in the BIRTH of the Young Prince of WALES: Born on the 10*th.* of *June*, 1688. to the great Content and Satisfaction of all LOYAL SUBJECTS.

To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound.*

This may be Printed, *R.P.*

1 LEt *England* Rejoyce and all sorrows expell,
Since there is no doubt but all things will be well,
The Heavens has smil'd, and to add to our joy,
Has sent to this languishing Nation a Boy:
A Princely young Heir, of the Royal Pair,
And of whose protection the Gods will take care;
Now we have no reason to sigh and complain,
A young Prince is Born, may he long live to Reign.

2 On the tenth of *June* this sweet blessing was sent,
To give the whole Nation true joy and content,
What we had long pray'd for was sent on that day,
True joys to encrease, and our griefs to allay:
On the loud Wings of fame, this glad tydings came,
The Glory of *Brittain* aloud to proclaim,
Let true loyal voices strike all in a strain,
A young Prince is Born, may he long live to Reign.

3 As soon as this tydings in *London* was heard,
True joy in the face of each Subject appear'd,
The thundering Cannons aloud they did roar,
To send the Glad Tydings on every shore:
All tongues did express, then their true thankfulness,
Their joy was so great that they could do no less,
Then with loyal voices rejoyce all amain,
A young Prince is Born, may he long live to Reign.

4 BOth Lords, Dukes and Earls, & the commons also,
In e'ry degree did their Loyalty show,
Their hearts was transported with so much delight,
That from that blest Morning till late in the Night
The Bells loudly Ring, and swift Fame was one wing
And all loyal Subjects did merrily sing,
Let Happiness flourish, give Sorrow her Bane,
A young Prince is Born, may he long live to Reign.

5 Through City and Subburbs this joy did abound,
And Loyal brisk Glasses went merrily round,
Not one in ten thousand in Loyalty fails,
But drank a good health to the young Prince of *Wales:*
With this happy Pray'r, that kind Heavens good care
Would nourish, and cherish, our young Princely Heir;
In these very words they rejoyced amain,
A young Prince is Born, may he long live to Reign.

6 This Blessing and Triumph the more to compleat,
All Loyal true Subjects in every street
Made Fires, which like blazing Comets did shine,
And Tables was filled with Bottles of Wine:
Both rich Men and mean, was in Loyalty seen,
All prayed for Royal King *JAMES* and his Queen,
And in the conclusion they cry'd out amain,
A young Prince, &c.

7 We do by our Ancestors well understand,
Some notable signs did Allarum the Land,
Predicting some manifold favours from Heaven,
But now unexpected this blessing is given,
By which we may see, our felicity
Does happen, tho' late, the compleater to be,
Then rejoyce Town and City, yea, Shepherd & Swain
A young Prince, &c.

8 Then throw up your Caps and rejoyce e'ry one,
Since we have a Prince to inherit the Throne;
A Prince without doubt, for great actions design'd,
To Valour, to Iustice, and Goodness inclin'd:

Then let us agree, for a Iubilee,
That all the whole world may our gratitude see,
This blessing from Heaven won't [1] given in vain,
A young Prince is Born, may he long live and Reign.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye Corner*, near *West-Smithfield.*

[1] *Read* wan't (= wasn't).

155

The Duke of Albemarle's farewell

IV, 305, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

Christopher Monck, second Duke of Albemarle (cf. pp. 282–284, above), is supposed to have been born in 1653. He was made lord chancellor of the University of Cambridge in 1682, served against Monmouth in June, 1685, "when he is said to have shewn neither capacity nor courage," was appointed governor-general of Jamaica on November 25, 1686,[1] and died there on October 6, 1688. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on July 4 of the following year.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 493–494.

On James Bissel, the publisher, see Nos. 191, 211, 222, 285.

[1] These very unreliable dates are given in *The Complete Peerage*, ed. Vicary Gibbs, I (1910), 89–90. The *Dictionary of National Biography* says that his appointment to Jamaica was made on November 26, 1686; but *The Ellis Correspondence* (ed. G. A. Ellis, I [1829], 109) seems to date it April 17, the report of the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission on the MSS. of the Marquess of Downshire (I. i. 152) April 19. The latter authority (p. 268) says he sailed from Portsmouth on September 15, Miss Ward (*Christopher Monck Duke of Albemarle*, 1915, p. 277) says September 12; Luttrell (I, 413) makes him depart "towards his government beyond sea" on September 6. According to Miss Ward (p. 279) he entered Port Royal on December 19; Luttrell (I, 435) has him "safely arrived" in Jamaica by March 21, 1688. It is interesting to note that *Publick Occurrences Truly Stated*, No. 13, May 15, 1688, informed its readers that "letters from *Jamaica* bring Advice, how well the Air of that *Island* agrees with the Duke and Dutchess of *Albemarle*, so as that neither of them have found the least Indisposition in their Health, since their Arrival there." But shortly after this the duke died and the duchess became insane.

A New Mournful Ballad, CALLED The Duke of *Allbemarle's* Farewell, Who lately departed this Life, in the Island of *Iamaica;* being sent there as Governour, by his present Majesty, in the Year of our Lord, 87. and died in the Year 88.

To the Tune of, *Grim King of the Ghost.*

This may be Printed, *R.P.*

1 YE Lovers of Loyaltie,
come yield me a small relief;
Pray shed a sad Tear with me,
and share in the Nations Grief.
A Noble brave Peer of the Land,
is to the Bless'd Regeons fled,
Subdu'd by sad Fates bold hand,
Great Allbemarl *now is dead.*

2 Ah! who could forbear to weep,
that does the sad Tydings hear;
He's lay'd in a silent sleep,
lamented with many a Tear:

How terrible is the sound;
it strikes to our Ears a sad dread,
Like Thunder it crys all round,
Great Allbemarl *now is dead.*

3 He was to *Jamaica* sent,
to serve Royal *JAMES* our King;
Submissively there he went,
Obey'd him in every Thing:
But from the Hot *Indian* shore,
he lately to Heaven is fled;
And we shall ne're see him more,
Great Allbemarl *now is dead.*

4 He often expos'd his Blood,
for King and his Countrys sake;
He Loyally always stood,
and to the just side did take:
And now he is fled and gone;
our Nation it misses his Aid,
And cry as they make their moan,
Great Allbemarl *now is dead.*

5 His Valour he oft has try'd,
upon the Salt Raging Main,
Success he had on his side,
and did many Honours gain:
But Death with his Mortal Dart,
the Trick of a Traytor has play'd,
And Cowardly pierc'd his Heart,
Great Allbemarl *now is dead.*

6 Come you that great Souls admire;
Let's mingle our present Cares,
And to a dark Shade retire,
there Weep away all our Tears:
Our Sighs they shall witness our Grief:
We'l Bath in the Tears that we shed,
And suffer no sort of Relief,
Since great Allbemarl *is dead.*

Printed for *I Bissel*, at the Bible and Harp near the *Hospital-Gate* in *West-Smithfield.*

v, 396, roman and italic type, two columns, slightly torn.

Tailors were — and for that matter still often are — the butt of many coarse or derogatory jokes and proverbs.[1] In "The Voice of Fame," the date of which is certainly before the flight of James II, some member or admirer of the Tailors' Company wrote in their praise, asserting that they belong to the oldest, the most indispensable, and the noblest of trades. Support of the last remark may be found in H. B. Wilson's *The History of Merchant-Taylors' School* (1812–1814, I, xxiii ff.), where one finds lists of the "English Kings, foreign Potentates, Princes, Dukes, Earls, Prelates, Barons, naval and military Heroes, and chief Magistrates of London, who have been free of the Society of Merchant-Taylors." Wilson enumerates as having been free of the company ten kings (Edward III, Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Edward IV, Richard III, Henry VII, Charles I, James II); twenty princes and dukes, 1385–1677 (and two others without dates); forty-seven earls, 1351–1675 (and three others without dates); twenty-seven bishops, 1373–1676; and seventy lords and barons, 1388–1632. These figures agree closely enough with stanza 7. Wilson reprints from Richard Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, 1612 (Percy Society ed., 1842, pp. 9–14), "A Delightfull Song of the Foure Famous Feasts of England: the One of them Ordayned by King Henry the Seventh to the Honor of Marchant Taylors; Shewing how Seven Kings have been Free of that Company"; but the Pepys ballad would have been more to the purpose. See also *The Honour of the Taylors; Or, The Famous and Renowned History of Sir Iohn Hawkwood, Knight* (1687), which ends with "A Song, to be sung by the *Merchant-Taylors* on St. *William's* Day. To the Tune of, *Now, now the Fight's done.*"

[1] Thus Nathaniel Ward, *The Simple Cobler of Aggavvamm in America*, 1647, E1, refers to the "more common then convenient saying, that nine Taylors make a man," and adds (E2v–E3): "what may be said of the preter-pluralities of Taylors in *London:* I have heard an honest man say, that not long since there were numbered between *Temple-barre* and *Charing-Crosse*, eight thousand of that Trade: let it be conjectured by that proportion how many there are in and about *London*, and in all *England.*"

With stanza 2 compare this statement from a ballad called "The Taylor's Vindication" (British Museum, 1871. e. 9 [30]):

> *Adam* and *Eve* in *Paradice*,
> Altho they wanted nothing;
> Yet they were Naked at the first,
> And had no kind of Cloathing,
> They sew'd Fig-leaves and Aprons made,
> To hide their shame of Sinning;
> And thus began the Taylors Trade
> At the Worlds first beginning.

The cloak is an apparently unrecorded tune. It cannot be derived from "The Ballad of the Cloak; Or, The Cloak's Knavery" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, IV, 604–607), which has a stanza of eight, not ten, lines.

The VOICE of FAME:
OR, THE TAYLOR's GLORY: Giving an Historical Account of many Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Bishops, Earls, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c, that have been of this Noble and Honourable Profession.

Tune of, *The Cloak.*

Licensed according to Order.

Humbly dedicated to all the Lovers of this most Magnanimous and Ingenious Art.

1 OF all the Professions that ever were nam'd,
The Taylors tho' slighted is much to be fam'd
For various invention and antiquity;
No trade with the Taylors compared may be,
For warmth, and distinction, and fashion he doth,
Provide for both Sexes with Silk, Stuff, and Cloath;
Then do not disdain him, or slight him, or flout him,
Since (if well consider'd) you can't live without him:
But let all due praises (that can be) be made,
To honour and dignifie the Taylor's trade.

2 When *Adam* and *Eve* out of *Eden* were hurl'd,
They were at that time K. and Q.[1] of the World;
Yet this Royal Couple were forced to play
The Taylors, and put themselves in green array;
For modesty and for necessity's sake,
They had Figs for the Belly, and Leaves for the Back;
And afterwards cloathing with Sheep-skins they made,
Then judge if the Taylors was not the first Trade;
The oldest Profession, and they are but Raylors,
Who scoff and deride Men that be Merchant Taylers.

3 Some say that the Shooemakers trade do out go him,
But I am perswaded it is much below him;
When he's at the bottom the Tayler's o'th' top,
When the Shooemaker kneels the stout Tayler stands up,

[1] *I. e.*, King and Queen.

Embracing and lacing his Madam so fair,
And decking her Body with Robes debonair;
There is no fault for to be found with this Trade,
Altho' there's small difference 'twixt Mistress and Maid,
And therefore in short, I do count them but Raylers,
Who shall under value the brave Merchant Taylers.

4 If Princes and People stark naked should go,
Who could their Grandure or Dignity know;
It would pretty modest fair Virgins perplex,
'Cause Nakedness shews the distinction of Sex:
And therefore the Tayler, to fortifie Nature,
By Art and Formalities, covers the Creature;
To every Person he gives a due dress,
Which doth in fit order their Callings express:
Then let all your praises be properly made.
To commend and dignifie the Tayler's trade.

5 With various Persons in habit he deals,
And with outward Shapes inward Secrets conceals;
Distortion of Body, and fowlness of Mind,
That under good cloathing you can't quickly find:
A Wife in high habit hath often been seen,
Tho' as rank as a Goat, yet as rich as a Queen;
Such power hath Apparel that covers the Skin,
All imbroyder'd without, and corrupted within,
This falshood doth not in the Taylers Art lurk.
But in the fowl Members that set him to work.

6 *Kings, Princes, Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Lords,*
Have Royal Apparel from Taylors Shop-board;[1]
Grave Bishops, and Judges, Knights, Gentlemen, Yomen
With all the degrees of Men, Children, and VVomen
All sorts and distinctions of Land-men and Saylers,
Are roab'd, gown'd, and coated, and tackled by Taylers
In gallant apparel your Martial-man thunders,
Good Cloaths and good Courage too, daily do wonder[2]
He that hath poor habit and is out of fashion,
Is slighted and seldom obtains estimation.

[1] *Read* Shop-boards. [2] *Read* wonders.

7 Ten Kings of the brave Merchant-taylers are free,
As twenty two Princes and Dukes also be:
Twenty seven Bishops right reverend and good,
And forty seven Earls are of this Brotherhood,
VVith seventy seven bold Barrons and Lords,
As may be produced from our Ancient Records;
Then judge if the dignify'd Taylors have not
Cause for Estimation, ne'r to be forgot.
Since none of good fashion but Ranters and Raylers,
Will wrong the right worshipful the Merchant-taylers.

☞ A Catalogue of the Nobility may be seen at Merchant-taylors-hall, in *Thread-needle-street*, London.

LONDON: Printed for *C. Bates*, at the *Sun* and *Bible*, in *Pye-corner.*

157

The tradesmen's lamentation

IV, 315, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts.

A doleful account of the decay of trading towards the end of 1688. It was evidently written before the landing of William of Orange (cf. stanza 4), as is indicated by Richard Pocock's initials. The ballad shows no deep political bias, no enthusiasm at all for a change of government. The ballad-writer's pocket-book absorbed him so much that an invasion seemed to him a minor affair.

For the tune see No. 188.

THE Trades-men's Lamentation; OR, A Discourse between *WILL* the *Weaver*, and *RICHARD* the *Glover*, concerning the Dullness of their Trades: Together with *William*'s Chearful hopes of seeing the Blessed Sun of Prosperity to shine once more upon this Land.

To the Tune of, *A Touch of the Times.*

1 AS *William* one morning was walking the street,
With his Neighbour *Richard* he happen'd to meet;
Then taking each other fast hold by the Hand,
They for a short time there disputing did stand:
I prithee, quoth *William*, what News do you hear?
Faith, none that is good, as i'le make it appear;
Which makes my poor Visage look pitiful blew,
For Trading is dead, I have nothing to do.

2 I went to the Market to utter my Ware,
But could take no Money when as I came there:
Where-ever I Travel the City about,
All Men are unwilling their Coin to lay out:
This troubles me sore, and I being poor,
I have not so much as a Penny in store;
My Sorrows are many, as I tell to you,
Trading being dead, I have nothing to do.

3 Why Neighbour, quoth *William*, it is my own case,
And other poor Tradesmen in every place,
Whose Family's large, and their substance but small,
And none but their Care to maintain them withal:
I well may relate, their sorrows are great,
To think of their present deplorable state;
All Mirth is departed, and Troubles renew,
For Trading is dead we have nothing to do.

4 All over the Nation strange Stories are told,
And one by the other is often Controul'd:
Some said that the *Dutch-men* are come to the shore,
And others declar'd they wou'd never come o're:

Thus we cou'd scarce find, two Men of a mind,
But what did both waver and turn with the Wind;
But here is one thing which we find is too true,
All Trading is dead, there is nothing to do.

5 Rich Misers now turns all their Silver to Gold,
And those that have Houses do wish they were sold;
And therefore dear Neighbour, I heartily fear,
We shall have but pittiful Trading this Year:
But let Heaven Crown, this Land with renown,
And pull all the Force of our Enemies down,
For now at the present Care makes us look blew,
For Trading is dead, we have nothing to do.

6 While poor Men has scarce e're a penny to use,
The Rich are in fear they their Treasure shall loose.
Dame Fortune she hands forth her Favours to such,
That some has too little, and others too much;
Yet out of their store, they'll not pity the poor;
But still will be having, and craving for more;
Out of poor Mens labours they something will screw,
We having but little or nothing to[1] *do.*

7 Tho' now from our Foes a dark Cloud does appear,
E're long we may have our Element clear;
The Sun in much Glory and Splendor may shine,
And e'ery man eat the fruit of his own Vine:
This cannot long last, our Foes we may blast;
For when all this Storm and the Tempest is past,
Instead of bad *Trading*,we then shall have store,
And flourish much better than ever before.

8 Let's wait but with patience, we hope to subdue
Those Troubles and Cares, with our Enemies too;
The Earth in abundance brings forth her increase,
We want nothing here but the Blessing of peace:
Therfore my dear Friend, our Lives let's amend,
That Heaven unto this great Land may extend,
The[2] Blessing of peace all our Ioys to restore,
And flourish more better then ever before.

[1] Omitted. [2] *Text* Toe.

9 Altho' our Trouble may seem to last long,
Yet if God stands for us, who can do us wrong?
This Nation and People I hope he'll defend
From all kind of Dangers unto the Worlds end;
Then now let us pray, for this happy day,
Wherein all our troubles may vanish away;
The Ioys of this Kingdom in peace to restore,
To flourish more better then ever before.

This may be Printed. *R.P.*

Printed for *J. Deacon* at the Angel in *Guiltspur-street*, without *Newgate*, 1688.

158

A congratulatory poem

v, 34, roman and italic type, one column. A copy of this poem appears also in *A Second Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, p. 24. It begins, rather than concludes, with the words "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*," which do not appear at all in the reprint in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1704, III, 279–280.

The London Mercury, No. 1, December 15, 1688, tells how mobs of apprentices "marched down the *Strand* with *Oranges* upon their Sticks," and rioted around the houses of Catholics. After that preparation the actual entry of the Prince of Orange caused great rejoicing. He reached St. James's Palace about two or three o'clock in the afternoon of December 18. The streets, said *The English Currant*, No. 3, December 14–19, were "so full of Persons of all Qualities to meet him, as the like was never seen. The Shouts, the Huza's, the Oranges on Swords, Pikes, &c. and the numbers of the People were incredible. The Evening was concluded with Ringing of Bells, Bonfires, and all other Demonstrations of Joy." The following verses profess to be 'the first offering that celebrated his welcome to town.' They make up a poem, not a ballad, written no doubt by an author of some pretensions; but are no more significant than were the innumerable turncoat odes that welcomed Charles II in 1660.

A Congratulatory POEM

To His Royal Highness the **Prince of Orange**, *Or His Welcome to the CITY of LONDON.*

HAIL mighty Prince! this Poem on you waites,
As the first Offering that Celebrates
Your wellcome to the Town, almost Destroy'd
By Priestcraft, and by you again Reviv'd;
This Glorious Day (in which all Triumphs Live)
To Heav'n, and you Great Sir, we only Give.
When *Jove* first made the World, he ask'd no more
Of us, but taught us whom we should implore.
As then, so now 'tis our peculiar care,
With Joyfull thanks to gratifie your ear,
Who from the Dust has rais'd our Grov'ling State,
Which hung upon the weakest Wheel of Fate
An Act so high, and past mankinds believing
That none but you could er'e think of retrieving
Yet more, they who this Nation wou'd inthrall,
Do fill your Triumph with their wretched fall,
But what dose Heav'n impart when they Design
To Act something that's Noble and Divine?
Prophetick Stars this happy time ne're knew,
This Secret only Lodg'd in Heaven, and you,
And mighty Prince, (since Fate decrees it so)
Our Lives unto your Gen'rous Sword we owe,
Not only, but Estates and Liberty,
Which is the Sum of all felicity.
Exhal'd from sullen frowns our Kingdom's Blest,
And in the umbrage of your Lawralls rest,
Whilst Joy like Lightning in Tempestious Storms
Dazles the World and fils it with Alarms,
Joy now to Lowdest Triumph makes its way
And we no Difference know 'tween Night and Day,
Our Souls transported in strong Raptures move
And yet United are in Artless Love,
Joy now and Love so very well agree
As if this year was the first *Jubilee*,

Of Care and Business we'll no more alow
Since Deathless Lawralls florish on your brow,
Go on brave Prince what is't you can't effect
Whom Heav'n with prosperous [1] Stars dose still protect,
The fury of your Sword, Let the *French* feel,
That Kingdom is Designed by you to reel;
Pull down their Gaudy Pride which long hath stood
And their own Fields Manure with their own Blood,
Come here's the Prince's Health a Brimmer round
And all the *Popish* Interest Confound,

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

[1] *Text* prosporous.

159

The Prince of Orange welcome to London

II, 255, black letter, three columns, two woodcuts. Reproduced in Sir C. H. Firth's edition of Macaulay's *History*, III, 1237. Other copy: Bodleian, Wood E. 25 (118), dated in manuscript "Dec."

James II fled from Whitehall on December 17, and on "the 18th, about 2 in the afternoon, the prince of Orange came into town with mareschal Schombergh in a calash, attended with many coaches and a vast number of horsemen that went to meet him, as also the sherifs and aldermen of London: he went to St. James, and in the evening was complimented by the nobility and gentry about town; and at night were ringing of bells, bonefires" (Luttrell, I, 489). The ballad was written, immediately after William's entry, by a small poet who was not certain of the drift of events. To be sure, he did see that Roman Catholicism was crushed; he gloated over the false report of the capture of Father Petre, in spite of the latter's prayers (stanza 9) to the patron saints of Ireland; but evidently he believed that James II might be restored to the throne when once the papists were dead or exiled.

On the tune of *The two English travellers* see No. 145.

G. J., the publisher, is not to be found in Plomer's dictionaries of printers. He is presumably the same person as the G. I. of Nos. 179 and 186.

The Prince of ORANGE VVelcome to LONDON.

To the Tune of, *The two English Travellers.*

1 THe Prince *Van Orange* he is come to this Land,
Who does in defiance of Popery stand:
He does not desire Supream for to Reign,
But our Laws and Liberties here to maintain.

2 Which some evil Persons did strive to Invade,
And we into Bondage might have been betray'd;
We see all their dealings, which troubl'd us sore,
The Fryars and Iesuits dayly came o're.

3 In City and Town they did Mass-houses build,
Which was with poor ignorant Proselites fill'd;
The Proverb of old is made true in this case,
We see that an ill Weed will flourish apace.

4 They still are inventing and forging of Lyes,
Against our Bible and Clergy likewise;
In hopes they might suddenly be overthrown,
And then they concluded the Game was their own.

5 The Bishops away to the Tower was sent,
As stout and as chearful as Martyrs they went;
Not fearing what ever might fall to their doom,
They scorn to submit to the Clergy of *Rome.*

6 Now while the true Church thus did tottering stand,
It was a great grief to most Men in this Land:
But while we with sorrowful sighings did grieve,
Each Fryar and Iesuits laught in their Sleeve.

7 And Old Father *Peters* was one of the Train,
Who did for a while in his Roguery Reign;
But Fortune was pleased to send him a Frown,
And from his high Honour to tumble him down.

8 Now seeing himself in this sorrowful case,
He thought it no boot to remain in this place;
And therefore his Breetches with Guinnies he lin'd,
In order for running some shelter to find.

9 Now while he was taking this dangerous flight,
He pray'd to Saint *Francis* and *Bridget* all night;
But yet notwithstanding his Religious Prayer,
He was taken napping as *Moss* catcht his [1] Mare.

10 There is many more as we well understand,
Wishes that they were safe out of the Land;
They'd rather leave *Brittain*, and flye to the Pope,
Than here to take part of the Hatchet and Rope.

11 And now to return to the Prince *Van Orange*,
Whose cost, care and Conduct, has wrought this great change
This Nation from Thraldom I hope he'l set free,
And then there will none be more happy than we.

12 And now let us drink a good Health to the Mitre,
And may that Church flourish, tho' enemies spight her
Next Health to that Seven [2] that stood by our Cause,
As stout as our Martyrs, as just as our Laws.

13 God bless all the Nobles, Religious and Iust,
Who always was faithful and true to their Trust:
I hope they will settle this Nation again,
That we may ne'r have any cause to complain.

14 And when a Free-Parliament shall Regulate
And Compose our Fractions in matters of State,
The Ioys of this Nation again to restore,
Then both King and People may flourish once more.

FINIS.

Printed for *G. J.* 1688

[1] *Text* catch this.

[2] The bishops of stanza 5.

160

The Prince of Orange's triumph

IV, 205, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. Other copy: Bodleian, Wood E.25 (112), to which Wood added in manuscript the date of "Dec. 1688."

The ballad celebrates the arrival of William of Orange, and gives a glowing picture of the benefits he will bring to Protestantism and the harm to Roman Catholicism. The first stanza has a remarkably doleful tone-color that would have won the approval of Poe.

The tune of *Couragio* perhaps takes its name from the refrain of the present ballad. It is used also for "The Seamans Wives ranting Resolution," beginning "My good-man is gone to Sea" (Pepys, IV, 168), and for a ballad (a broadside copy of which is in Sir Charles Firth's collection) beginning, "Come, come, great Orange," in *A Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, pp. 12–13, in *A Supplement to the Collection of Miscellany Poems against Popery & Slavery*, 1689, pp. 67–71, and in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, 124–127 (1716, III, 240–243).

THE Prince of Orange's Triumph, *Or, The Downfall of the Distressed JESUITS.*

To the Tune of, *COURAGIO.*

1 NOw *Orange* is on *Brittish* shore,
come from his long Voyage O;
Now *Orange* is on *Brittains* shore,
come from his long Voyage O;
We now shall have no *Masses* more,
But will pull down their *Scarlet Whore*,
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

2 Now all her Brats we understand,
does weep at this Voyage O,
And forced are to quit the Land,
For fear of a strong Hempen Band,
Couragio, &c.

3 While here they Sung their Antick Song,
before the brave Voyage O,
The best of Subjects they did wrong,
But now they run away ding dong,
Couragio, &c.

4 The *London* Lads was much concern'd
at Fryars in this Age O,
Therefore their Wooden Gods they burn'd
And Trinkets into Ashes turn'd,
Couragio, &c.

5 They never stood to count their Cost,
they being in a Rage O,
Their Beads and Crucifix they lost,
Was ever *Jesuits* so Crost,
Couragio, &c.

6 Their hopes were turn'd to slavish fears,
at this *August* Voyage O,
Some sigh'd and stew'd in brinish Tears,
While others sneak'd & hung their Ears,
Couragio, &c.

7 The Prince of *Orange* Heavens bless;
who came on this Voyage O,
The *Jesuits* to dispossess;
God grant him evermore Success,
Couragio, &c.

8 When we beheld his Glorious Fleet,
sailing on their Voyage O,
Our whole desire was to meet,
The Kingdoms blessings to compleat,
Couragio, &c.

9 Now Welcome to our English Shore,
and now we will ingage O,
To Thump the *Babilonish* Whore,
And kick her Trumpery out of door;
Couragio, &c.

10 A short and merry life they led,
before this rare [1] Voyage O,
But now Old *Peters* he is fled,
And some in *Newgate* hide their Head;
Couragio, &c.

11 That Valiant Prince who hither came,
our Sorrows to asswage O,
O let his Right Renowned Name,
Recorded be in Books of Fame,
Couragio, &c.

12 He undertook a Glorious Cause,
in this Warlike Voyage O
To keep us from *Rome*'s Rav'nous Paws
And to preserve our Lives and Laws,
Couragio, &c.

13 Now let us all Vnited be,
and then I will engage O,
In little space we soon shall free
This Land from *Popish* Tyranny;
Couragio, &c.

[1] *Text* rage.

14 We value not the French-man's Frow[n] [1]
who threatens to engage O,
We'll Raze the Walls of e'ery Town,
And beat their lofty Towers down;
Couragio, &c.

15 If it should be our happy chance,
with *Monsieur* to Engage O,
With Forces thither we'll advance,
And shake the very Crown of France,
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio,

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Back.*

[1] Torn.

161

A third touch of the times

IV, 311, black letter, three columns, one woodcut.

Written probably after December 18, when William of Orange entered London, this "touch," or description, of the times is a savage attack on the discomfited Roman Catholics whom he had overthrown. Several of them are honored by a personal mention: George Jeffreys, the lord chancellor; Edward Petre, the king's confessor and privy councilor; Obadiah Walker, the Romanist master of University College, Oxford; Thomas Cartwright, the popish Bishop of Chester; and Andrew Pulton, joint-master of the Jesuit college in the Savoy.

On the tune see No. 152.

A Third Touch of the Times,

To the Tune of, *Charon make haste*, &c.

1 BRave *English* Boys now rejoyce and be merry,
which Loves your Country, Religion, and Laws,
Let not your blood-sucking Enemies fear ye,
since that brave *Orange* defends our Cause;
He is come over and will protect us,
tho' he be Curst by Devil and Pope;
Then you damn'd Papists forbear to vex us,
if that you do, you shall dye in a Rope.

2 For now you Villains you're even Confounded,
tho' you design'd for to cut our Throats,
Now by the Seas you are quite surrounded,
whilst the stout *Hollanders* stops your Boats;
O you will sadly now be banged,
for the base mischiefs done by you,
And at the last you shall all be hanged,
so we'll be rid of a Cursed Crew.

3 When you were well you could not be contented,
but you must down with our Antient Laws;
Yet I belive you will shortly repent it,
that you did ever engage in that Cause:
Jefferys and *Peters*, *Walker* and *Chester*,
Pulton, and other Rascals too;
Also the base Temporizing Addressor,
Penal Laws will now meet with you.

4 Nothing wou'd serve you but Protestants ruin,
Rackings, and Gallows, and Knives, and Fire,
You had provided, but 'twas your undoing,
now you shall have them your selves for hire:
Yea, so unbridled was your Power,
(tho' they no evil had deserv'd)
You must go send the Bishops to *Tower*,
but now your Rogueships shall worse be serv'd.

5 Closely we'll hunt you throughout all the Nations,
into the dens, and the Caves of the Earth;
Nor will we matter the Popes Execrations,
but we will put a full stop to your Mirth:
For the brave *Orange*, to your Confusion,
will our just Laws restore again:
Which we will soon put in Execution,
paying the Papists in their own Coyn.

6 *Orange*'s Stomach you see will not bear it,
that our Rights and his shall be lost;
But like a generous Noble Spirit,
comes to defend us, tho' much to his Cost:
Then let good Protestants all endeavour,
for to assist his Highness still,
Praying that Heaven would him deliver,
from all the Rascals that wish him ill.

7 Come drink a Health then to bonny *Will. Harry*,
Englands Defender at time of need;
And to his Excellent Princess *Mary*,
with all the rest of the Protestant breed:

Long may they Live, by Heaven befriended;
but whosoever is their Foe:
May at the Gallows his Life be ended,
and ev'ry other that would not so.

Printed in the Year, 1688.

162

A new song of an orange

v, 109, roman and italic type, two columns, stanzas numbered in roman numerals. There is a version called "A New Song of an Orange. To that Excellent Old Tune *Of a Pudding*" in *A Supplement to the Collection of Miscellany Poems against Popery & Slavery*, 1689, pp. 72–74; in *A Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems . . . against Popery*, 1689, p. 10; and in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, 127–129 (1716, III, 255–256). The copy in the Bodleian, Wood 417 (162), is almost identical with the copies just cited. It claims to have been "Printed for *A.B.* 1689"; but Wood jotted down the note, "2d — Dec. 17. an. 1688." The Gay copy (Harvard Library) has the colophon, "*London*, Printed in the Year, 1688." These other texts differ only slightly from the Pepys ballad except in stanzas 4 and 5, which are much coarser attacks on the Prince of Wales.

This song of rejoicing in honor of the arrival of the Prince of Orange and the discomfiture of James II gave a currency to "an orange" that has hardly been lost in England, and certainly not in Ireland, to the present day. Father Petre won't like the orange, says stanza 4; and it appears probable (stanza 8) that just as Father Adam lost his kingdom of Eden because of an apple, so James II, undone by serpents like Petre, may lose *his* because of an orange. The ballad was published sometime in December, and (as the title and the faulty rhymes indicate) was probably an imitation of the orange song which follows (No. 163).

For the tune — known also as *With a fading* and *An orange* — see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 234–236. The rhyme-scheme is rather carelessly followed.

The publisher R. G. was possibly the Robert Gifford who is discussed in Plomer's *Dictionary of Printers*, 1668–1725, pp. 126–127.

A New SONG OF AN ORANGE.

To the Tune of, *The PVDDING.*

1 GOod People come buy
The Fruit that I cry,
That now is in Season, tho' Winter is nigh;
'Twill do you all good,
And sweeten your Blood,
I'm sure it will please when you've once understood
'tis an *Orange.*

2 It's Cordial Juice,
Does much Vigour produce,
I may well recommend it to every Mans use,
Tho' some it quite chills,
And with fear almost kills,
Yet certain each Healthy Man benefit feels
by an *Orange.*

3 To make Claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
A jolly good Health, to pass pleasantly round;
But yet, I'll protest,
Without any Jest,
No Flavour is better then that of the taste
of an *Orange.*

4 Perhaps you may think
To *Peters* they Stink,
Because from our Neighbors they'r brought over Sea
Yet sure, 'tis presum'd,
They may be perfum'd
By th' scent of good *cloves*, for they may be stuck
in an *Orange.*

5 If they'll Cure the Ayls
In *England* and *Wales*,
Whose Meat to their Stomachs long have not agreed,
Since we're subject to Cast,
Let's better the taste,
(Still being careful lest it Curdle at last)
with an *Orange.*

6 Old Stories rehearse,
In Prose and in Verse,
How a *Welsh* child was found by loving of *cheese*
Let Sympathy shew,
How others can Spew,
When once they'r brought to the hated View
of an *Orange*.

7 Tho' the Mobile Bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Justice and Laws;
Yet in very good sooth,
I'll tell you the Truth,
There nothing is better to stop a Man's Mouth
then an *Orange*.

8 We are certainly told,
That by *Adam* of old,
Himself and his Bearns for an Apple was sold;
And who knows but his Son,
By Serpents undone,
And many besides may at last loose their own
for an *Orange*.

FINIS.

Printed for R. G. 1688.

163

The rare virtue of an orange

II, 259, black letter, three columns, one woodcut.

This ballad is a variant of No. 162, which directly precedes. A totally different variant, beginning "Good people, I pray, throw the Orange away," is preserved in Sir Charles Firth's collection as a broadside, and is reprinted in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, II, 101–103 (1716, III, 257–258).

The initials of the publisher A.B. cannot confidently be identified. Nos. 174, 180, 215 were also sold by him.

THE Rare Vertue of an Orange:
OR, Popery purged and expelled out of the Nation.

To the Tune of, *The Pudding.*

1 GOod People come buy
The Fruit that I cry,
That now is in season, tho' Winter is nigh;
'Twill do you all good,
And sweeten your Blood;
I'm sure it will please when you've once understood
'tis an *Orange.*

2 Its Cordial Iuice,
Does much Vigour produce:
I may well recommend it to every Mans use,
Tho' some it quite chills,
And with fear almost kills,
Yet certain each Healthy Man benefit feels
by an *Orange.*

3 Perhaps you may think
That the Iesuits stink,
Because that they can't get away with their Chink;
For Hemp is their Doom,
If they dare to presume,
To tarry so long as to smell the Perfume
of an *Orange.*

4 Dear *Teague* and his Fellow's
Come over the Main,
And thought in *Great-Brittain* like Landlords to Reign;
They play'd for our Houses,
And lost them again,
Some of those *deer-Joys* now has met with their bane,
by an *Orange.*

5 The Fryars and Iesuits
Thought to excell,
By singing, and Ringing their *Tantany*-Bell; [1]

[1] Or tantony-bell, a church bell named from St. Anthony.

But there is nothing
That can e'er do so well,
The Poyson of P——y [1] quite to expell,
as an *Orange*.

6 There's Old Father P——s, [2]
Religious and Chaste,
Has left all his Lasses that once he embrac'd
And now he is scowr'd
Away in all haste,
Because that he cannot endure the sharp taste
of an *Orange*.

7 Old Stories rehearse,
In Prose and in Verse,
How a *Welsh* child was found by loving of *cheese*
Then the smelling sence,
Now may prove the true Prince,
And all the whole Nation of folly convince
by an *Orange*.

8 If they Cure the ayls
Of *England* and *Wales*,
And with the Old Iesuits fill all the Goals,
Who strove the whole Nation,
Alas! to deceive,
And now at old *Tyburn* let them take their leave
of an *Orange*.

9 Tho' the Mobile bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Iustice and Laws,
Yet in very good sooth,
I'll tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to stop a man's mouth
then an *Orange*.

Printed for *A. B.*

[1] Popery. [2] Peters (Petre).

PR 1181 .P4 v.3

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AUTHOR

The Pepys Ballads

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